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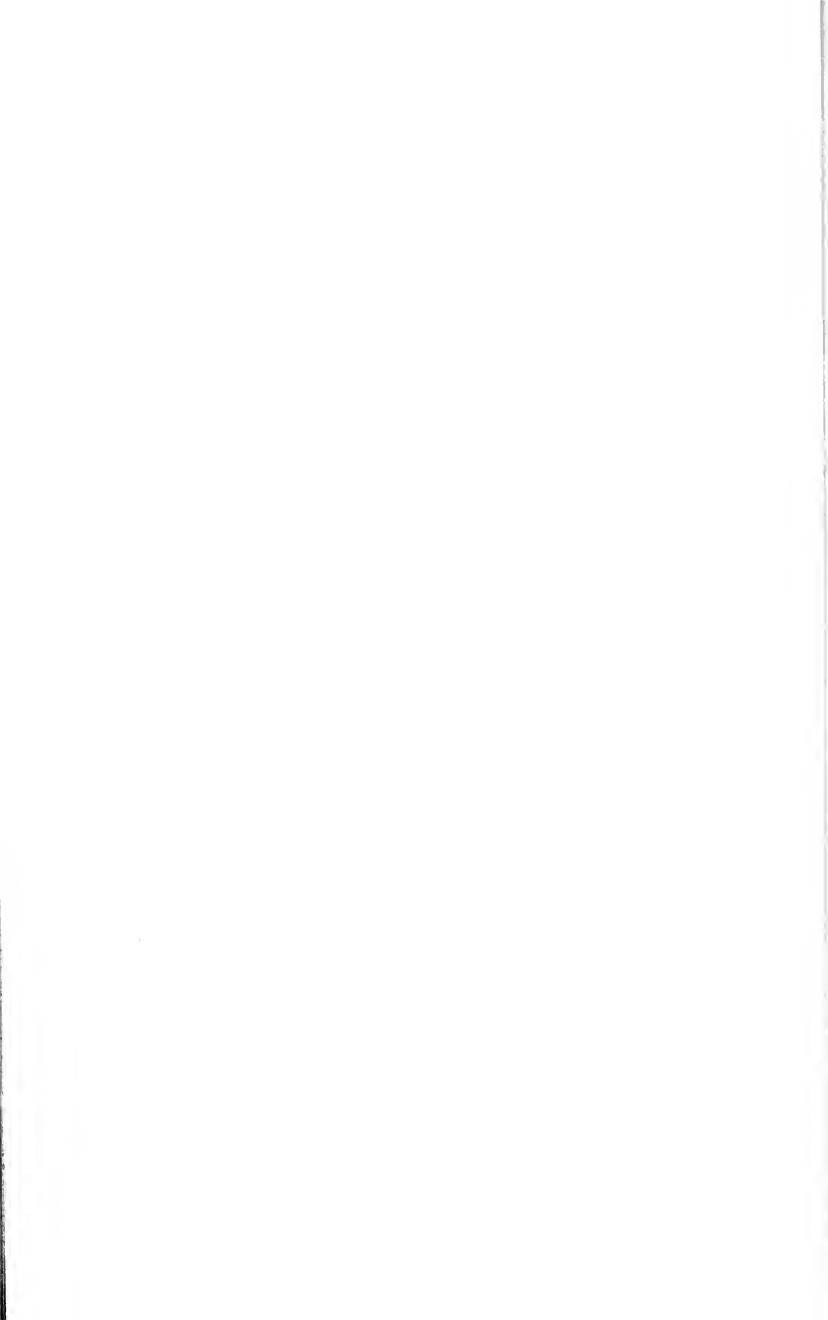
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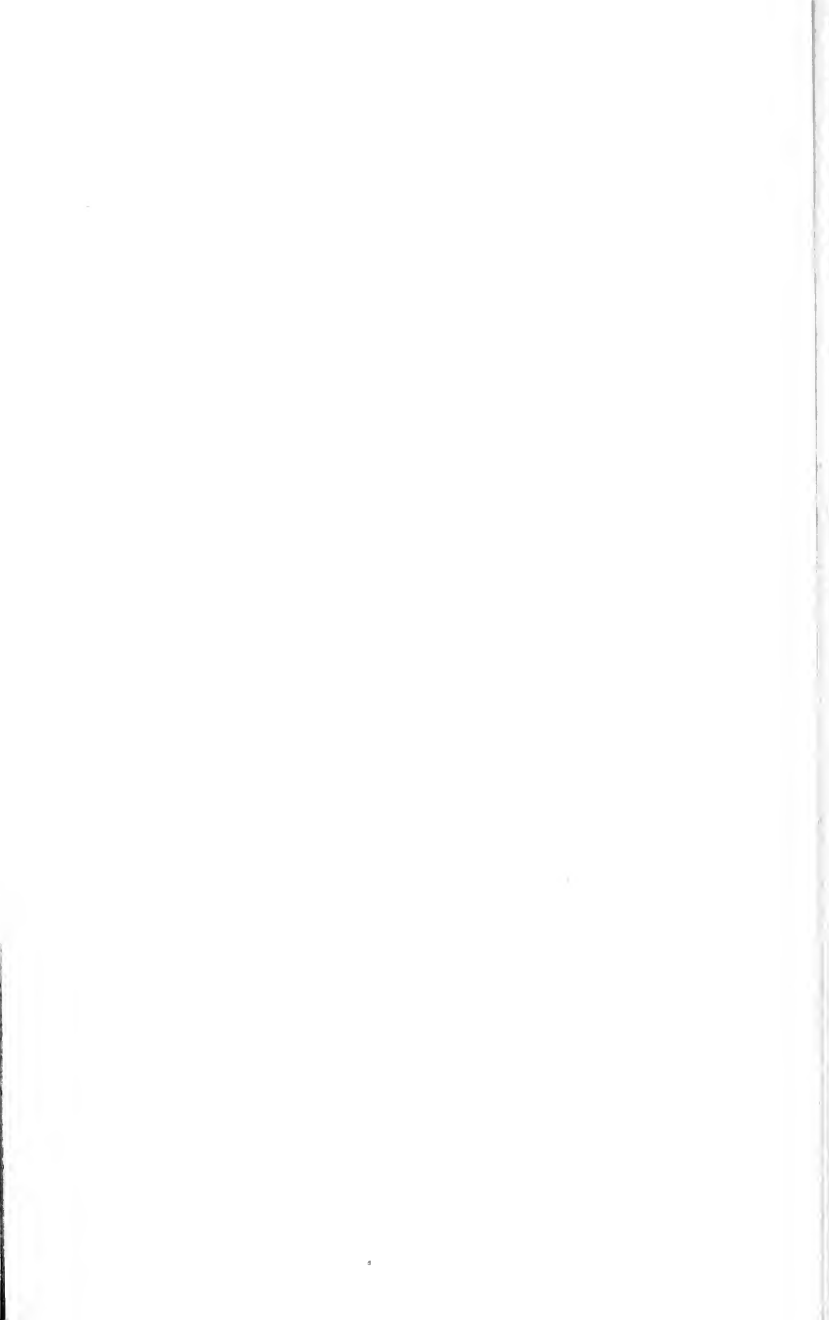
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Montana Historical Society
Contributions - Vol 8.







MAJOR MARTIN MAGINNESS

CONTRIBUTIONS
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VOLUME EIGHT
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CONTENTS

	Page
I. Preface.	
II. Partial Sketch of the Civil and Military Service of Major Martin Maginnis	7
III. Wilbur Fisk Sanders, by Col. A. K. McClure	25
IV. Diary of Colonel Samuel Word	37
V. Holding up a Territorial Legislature, by Martin Barrett.....	93
VI Montana's Pioneer Courts, by W. Y. Pemberton.....	99
VII. Bradley Manuscript, Books 4 and 5	
Yellowstone Expedition of 1874	105
VIII. Bradley Manuscript, Book 2	
Miscellaneous Events at Fort Benton	126
Account of the Drowning of Thomas Francis Meagher	131
Adventure of Three Wolfers	137
Capture of Two Mackinaws on the Missouri River	142
Attempted Settlement at the Mouth of the Marias	144
War with Blackfeet Bands	147
Rivals of the American Fur Company on the Missouri.....	151
Sequel of Father DeSmet's Story	152
State of the Indian Tribes of the Upper Missouri About the Year 1835	153
Indian Agents of the Upper Missouri	155
Statement of Peltries Accumulated at Fort Benton.....	156
Edward Rose	156
Account of the Building of Mullan's Military Road.....	162
Fabled White Nation at the Source of the Missouri.....	169
Sketch of the Fur Trade of the Upper Missouri	177
IX. Bradley Manuscript, Book F	
Article About Crow Indians, by A. M. Quivey.....	197
Geographical Names	212
Legend of the Sun	213
Recollections of Bahtsobstahtish	215
Little Face Speaks	218
What Half-Yellow Face Kucws About the Phil Kearney Massacre	223
Story of Long Hair	224
Medicine	229
Devil of the Yellowstone	232
Fate of an Assiniboiné Expedition Against the Crows.....	236
Destruction of Five Hundred Lodges of Crows by the Sioux	238
Establishment of Fort Piegan as Told by James Kipp.....	244
X. Pioneer Lumbering in Montana, by A. M. Holter.....	251
XI. Capt. Townsend's Battle on the Powder River, by David B. Weaver	283
XII. Montana's Early History, by Mrs. W. J. Beall	295
XIII. My Trip on the Imperial in 1867, by John Napton	305
XIV. Boundary Survey Between Montana and Dakota, by Wm. Crenshaw	317
XV. Changing the Name of Edgerton County, by W. Y. Pemberton	323
XVI. Trip Through the Rocky Mountains, by Col. A. G. Brackett, U. S. A.	329
XVII. Deceased Pioneers	345

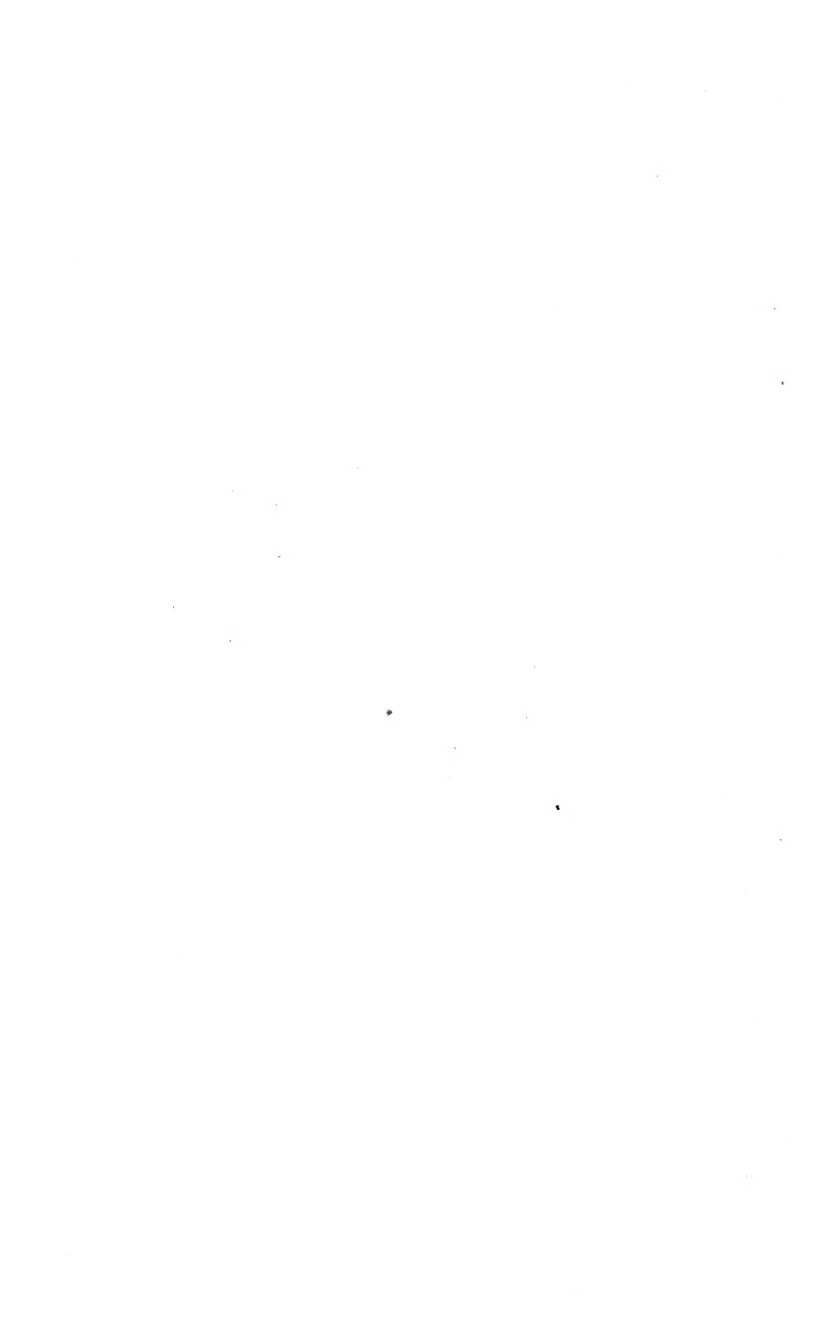
PREFACE

The publication of this volume of Contributions has been long delayed, partly by conditions that were beyond our control, and partly by the conclusion to which our Trustees arrived, that the collection of historical material of the early days of Montana, and getting this material safely into the Library for future use and publication before it was impossible to do so, was our prime duty. And to do so has for some time employed our earnest efforts, and to this use our appropriations have been largely put. We have already quite a large and valuable collection of this material gathered, and are still earnestly engaged in this direction.

The authors of the contributions contained in this volume, together with the subjects of which they treat, will be found by consulting the table of contents. We appreciate most gratefully the great friendship and service these authors have shown the Library by furnishing these contributions. The material we speak of, and which we are striving to collect, is to be gathered alone from the pioneer men and women who founded this great young Commonwealth. They are rapidly passing—the majority has already gone; we earnestly appeal to the minority still lingering on these shores to tell us before they go what they know and did and saw, and what their comrades did and saw, in those tragic pioneer days, which go to make romantic the history of Montana.

We trust that this volume may prove of such interest to those who read it, as to compensate in some degree for its long delayed coming.

W. Y. PEMBERTON,
Librarian.



A PARTIAL SKETCH
OF THE
CIVIL AND MILITARY SERVICE
OF
MAJOR MARTIN MAGINNIS

Major Martin Maginnis was born on the twenty-seventh of October, 1841, on a farm between Walworth Corners and Pultneyville, Wayne County, State of New York. His father was Patrick Maginnis, born in County Clare, Ireland, and his mother was Winifred Maginnis, born in Galway, Ireland. His father went to England as a young man, and settled in the city of Liverpool, where he met his wife and was married. He carried on merchandising and contracting, and made considerable money in the construction of the Park at Cheshire. He was in partnership with a Mr. Massey, who is thought to be the same who, in after years, made a great fortune in public work and was made a baronet. The firm had, however, contracted to clean the city of Liverpool for one year and made so great a loss as to be obliged to dissolve. Mr. Maginnis for awhile used the remnants of his carts and horses in transportation to the city of Birmingham, and about the year 1838 concluded to emigrate to America. With a couple of families who had been in his employ, which he brought with him, he intended to settle at Long Sault, near Ottawa, but changed his mind, crossed from Ontario to Rochester and settled east of that city as stated. He afterwards took up the business of contracting on the New York Central Railway and on its completion took his family to La Salle, Illinois, and did similar work on the Illinois Central railroad. The credit of railway builders in those days was very precarious, and contractors had difficulty in collecting their pay. Therefore, he abandoned that business and in 1853 went via Galena to the new town of Redwing, just founded, on the Sioux half-breed reservation recently opened.

He took up a claim in Goodhue on the stage road between Dubuque and St. Paul, then operated by Wilder and Merriam, who afterwards became the leading men in Minnesota. His first claim he enlarged to 640 acres and he successfully worked the same until his death.

During the residence of the family in New York, Martin went to the public schools near Walworth Corners and afterwards to the Macedon Academy. On arriving in Minnesota he took up his studies at the Hamline University just founded in Redwing. While a student he became interested in a newspaper, (Redwing Sentinel), mostly owned by W. W. Phelps, then Register of the State Land Office and afterwards one of the first members of Congress from the new state. The first editor of the paper was a young lawyer named Wm. Colville, Jr. and with him the young student became closely associated. Colville had brought from his birthplace, Chautauqua, New York, one of the best general libraries in the new territory, and with his young friend they read together romance, history, literature and law. Mr. Phelps also had a good library and these made up for the lean resources of the struggling university. Colville was like an older companion in many ways. An ardent hunter and fisherman, he taught his young companion the mysteries of the chase in the game stocked forests and the art of angling in the crystal streams of the new country. All were ardent Democrats, as was the elder Maginnis, and all supporters, with tongue and pen, of Stephen A. Douglas, then the idol of the pioneers of the new territory, who believed they were entitled to all the sovereignty they had enjoyed in the states they came from. Upon the secession of the southern states and the firing on Fort Sumpter they all followed the advice of Douglas and sallied to the support of the President Abraham Lincoln.

On Lincoln's first call, Colville organized a company of volunteers, and was chosen captain, and Martin Maginnis enlisted as first sergeant. Seven other students of Hamline enrolled themselves, and the two lieutenants were chosen from these. In less than two weeks the company with others were mustered into the service of the United States by Captain A. B. Nelson, as the First Regiment of Minnesota Volunteer

Infantry, which afterwards became one of the most noted and famous regiments in the war and holds the record for the greatest percentage of loss in any one battle on the occasion of its famous charge at Gettysburg. The War Department declining to accept three month's service from such a distant state, the regiment accepted the alternative and therefore stand as the first regiment of volunteers mustered in for "three years or during the war." It was immediately hurried to Washington and placed on guard over the capitol, crossed over into Virginia and took a leading part in the battle of Bull Run. The greater percentage of the actual loss on the field fell to this regiment, which had assisted in the capture of the Henry House and the Confederate battery in the morning and on the defeat retired in order, bringing back the only Confederate prisoners that were taken into Washington. After this Martin Maginnis was made second lieutenant for gallantry, etc. Its next affair was at Ball's Bluff, where it crossed the river and brought back the remnants of Baker's unfortunate command. In the early spring it joined the forces in the valley and assisted at the capture of Berryville; was then joined to the Second Army Corps and went with Sumner to the Peninsular; fought at Yorktown and West Point; built the famous grape-vine bridge with its Minnesota lumbermen, and marched at the head of the second Corps into the battle of Fair Oaks. At Peach Orchard assisted in the repulse of the enemy. At Savage Station bore the brunt of the Confederate repulse and lost twenty-five per cent in killed and wounded. Among these was Lieutenant Maginnis, was severely wounded in the left shoulder, but continued with his command on the march to the James. The regiment was actively engaged in the repulse of Jackson's corps at White Oakes Swamp, and in the evening did most valuable service at Glendale. At this place Colville's company was placed in front of a woods and ordered not to fire, as our men were supposed to be in front. The Captain and others were shot down and Lieutenant Maginnis in command came to the conclusion that a mistake had been made. A large body of troops bearing down in the dusk he took the responsibility of giving the order to fire in direct disobedience to the

orders of his superiors. It was most fortunate as the troops turned out to be a North Carolina brigade. His Colonel, Miller, received great credit, and afterward, when elected Governor of the state, made him Major "for his disobedience." The next day the regiment was in line at the battle of Malvern Hill, but took no active part. This was the last of seven day's battles. The regiment was on the skirmish line in the second battle of Malvern and assisted in the capture of the works and the position. This was the beginning of McClellan's second advance on Richmond. That day the army was ordered to leave the peninsula and to join General Pope. The second corps reached Centerville in time to recover the retreat of Pope, and the regiment, acting as rear guard on the retreat to the fortifications around Washington, ambushed and surprised the Confederate Cavalry in pursuit at Vienna. This was the last battle of that campaign. The disastrous repulse ended all further pursuit, and the army entered the fortifications of Washington and again came under McClellan. Crossing the Potomac and passing through Frederick, the regiment became engaged at South Mountain, relieving the Iron Brigade, when its ammunition was expended, and next day encamped on the Antietam. In this battle Lieutenant Maginnis commanded his company which lost twenty-five per cent of its men in action. Martin was shot through the left leg, a flesh wound, and remaining in the field hospital one week, rejoined the regiment at Harper's Ferry; was subsequently engaged under Hancock in the affair at Charlestown. Shortly after McClellan made his farewell at Warrentown, and the army moved to Fredericksburg under Hancock. The regiment was among the first that crossed on the pontoons and after a sharp fight the division held the city during the night. After the repulse of Marye's Heights, it took position under the stone wall and assisted in the repulse of the only offensive sally of the enemy, on the next afternoon, and that night was the last regiment withdrawn across the river. It again participated in the attack and capture of Marye's Heights under General Sedgewick at the battle of Chancellorsville and was recalled upon the failure of Hooker on the right. It was next engaged in the repulse

of an attack by Mosby's Guerrillas near Thoroughfare Gap, crossed the river to Frederick and marched to Uniontown in Pennsylvania, thence marched under Hancock to the relief of Howard at Gettysburg, where Hancock assumed command and established the lines on which the battle was finally fought. It was engaged all night on the picket line; but after the formation was completed, on the morning of the second of July, eight companies were withdrawn from the firing line and placed in reserve in support of the 4th U. S. Artillery on the key point of the position. General Sickles, without orders, had advanced his corps to the peach orchard across the valley and left it with an apex of a V-shaped presented to the Confederate line. This faulty formation immediately invited a furious attack from the combined forces of Hill and Longstreet on the point of the wedge. Not expecting to be called into action the regiment watched with interest the fierce attacks and repulses, saw the fresh divisions thrown to the support and the furious fighting in the wheat-field and Devil's Den, and all the efforts to retrieve the first great mistake resulting in what is said to be the fiercest and most sanguinary infantry fighting in the annals of modern war. Finally saw with dismay the whole of Sickles' Corps give way, and falling back over us, and Sickles himself wounded and carried by. The two brigades of Barksdale and Wilcox, flushed with victory, pursued these retreating men, firing and cheering, and in a few moments would have reached the Minnesota regiment, the key point, and turned the whole left of the army. The Maginnis brigade had 262 men, and all stood firm and waited orders. Just then Hancock rode up at full speed with a single aid, and for a moment endeavored to rally Sickles' forces. He had Geary's corps on the way to strengthen this point, but it was not in sight. He turned to Col. Colville and asked, "What regiment is this?" Col. Colville answered, "The First Minnesota.." "Charge those lines," Hancock shouted, pointing to the mingled colors of the two brigades. Not a man hesitated. The ferocity of the outset of this small band amazed the advancing and exultant Confederates. The regiment charged with a bayonet through their first line and fired into the faces of

the second. Before the confusion could be overcome the reserves came up and the lines were restored and the rebels fell back to their own guns, which opened on the scene, but were soon silenced. What Hancock had ordered was thoroughly done; but of the commissioned officers only three were on their feet; of the whole two hundred and sixty-two who made the charge, two hundred and fifteen lay dead upon the field, forty seven were still in line, and not a man was missing, though the official record of Fox, which gives us a record for the success of the charge and the largest percentage of loss in any action in the war, puts down one as missing, which the survivors deny as a mistake. All were present or accounted for. Company commanders Martin Maginnis, C. B. Heffelfinger, and Adjutant Wm. Lochran were the only three out of the twenty-four officers on their feet, and by a strange coincidence, were the only officers alive at the last ovation at St. Paul, on the semi-centennial of leaving the state. After a night spent in burying their dead, the survivors in the morning found with the two companies on picket drawn in, and other details added, they still had a regiment. One company, headquarters guard to General Mead, also rejoined. It was this company that recovered Cushing's battery on the death of Armstead, the only confederate General who came through the line at the high water mark. In following Picket's repulse it captured three times its own number of prisoners and one battle flag, but lost fifteen per cent of its remainder. Lieutenant Maginnis was made Captain, and the reduced regiment joined in the pursuit to the Potomac. Its next great task was to go to New York with three other picked regiments to suppress the draft riots. This was an easy job, and a month's fetes and celebrations from the good people of New York and Brooklyn were a sort of reward of merit for the sufferings of the past. In this expedition on the staff of General Spriggs Carrol, commanding, was Captain, afterwards Major McKinley, and afterwards President McKinley. Here Martin Maginnis first met him and formed a personal and warm friendship, afterwards renewed in the House of Representatives, and never dimmed by political differences.

After one delightful month of fetes and adulations, its only holiday during the war, the regiment was again ordered to the front, and its next great work was done at the small but sanguinary battle of Bristol Station. The regiment acting as skirmishers, discovered the advance of a corps of Confederates and after a conflict with them, took up a position along the railroad, and were reinforced by a division of the second corps, whose front they covered, maintaining its position during the battle. On the repulse of the enemy, the skirmishers under Captain Maginnis were thrown to the front and captured a battery but were able to bring in only two pieces, as they were also bringing in more prisoners than they could handle, and so sent back for assistance, and were reinforced by General Hays, who said that the regiment should get credit for their capture. The entire number of men, according to the report of Major Dowie, (Page 399, Official Correspondence) brought in was 322, including five line and two field officers, and two pieces of artillery, by Captain Maginnis' command. Three other guns were brought in by the division and two flags also captured.

The regiment next took part in the abortive Mine Run campaign, which was its last service. In order to stimulate volunteers new regiments were formed. The old regiment was consolidated into a battalion, which served until after Appomatox. Captain Maginnis was made Major of a new regiment and sent to General Thomas in Tennessee; took part in the successful repulse of General N. B. Forrest's assault on the tunnel of the National Railroad and in the campaign of Franklin and Nashville, and was mustered out at Nashville in 1865.

Major Maginis returned to Redwing and bought an interest in the Redwing Argus, he had been detailed on the staff of Andrew Johnson, military governor of Tennessee as marshal of that state, but not liking the service was kindly relieved by General Thomas and mustered out with his regiment. After six month's vacation he grew tired of the monotony of the life. One of his lieutenants, Hezekiah Bruce, on the consolidation of the regiment, crossed the plains to the mines. He arrived in time to secure a good claim in Last

Chance and was one of the discoverers of Nelson Gulch. He was of the party that named the city of Helena. Major Maginnis organized a party to join him. They first intended to come with Fisk's expedition, but on assembling at Abercombie, the Major thought the crew was too large. So he organized an expedition of his own, in company of a Mr. Steele of Highland, who had opened a store in that gulch and had returned to St. Paul for goods. The train consisted of forty wagons and about one hundred and fifty men, several of them old soldiers of the old regiment. They concluded to try it alone, although in the years before the Sioux had fought General Sully and Sibley in great force. It turned out that the Indians were mostly south of the Missouri in the bad land country. So it was determined to keep on the north side of the river and to take the Milk River route, a route now very closely traversed by the Great Northern railway. At Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellowstone, they struck the trail made by Col. Broadwater in carrying some cargoes two years before. They followed it to Fort Benton and each outfit took its own way to Helena, where the Maginnis party arrived on the 5th of September, 1866. Helena was then a lively town. Several thousand miners were at work in the gulches centering there and it was the general rendezvous of all the diggings in the northern part of the recently organized territory of Montana, the capital of which was still at Virginia City. Hearing that there were good prospects at Mitchell, the party went there, built a cabin, helped to bring in a ditch and thoroughly prospected their claims without finding anything that was satisfactory. They moved then to Indian Creek, spent part of the winter there and came back to Tucker Gulch and worked a claim leased from William Freeborn who was the founder of Redwing, Minnesota, and after whom Freeborn County in that state is named. That year, 1867, one of the candidates for delegate in congress was James M. Cavanaugh. He had been a colleague in the House of Representatives of W. W. Phelps, the Major's partner and law tutor. So it was natural that he was elected delegate to the territorial convention, where he was chosen to advocate Cavanaugh's cause, as against Alexander Woolfolk, whose

champion was William Y. Pemberton, a popular and clever lawyer. Cavanaugh was nominated and the Major went into the Rocky Mountain Gazette to conduct the campaign and so got back into politics and journalism, both of which he thought he had left forever when he sought his fortune in the mines. Wilbur F. Sanders was Republican candidate. He had been the counsel of the Vigilance Committee, and had taken a great part in its work of punishing the robbers and murderers of the early days. He was an intense partisan, and the chief issue in the campaign was over the nullification by Congress of all the laws and acts of the two sessions of the legislature. He had accomplished this at Washington in those turbulent times by denouncing the Democrats of Montana as rebels and traitors and unfit to exercise the right of self-government. Cavanaugh was an adventurer, but a wonderfully eloquent man, and in the matter of billingsgate and sarcasm the only peer Sanders had met with up at that time. The late A. K. McClure was spending the money of a Philadelphia mining company as manager and accompanied Sanders and Wm. H. Claggett, a brilliant orator, and the campaign was lively on the Hustings and between the papers. The nullification could not be forgiven, and Sanders was badly defeated.

After the election Major Maginnis returned to the states to fulfill his engagement of marriage to Louisa E. Mann, sister to Mrs. W. W. Phelps. He went down on the Imperial, a great New Orleans packet, starting from Benton with three hundred passengers. The river had fallen too low, and the boat, delayed on sand bars, was nearly a month in reaching Fort Buford, all the provisions were exhausted, and hunting parties were organized to supply the table with buffalo meat, also venison and elk meat until Fort Buford was reached and supplies obtained from the military. Major Maginnis with a dozen others left the steamer, bought a mackinaw and ran down through the Sioux country, arriving at Sioux City, the nearest railway point, when the river was full of ice. Next Spring he returned to Benton on the steamer Nile, Captain Grant Marsh, with his bride, built a home in Helena, and has lived there ever since.

He enlarged the Gazette to a daily paper and it continued as the leading morning journal of the territory, advocating democratic principles, but mainly devoting itself to the interests of the territory, and upholding the rights of the settlers and the people against an unfriendly administration and its appointed officials, who often attempted to make favor at Washington by misrepresentation of the people at home.

The delegate, Mr. Cavanaugh, had offended many of the leading interests of the territory, especially in the matter of the government of the Indians and the expenditure of their appropriations which certain syndicates had come to look upon as assets of their own. He was defeated for a third nomination, and Hon. Warren Toole was nominated by the democrats. Mr. Toole was one of the best men and the ablest lawyers in the territory. He had never taken much part in politics. Cavanaugh and many of his friends bolted or failed to support the nomination, and Mr. Toole was defeated by William H. Claggett, by a very small majority. Mr. Claggett was a very eloquent and captivating orator. He came from Nevada, and took a leading part in the Sanders campaign. He differed with Sanders and was opposed to Chinese immigration and on that issue carried the republican convention. He was a very brilliant but unstable man. He won great applause in Congress by a most eloquent and forceful speech against the Mormons, but neglected many of the requirements of his own territory. Still he secured large appropriations for the Indians and was renominated without opposition in 1872. Major Maginnis had loyally supported Mr. Toole with his paper and on the stump, and was chosen by all factions in the Democratic party to contest Mr. Claggett's reelection and succeeded in doing so, after a brilliantly conducted campaign. On reaching Washington he devoted himself to the neglected affairs of the territory and in his first session succeeded in a remarkable degree. He procured appropriations to build the assay office in Helena and to conduct the same, repealed a previous Act of Congress settling the expenses of the penitentiary on the Territory and causing the Federal government to assume the same; also a bill to build a penitentiary at Deer Lodge, and granting \$60,000 for the first

unit; an act to pay the Indian war claims, long pending, including the pay of the volunteers who served under General Thomas Francis Meagher on the eastern frontier; a large appropriation to improve the navigation of the Missouri River, and many others affecting territorial officials and delayed payments of many kinds. He was warmly received by old friends in the army, and, as one of the great demands of the times was protection against Indian raids and murders, this friendship was the greatest help. General Sheridan, at his request, sent up an expedition to explore the Yellowstone, which reached a point not far from where Billings now stands and recommended the building of two posts, which was rejected on the grounds of economy, and which in all likelihood would have prevented the Custer massacre, if they had been built, a fact which in a subsequent Congress he charged on the economists, and did secure the money to build Forts Custer and Keogh, for years the protection of the Yellowstone valley. The federal officials long had claimed that the Stevens treaty made the whole of the country east of the main range an Indian country and had often made seizures at Sun River and even at Helena and other camps. Fort Benton was especially dominated by them. To settle this question Major Maginnis introduced and passed a bill declaring all country south of the Marias river as open to settlement and occupation. This was severely fought, but passed, and was notable from the fact that it was the first time that Congress ever brushed away the bogus Indian treaties and declared its control over the public lands, the House thus asserting its rights in a great constitutional function which the Senate and the Interior Department had virtually usurped. Another Indian question was in the Bitter-root. The Garfield treaty, which Chief Charlot claimed that he had never signed, provided that settlers should pay \$2.50 per acre to remunerate the Indians for their lands. Mr. Maginnis amended this, so that the settlers could make their free entries and homesteads under the general law, and that the government should pay the Indians out of the treasury as it did elsewhere, and thus removed the discrimination against the Bitter-root. Lately this unfair policy has been reverted to in the late

openings of the Indian reservations. Many of these acts were opposed by cliques and individuals at home, but were all successfully fought through and became laws. On his return from Congress after his successfully fought session, Mr. Maginnis was received with great acclaim, enthusiastically renominated by his party without opposition and triumphantly elected without much of a struggle.

The greatest achievement of this Congress was only won on the last day of the second session, when the bill to grant to all railroads a general right of way over the public lands was passed and signed by the President. Between the last of the placer mining and the success of quartz mining, the situation had become desperate in the territory. The towns were willing to mortgage half their assets to secure railroads, which it had become evident could alone relieve the situation. This was one of the promises on which Mr. Claggett was elected and he did his best to procure the power from Congress to grant subsidies to railroads. Fortunately his efforts failed. Major Maginnis had learned in Minnesota that subsidies did not build railroads. The cost was beyond local financial resources. The results a lot of bonds falling into the hands of speculators and perpetual debt on the communities. This was the experience of the west. Maginnis believed that Montana was the natural highway through the mountains to the northwestern coast; that every railroad begun in the Mississippi valley would have to find its way across it; that if vast land grants and subsidies could not build those roads, the effect was beyond local communities and would only result in bankruptcy or repudiation. However, he heartily favored granting a free right of way over the public lands to any man or company who wanted to build in every state or territory, without any charter from Congress or any legislature, without land grant or subsidy other than a perpetual easement. It was a great conception and Major Maginnis rightfully regards it as his greatest act of Constructive statemanship. After drafting the bill he submitted it to the committee of territorial delegates who gave it their united support. Mr. Maginnis was chairman of this association. They were strong men who afterwards, as their territories came in as

states, became nationally prominent. Among them were Chaffee, Elkins, McCormick, Cannon, McFadden, and Armstrong, all of whom afterwards became famous. The bill was opposed by the chartered roads on the ground that it destroyed their privileges, but the delegates fought it through both houses and it was signed on the 5th of March, 1873, just before the gavel fell. Under this law all the railroads of the new west have been built, except those previously chartered by Congress. In our own state the Great Northern, the Milwaukee and all their branches, as well as all the branch roads of the Northern Pacific outside of the main line. It is estimated that sixty or seventy thousand miles of railroad have been built and all the newly projected roads and branches are covered by its liberal and beneficent provisions.

Major Maginnis had a large part in the building of railroads. He endeavored to have the directors of the Union Pacific road purchase the Utah Northern when it reached Logan, Utah. The board declined to do this at first, but on his representations Jay Gould sent his own engineer, Capt. Berthoud, of Berthoud's Pass, Colorado, fame, to investigate, and on his report purchased the road himself and built it as far as Pocatello. The receipts had paid for the building up to this point and the company took it over at great profit to Gould and constructed it into Butte and Deer Lodge. Major Maginnis passed at this Congress a short charter and a right of way over the Shoshone reservation, and afterwards drafted the charter and right of way of the Oregon Short Line, which took over and now operates the old Utah Northern. It was under the provision of this brief charter, drawn by Major Maginnis, that Harriman consolidated the Southern Pacific System as it now stands, a consummation never anticipated by the author, who was opposed to such consolidations. An effort was made in Congress at about the same time to repeal the charter of the Northern Pacific. One of the ablest opponents of such legislation in Congress and in the country at the time was Martin Maginnis, whose speeches and letters had much to do in reversing the hostile clamor over Jay Cooke's failure. General Hazen, then commanding this district, had made a drastic report to the War Department, con-

demning the country and the entire project as an imposition and a fraud on the public, which had a great effect at that time and which was successfully answered by Major Maginnis in letters in the New York Tribune, the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Boston, Chicago and St. Paul papers. Fortunately Mr. Vallard shortly afterwards took hold of the stalled and bankrupt road and carried it to completion, when another storm of disapproval reduced its stock and swept away most of Vallard's fortune. The company passed a resolution of thanks to Major Maginnis and professed eternal obligations, but took another side when he championed the entrance of the Great Northern and carried through Congress its right of way through the Indian reservations. Mr. Maginnis also opposed its claims to the Mineral lands and the former friends, Mr. Vallard and his counsel took opposite sides against him in speeches before the committees of Congress which sustained his position, as did the supreme court in an action which he had brought before it on behalf of the prospectors and people of Montana. His services had been for the people, and not for the corporations except as they served the people. The Burlington and Milwaukee roads came in later. With them he had little to do, but they built under the general right of way bill which he had originated and carried through Congress.

One of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all the questions of the times was the protection of the territory and the settlers against Indian raids and massacres. Unlike the middle west our eastern frontier was our dangerous side. All the Indians that had been driven west by advancing settlements had been consolidated and concentrated on the western plains, to make their last desperate stand against the advance of the whites, now pressing from both sides. In this work the delegate had the warm support of his old army friends, General Grant, General Sherman, and above all others, General Phil Sheridan, and all the others in the west and in Washington. One of his first acts was to have the troops here reinforced by two new regiments. In the year 1875 General Sheridan, at his request and on the offer of Commodore Colson, to furnish the boats, sent his staff officers to

explore the Yellowstone river, which they did as far as Colson.. The General recommendation and the delegate endeavored to have passed that winter appropriations to build two posts on that river. This was defeated in Congress on grounds of economy. If built then they might have prevented the Custer Massacre. Major Maginnis had no hesitation in stating that in the face of the objectors in the next session when the appropriations passed and Forts Keogh and Custer were created, and served as the outposts and protection of the valley until the coming of the railroad. The building of the railroad was the real settlement of the Indian struggle, and many a gallant fight was made by soldiers and pioneers before the end came. The next post obtained from Congress was Fort Logan, and then Fort Maginnis which was, in opposition to the general custom of the army, named for Major Maginnis as a testimonial to his efforts in Congress to maintain the army in the defense of the frontier, the only instance of the kind in the history of the army. At that time the army chiefs and the army and navy journals gave Major Maginnis the credit for defeating the Hewitt bill to reduce the army to six regiments of cavalry and fifteen of infantry. Major Maginnis was foremost in organizing the opposition to this bill, though it had the endorsement of the democratic caucus which sustained Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, chairman of Ways and Means. He was allotted five minutes time to make a speech in defense of the army. This was extended until he had an hour by the House, whose attention he carried and he closed amid great demonstration including some friends of the bill. The Texas delegation voted the decree of their caucus. This made the vote tie, when Mr. Luttrell of California arose and said, "The people of Montana have a voice but no vote. I cast my vote for the delegate." That vote defeated the bill amid tremendous excitement. But for that one vote the army would have gone into the Spanish war at that reduced size.

The next appropriation secured was for Assiniboine. This made a line across from Keogh and broke up the war party and gave security to ranchers and stockmen all over the territory. Afterwards one tribe in the west did break

out. The Nez Perces under Chief Joseph made their memorable march. They were turned by Captain Rawn at the Lolo, struck by General Gibbon on the Big Hole and surrounded by Miles on Snake creek. General Sherman was here at the time and decided to put a post at Missoula and selected the site. Major Maginnis obtained the money from the general fund, and so the beautiful post of Missoula was built without any authority from Congress until Senator Dixon obtained a fund to rebuild it.

During the seal and fur fisheries controversy, when our English friends were threatening to bring their Indian army over to Calgary and march to Salt Lake, General Sheridan established Fort Harrison. That was the last one that Mr. Maginnis had anything to do with, and he had a great deal to do with that, and now all this work is to be undone and the army concentrated under General Wood, but several Generals will come and go before this is done.

All regular appropriations for the territory were diligently looked after. No deficits occurred, and in and out of Congress all plans for reclamation, irrigation and publicity were looked after long before the railroads and others made these popular politics. At every session attempts were made to secure admission to the Union, but after the Colorado admission and the resultant electoral controversy the members from the south and democrats from the north would not listen to these, and all the conventions had and constitutions framed in the aspiring territories went for nothing. The election of Cleveland ameliorated this hostility in the party that from the beginning had been in favor of new states. Major Maginnis spent the winter in Washington and has always felt that in winning over his close friends, S. S. Cox and Mr. Springer, he made a great victory for the five territories endeavoring to come in. The division of Dakota made some delay, but it was found to be the only way. This with the hard work of all the west and especially of delegate Toole and delegate-elect Carter made Montana a glorious state in the Union.

That the title of the lands should remain in the government and stumpage laws passed under which the timber should be cut and the land reforested; that it should be under

a government of law, and not under control of burean chiefs and personal regulations, was the theory of the Major. Unfortunately, the other policy was adopted. It resulted in the present unwise policy. Under this the timber has been bought up by the Weyerhausers and the great milling companies until title has largely passed from the government and worse, still, all the land grant railroads have been given new strips, often for barren mesas and bare tracts of rock and waste and with this scrip all the best timbered lands have passed into private ownership, and more than that, the rivers and creek banks, springs and water holes in open country taken up and monopolized, shutting out the stockmen and settlers, and when these get permission to graze their flocks and herds on the open barren lands are charged extravagant rentals.

Major Maginnis was called upon to make many addresses before notable assemblies. He made the address dedicating the cemetery at the Soldiers' Home near Washington. This was presided over by General Sherman, and attended by the President and Cabinet and a large number of veterans, Congressmen and citizens. Over five million copies of the address were printed and distributed throughout the country. He was also the orator at the dedication of the new cemetery at Gettysburg near the spot of Mr. Lincoln's immortal oration. He was the orator of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at its only reunion in Washington since the war; of the association of democratic clubs in Tammany Hall, where he also spoke for Mr. Cleveland's administration and again for the election of Governor Flower; at the reunion in the Brooklyn Academy of Music notable for the last public appearance of General Grant; at the reunion of the Union and Confederate soldiers at Baltimore, and on innumerable great occasions at home and abroad. Indeed, the addresses made in Montana, if collected, would make a fairly good history of the progress of the state.

After this Major Maginnis was elected to the constitutional convention and took a leading part in framing our present constitution. He was elected to the United States Senate but counted out by a partisan majority for the man sent by

the seceding legislature, which performed this one function and no other. He was also appointed to the Senate by Governor Robert B. Smith, but no action was taken. He acted as Mineral Land Commissioner and drew and helped secure the passage of the act to save the mineral lands. He brought suit on the same question in the United States Supreme Court, and, with Hon. Warren Toole and Richard Merrick as counsel, obtained a favorable decision. He declined all other nominations for office. The struggles of wealthy men and contests of competing corporations, the expenditure of unheard of sums of money, debauched the state which he had labored so hard to create, and the name Montana, of which he had been so proud, and which never received a stain from any act of his, became a by-word in all the nations of the earth. This corrupt and seething pool of plutocratic politics had no attraction for Martin Maginnis. He has as a matter of course taken a great interest in the welfare of the old soldiers, and is now a member of the board of managers of the Soldiers' Home.

WILBUR FISK SANDERS

BY COL. A. C. McCLURE

In the wonderful growth of our beneficent civilization that has made our great continent a succession of sovereign and prosperous state from the eastern to the western sea, we are speedily becoming forgetful of the great heroic work and countless sacrifices which were made by the pioneers who founded civilization in the far western wilderness with hostile savages on every side. For a full score of years the brave pioneers who peopled the Pacific coast and Rocky Mountain regions had little or no governmental protection, and they not only faced the barbarous savage, as the rich mines of those regions were developed, but they were confronted by organized bands of murderers who were ready to take life at any time to rob the miner of his gold.

The history of the Vigilance Committees of Colorado, California, Idaho and Montana tell the sad story of the sacrifices the brave pioneer was compelled to make to hew the way for the grand civilization that now dominates the whole section of our country. It was by the invisible and resolute action of the Vigilantes of those territories that crime was fully mastered and the foundation laid for a civilization of law and order and safety to person and property. The records of these organizations have been well preserved in local history, and it is entirely safe to say that they stand without blemish of injustice. It is not pretended that in the speedy and terrible vengeance of the law of the Vigilantes that they ever executed an innocent prisoner. Whatever may be the views of conservative citizens of the country today, who enjoy peace and the full protection of the law for themselves and their families, as to the extreme punishment inflicted by the Vigilantes, all who carefully and intelligently study the conditions existing at the time the organizations were called into activity, will see that they demanded just the methods and punishments that were then adopted.

Another feature of the pioneers who founded this brilliant galaxy of states in the far west, thus meriting the grateful memory of all good citizens, is the broad, magnificent and heroic manhood that prevailed amongst all outside of the criminal classes. Their safety was in exact justice to all, and every man of honest purpose was educated up to the highest standard of manhood. In the early days when mines were discovered the miners themselves made their own laws as to the possession and enjoyment of property, and those laws are today respected by the Supreme Court of the United States as the laws paramount in the conflict of title or possession.

They have entirely disappeared as a distinct class in our western civilization and the beneficent labors which they gave for the advancement of law are forgotten by many who should ever cherish in grateful remembrance the efforts and sacrifice of those who blazed the way for the grand civilization that now rules in every state in the Union.

Noble and trustworthy as were the efforts of all the honest pioneers of the west, it was only natural that among them, in the fearful perils that beset them, a number should have obtained eminent distinction as leaders in the heroic struggles which mastered the barbarian and the criminal in founding our civilization in the mountain regions and the Pacific slopes. There are many whose names are lisped with reverence by all who are familiar with the growth of our western civilization, and among them no one name stands out more distinctly in every heroic attribute than that of Wilbur Fisk Sanders.

Col. Sanders, son of Ira and Freedom (Edgerton) Sanders, was born May 2, 1834 at Leon, Catteraugus County, New York, and attended the local schools and academy there until 1854, when he went to Akron, Ohio, to study law with his uncle, Sydney Edgerton. Two years later he was admitted to the bar and entered into partnership with his uncle, who was soon thereafter elected to Congress where he served two terms, and on his retirement was appointed by President Lincoln chief justice of the newly created territory of Idaho. Col. Sanders was married October 27, 1858, to Miss Harriet Beck Fenn, to whom five sons were born, three now among the living. In 1861, when the call was made for troops for

the Civil War, Col. Sanders was among the first to volunteer, and was first lieutenant and adjutant of the 64th Ohio Infantry, and on the staff of Gen. Forsythe. Before the close of his second year of service, his health was so broken that he was compelled to leave the service, and he was honorably discharged. He decided to go into the new western territory with his uncle, and both families left Akron, June 1, 1863, and outfitted at Omaha, where they left June 18th in a party of sixteen, with three teams of oxen and a yolk of cows in lead of each. They went by the North Platte and Landers Cutoff with Lewistown, the capital of the new territory, as their objective point. On the 18th of September they were at Bannock on Grasshopper Creek, the end of a road, and unable to proceed over the mountains, determined to spend the winter at Bannock. On Thanksgiving Day, Col. Sanders and Judge Edgerton and their wives were guests of Henry Plummer and dined on turkeys from Salt Lake City which cost \$50 each.

Judge Edgerton did not assume his duties as chief justice of the territory of Idaho, as an active movement was then made to divide the Territory by the creation of the new territory of Montana embracing the northern part of Idaho, and both Judge Edgerton and Col. Sanders took an active part in favor of the division. The Judge was sent to Washington to represent the citizens in urging the division of Idaho, and on the 26th of May, 1864, he had accomplished the creation of the new territory of Montana, of which he was immediately appointed governor, with Virginia City as its capital. The first suit brought in the new jurisdiction was that of J. J. Roe and Company vs. Labarge, Harpers and Co., with W. F. Sanders as the attorney for the plaintiff. This suit was brought nine days after the bill had been approved making Montana an independent territory. The news had not then reached Montana, and the action was brought in the district court, third judicial district, Madison county, Idaho territory.

The new territory of Montana was entitled to a representative delegate in Congress, and as soon as a convention could be conveniently called after the people there had learned of the new territory, the Republicans nominated Col. Sanders as their candidate. It was of course a hopeless contest for a

Republican, as Montana had received its first large accession of white population when Governor Price's Confederate force in Missouri had been compelled to leave the state for safety. The Civil War was still in progress and Col. Sanders was one of the ablest and most defiant supporters of the Union cause. He was defeated, and although the struggle was utterly hopeless he was thrice renominated for the same position, and as often defeated. He was the one leader of the Republican organization of that region whose preeminent ability and just claim to leadership was absolutely unquestioned.

He was a delegate to the Republican National conventions of 1868-72-76-84. It was by his masterly efforts in the convention of '68 that secured the territories the right to representation and votes at the National convention. He was a member of the territorial house of representatives continuously from 1863 to 1869, and it was his visit to Washington in the winter of 1866 and '67 that secured the passage of the law by Congress annulling the entire acts of the second and third sessions of the territorial legislature of Montana. He was one of the original incorporators of the Historical Society of Montana, and its first president, and was first secretary of the Masonic Lodge and Grand Master in 1868 and '69. He organized the Montana State Bar Association, and was its first president in 1865 and was first corresponding secretary of the Society of Montana Pioneers in 1884, and president in 1888. He was department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic in Montana from 1905 until his death, and was president of the Board of Trustees of the Montana Wesleyan University from its organization in 1889 until his death. He was division counsel in Montana for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company from 1880 to the period of its construction through Montana, and resigned nine years later, and was director of the Northern Pacific Railroad from 1893 to 1897. He was tendered the appointment of the United States District Attorney in the District of Montana by President Grant, but his large practice made it impossible for him to accept it.

Col. Sanders was a man of the highest culture and a thorough master of the law. He was engaged on one side or the other in nearly all the very important legal conflicts in the

territory and state. He locked horns with Col. Ingersoll in the celebrated Davis will case that was tried in Butte, Montana in 1895, and Col. Ingersoll said of him: "Sanders was the keenest blade I have ever crossed." When Montana was admitted as a state Sanders was elected one of the United States Senators, but drew the short term which gave him less than three years of service, and when his term expired the political disturbance in the state prevented his reelection. He was regarded as one of the most useful and influential of the new senators when he entered the Legislative Tribunal of the nation. Although he delivered but few speeches in the Senate, they were always heard with unusual respect.

He was a man of positive convictions, scrupulously honest in his faith on every question, and always defending what he believed to be right. He was one of the ablest and most aggressive men of the west, standing up for the credit of the government in the payment of gold for its bonds issued during the war, and in opposing the free silver movement, although in conflict with the majority of the people around him. In the great struggle for the maintenance of the national credit, he became known and was widely quoted in every state of the Union, and he had thus enduring national fame long before he appeared at Washington as a Senator. He was equally heroic in defense of the helpless when injustice was threatened them, however humble they might be. One of his noted cases was in defense of an Indian boy, accused of murder, who would doubtless have been railroaded to the gallows but for Sanders' investigation of the case and coming to the front for his defense without compensation. Although he could not reverse the conviction, he presented such a case to the governor that pardon became a necessity. When the labor unions of his region organized regular boycotts against the Chinese, who were almost absolutely friendless, he voluntarily came to their relief and protected them by obtaining a judicial injunction. When the Salvation Army was mercilessly persecuted in Helena by the municipal authorities, he volunteered as their champion and secured them just protection. He was the fearless foe of wrong, however formidable, and the tireless friend of the helpless when injustice threa-

tened them. Five months before his death the Montana legislature, February 7, 1905, created a new county out of the western part of Missoula and named it Sanders. Although he had been compelled to retire from the army on account of broken health in 1862, the first Congress after his death passed a bill giving to Mrs. Harriet P. Sanders, his widow, a permanent pension of \$50 per month.

Constant and important as were Col. Sanders labors for the advancement of the interests of his people, his state and his country, his crowning achievement and most beneficent efforts were in the inauguration and maintenance of a movement that halted the power of an organized band of murderers and robbers that had finally obtained absolute mastery in the territory. Alder Gulch that in the early days gave Virginia City a population of ten thousand with little or more than 100 women in the city, was the richest surface gold find ever discovered in the country. It is less than 12 miles in length, and fully one hundred millions of gold have been taken from it in the various processes by which it has been mined and re-mined. In the early days a miner who failed to realize a hundred dollars in gold in his regular days work was regarded as either indolent or most unfortunate. Money was lavished with the generosity common to the adventurous pioneers, and the vast amount of wealth gathered from day to day brought in a large criminal class, who plied their vocations with tireless energy to rob the miners of their wealth.

Large shipments of gold were then made by the stage coach, but it finally became next to impossible to get the coach out of the territory without being robbed by an organized class, then known as the "Road Agents." Murder was often committed, and finally the miners and dealers found it next to impossible to get their gold sent away. The only law officer of that region was Henry Plummer, with whom Sanders had dined at Bannock a year or two before. He was chosen sheriff by the people and was charged with the duty of preserving order and arresting criminals who were tried by an improvised jury and judge. Plummer had so demeaned himself among his fellows as to command their confidence, and it was generally believed that he was making exhaustive efforts to protect the people and their property.

Murders were common in those days, and finally George Ives was arrested for the murder of one of his fellows and brought to trial. The trial was on the open plain, with several thousand congregated, a judge was selected and a jury of 24 was impanelled, but no one appeared to prosecute the case. The call was made for a prosecutor, and Col. Sanders promptly volunteered to conduct the prosecution. They knew that in the vast audience around them there were a large number of the criminal class, but whether they dominated in numbers was not known. Sanders conducted the prosecution with masterly ability, and exhibited a degree of courage that evidently had a restraining influence upon the criminals who were there to prevent the enforcement of the law. He infused his lofty and courageous spirit into the jury by his earnest appeal for the administration of justice, and a verdict of conviction was given. It was common in some of those trials where a verdict of guilty was given that the convicted party was permitted to escape death by banishment, and the expectation of the friends of Ives was that they would secure his banishment instead of his execution. A lively discussion followed in various circles among the crowd, and Col. Sanders saw that it was likely to create trouble and he immediately arose, summoned the attention of the crowd and moved that George Ives be forthwith hung, put the question and declared it carried, and amidst the clicks of revolvers, Ives was suddenly strung up and executed before his friends could get into organized action.

This conviction led to the exposure of the organized gold robbers, as Ives gave the names of the parties connected with it, and to the utter surprise of all, the chief of the band was Sheriff Plummer himself, with his two deputies, Ray and Simpson. His confession was given to Sanders and those immediately associated with him. who withheld their information from the public, and they proceeded at once to organize a Vigilance Committee, and took Plummer, Ray and Simpson from their beds at night and executed them before they had any suspicion that their crimes had been discovered. There were over thirty in Plummer's band whose names were all known to the Vigilance Committee, and they were followed by

the committee under the leadership of Col. Biedler until all but two were executed. One had escaped to South America and another was imprisoned in Denver and held for murder. With such a fearless leader as Col. Sanders, and such an adroit and tireless man at the head of the Vigilantes as Col. Biedler, order was speedily restored, and personal property was as safe in that territory as in any other section of the country. In this beneficent achievement the leader of leaders was Col. Sanders.

I visited Montana in 1867, and when I arrived at Virginia City my attention was speedily called to a resolution that had been adopted by the Republican territorial convention that had met only a few days before and nominated Col. Sanders for Congress. The resolution specially invited me to join Col. Sanders' campaign and I was very glad to accept the invitation. I had not met him until then, but I was with him from that time until the close of the contest, on the stump every day, and reached every community in the territory. I have heard many political addresses, but I never heard a series of political arguments delivered day after day so ably, skillfully and fearlessly, presenting every issue involved in the contest. It was the unwritten law of the day that the speaker could be interrogated by any of the hearers, and a respectful response given to him, but there were few who had the courage to interrogate Col. Sanders when on the stump. He was not only a master of eloquence and wit and sarcasm, but he was the master of every question in all its details, and the man who interrogated him was certain to have defeat and disappointment as his reward.

It was common then for the voters of all parties to attend all political meetings, and when the party that called the meeting declared its meeting adjourned, the opposing party had the right to take the rostrum and call its champions to dispute the teachings of the party that had retired, and all paid due respect to the party that for the time being was in control of the meeting. I thus saw Col. Sanders at his best, not only in intellectual effort, for his speeches in discussing national questions would have honored the Senate of the United States, but I saw him also in his personal intercourse

with the people of the territory, regardless of power and condition. He was the same to all, ready to strike the most potent if in the wrong, and to defend the humblest if in the right. I recall that campaign as one of the most delightful memories of a long life given to political observation and effort, and that alone will keep with me the memory of Col. Sanders ever green. Among the great men of Montana he stands preeminent, overshadowing all others, great as they may have been, and the grandest monument of mingled affection that could be given to the dead should mark the grave of Wilbur Fisk Sanders. He died July 7, 1905.

More than forty years ago when I was in daily intercourse with Col. Sanders in Montana in a public letter given in the New York Tribune, I wrote of Col. Sanders with the freshness of personal association, and make the following quotation from it:

Col. Wilbur F. Sanders was one of the first permanent settlers of Montana. He had previously served with marked gallantry in the Union army until health compelled him to abandon a calling that enlisted his whole heart and was an inviting theatre for his manly courage. When Governor Edgerton, his uncle, was appointed governor of the Territory, Col. Sanders came with him in search of health, adventure and fortune. He had already attained a high position at the Ohio bar, for one of his years; and on his arrival he devoted himself to the practice of his profession. He was here before the courts were organized, and took a prominent part in introducing forms of law, and in winning for them that respect so often denied in new countries, and so essential to the order and safety of society. When he came, Plummer was in the zenith of his power, and the whole energy of the law was paralyzed by desperate and corrupt officers charged with its execution. Crime was supreme and defiant. Murders were committed in the open day, without fear of retribution, and robberies were of almost hourly occurrence. A reign of terror spread its dark pall over the camps and settlements of Montana, and none dared to demand the punishment of the criminals who publically gloried in their deeds.

In the fall of 1863 the forbearance of the better class of citizens was exhausted, and the resistance to crime took form in the organization of the vigilance committee. The desperados were confederated by oaths and signs; they knew their men, and could command them at any point in the shortest possible period for action. But the very perils which beset the effort to redeem Montana from the thralldom of crime made strong men stronger, and with the highest resolve to do and dare for the right, George Ives, one of the desperado leaders, was arrested and arraigned before a court of people. Several thousand spectators were present, all armed; but how many of them were ready to obey the secret signal of Plummer's band and murder the chief actors, no one friendly to the order could judge. With their lives in their hands they erected the new altar of justice, selected a jury of 24 true men, to pass upon the guilt of the prisoner, and called for a prosecutor. It was the most perilous of all the positions in the court, and men naturally hesitated. A young advocate, tall and slender in stature, but with intelligence and determination written in every feature of his face, came forward, and, in the name of the people, charged that George Ives was a murderer and unfit to live. His bearing told, more eloquently than could language, that either himself or the criminal must die; and his clear voice rang out over the plain as he pleaded the cause of order with fervor and ability that thrilled the audience, and paralyzed the majority who had come determined to save their companion by fresh murder if necessary. The jury returned their verdict, declaring the prisoner guilty. It was confidently expected by his friends that the most the court would dare to do would be to pronounce the sentence of banishment; but they little knew the earnestness of the citizens. While the desperados were clamoring for the submission of the sentence to the audience, the tall gaunt form of the young prosecutor appeared on a wagon, and with his eyes flashing his invincible will, he moved that "George Ives be forthwith hung by the neck until he is dead!" Before the well organized friends of the accused recovered from this bold and unexpected movement, the motion was carried;

and not until the sudden clicks of the guns of the guard were heard simultaneously with the order to "Fall back from the prisoner" did they appreciate that their comrad was doomed to die.

With matchless skill the advocate for the people had carried his case to judgement, and the murderers were appalled as in less than an hour they saw Ives drop in the death noose. The people, clad in the strong armor of justice, had triumphed in the very presence of the heroes of crime; and the execution of the stern judgment foreshadowed the fate of all the robber band. Before another autumn chilled the mountain breezes, only one of them was among the living. The young advocate who thus braved defiant crime in the very citidal of its power, and hurled back the fearful tide of disorder, was Col. Sanders; and he is today beloved by every good citizen and hated by every wrong doer, for his sublime heroism in behalf of the right.

He is still at the bar, and tries one side of every important case in his district. The traces of his early efforts against the lawless are still visible in his peerless invective when it is warranted at the bar; but he is known to be brave to a fault and generous and noble as he is brave, and pretenders do not seek notoriety by testing the qualities of his manhood. He is still in the prime of life, and, but for his fidelity to peace and order, and his earnest devotion to his country's cause, he would have been in Congress from the organization of the Territory, and continued to represent Montana until he voluntarily surrendered his trust. He has twice led the forlorn hopes of the Republicans—first in 1864 and again in 1867; and in the place of predominant treason, he has been boldly faithful to freedom and to all the logical results of treason's bloody failure. With abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of correct principles he will battle on until churches and schools and railroads come to his aid and give victory to a better civilization. When that triumph shall have been won, he will be the crowning victor, and wear its richest laurels.

DIARY OF COLONEL SAMUEL WORD

TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS—STARTING AT ST. JOE, MISSOURI, MAY 7,
1863 AND ARRIVING AT VIRGINIA CITY, MON-
TANA, OCTOBER 3, 1863

Left St. Joe, Missouri on the afternoon of Thursday, May 7, 1863 with a wagon and three yoke of oxen—destination West of the Rocky Mountains. Traveled slowly and reached Marysville Kansas on Saturday the 16th. Four wagons and nine men, 2 dogs, 3 ponies, 1 mule and eleven yoke of oxen embraced our entire force. Our drive from St. Joe to Marysville was without incident worthy of mention. It was attended with more or less annoyance in breaking our cattle, initiating ourselves into the labors and duties of camp life, etc. But we arrived safely without any mishap whatever. Marysville appears to be quite a thrifty little village of some 150 or 200 inhabitants—is situated on the Big Blue River—has one hotel and five or six stores is the County seat of Marshall County. The Big Blue is a beautiful stream about 50 feet wide and from 3 to 5 feet deep. It abounds in fish of almost all kinds. We had pleasant sport in fishing and hunting on this stream. We remained in camp here four days awaiting the arrival of Lovejoy, with whose train we desired to connect ourselves, but he failed to arrive, we this morning, the 21st of May broke up camp and moved on to this place about twenty miles from Marysville and three miles west of 17 mile point on the high prairie away from timber and water. A storm overtook us about 4 o'clock in the evening and forced us into camp earlier than we desired. The storm at this writing (9 o'clock p.m.) has abated but is still threatening. Our cattle after being unyoked appeared restless and disposed to wander. Out of abundant caution against a stampede we have just yoked up some of our older cattle and chained them to our wagons—something we have not done before. Will move on early in the morning after letting our cattle graze an hour or two, the weather permitting. We have traveled today in sight of the little Blue River on our

left. We will not cross it however until we travel 50 or 60 miles yet. We stopped an hour and a half at noon today at what is called Cottonwood Creek twelve miles from Marysville.

May 22nd. Broke camp at a quarter to seven o'clock and moved forward—weather still threatening—rained a little and blew cold and drizzly until about noon. An accident (the breaking of a tongue to Jo and Mc' wagon) compelled us to camp at 1 o'clock today on Rock Creek in Nebraska, for repairs. Have about completed repairs and will move out in the morning—weather has cleared up and bids to be a fair day.

May 23rd. Weather fair and warm. Traveled 21 miles to-day to the Big Sandy where we are now encamped and will lay over tomorrow, Sunday. Saw the first antelope to-day. Had a fruitless and amusing chase after him on horseback. Passed a grave on the road a few miles this side of Rock Creek. The board that marked the burial place contained an inscription of "W. Roland of Bourbon County, Ky., died Aug. 18, 1855." Poor fellow, he died away from home and was left in a desert and lonely place. Peace to his soul.

May 24th. Sunday, a beautiful day and very warm. Nothing transpired today to change the monotony of camp life. Heard from Lovejoy—is about 50 miles behind us. Saw Jack Hughes pass in the C. O. C. & P. P. Coach on his way to Denver. Heard from home—Nothing excepting the death of Charlie Mast. Boys observed the Lord's day in various ways—some played cards, sung, danced and fiddled. Jo traded his pony for a yoke of cows, while I was engaged in repairing the brake to my wagon in the forenoon. In the afternoon had a bath in the Big Sandy. Put on some clean clothes and wrote to my beloved wife. Went to the post office a mile below where we were encamped. Had some fresh buffalo meat and an interesting talk with a number of the pioneer settlers who were congregated there. Retired early and slept soundly all night.

May 25th. Expected to get an early start this morning, but when we got up found a part of our cattle gone—hunted them and found them five or six miles on their way home—the first time they have attempted to wander far off—got

started at half-past eight o'clock and drove eleven miles by noon. Rested an hour and a half and drove on to the Little Blue, 7 miles farther on where we are now encamped. We to-day crossed what is called the 18 mile ridge. Our stock had no water from the time we started until the time we stopped, were very dry when we reached here. This in another beautiful stream, tho not so pretty as the Sandy and Big Blue at Marysville. Saw two more antelope as we were about starting this morning but could not get either of them—they were wild. I shot at one running but without effect. We have concluded to herd our cattle in future so that we may have no further trouble with them. Two of the boys take it by turns two nights on the watch. Weather to-day warm, clear and still. Saw the first prairie dogs today as we struck the Little Blue—they are a little larger than the common squirrel—look very much like them excepting color and the tail.

May 26th. Travelled 10 or 12 miles by noon. The road here follows the Blue for 30 or 40 miles—the road mostly in the bottom. At noon to-day, three of us on horseback, with two days rations, left the wagons for a buffalo hunt 12 or 15 miles south of the road, where we had learned that buffalo, elk and antelope were plentiful. We crossed the Little Blue and went in a south westerly direction. Saw a great many antelope on the way, but they are very wild and we rarely got a shot. Elk are wilder than antelope. We pushed on for the buffalo region and just after sunset discovered them at a distance covering the earth as far as the eye could reach south, east and west. We camped a mile and a half from them on a small stream, ate a lunch and lay on our blankets until daylight.

May 27th. Started out early in pursuit of our game. About 8 o'clock I managed to get a shot at a large bull about a hundred yards off. It was with great difficulty tho that I could get near enough—they were wilder than I expected. I took the advantage of ravines and slipped on them to their leeward. The animal I killed proved to be a very large one, 5 or 6 years old and very fat. I was fortunate in hitting him where I aimed just behind the fore shoulder. The ball,

I think passed through his heart. He lived but a few minutes. He would have weighed 12 or 15 hundred pounds. I proceeded immediately to extract the hunters portion—**The Hump**—We got out one-half of it—could not get the other half for the reason that 3 of us were unable to turn him over. While engaged with the buffalo, one of my companions slipped on an antelope and killed it. It was then about half past ten a. m. We started for our wagons, having 25 or 30 miles to travel, carrying with us four quarters of antelope and about 25 pounds of hump meat. Reached camp on the Blue about 9 o'clock p. m. Met with a hearty welcome from the boys and many congratulations on our success. Weather still clear and pleasant.

May 28th. Moved forward today some 15 miles to 3 mile creek, where we are now encamped—grass good but water bad. We are now 32 miles from Ft. Kearney—will almost reach the Platte tomorrow if not quite. Am anxious to reach Kearney for I expect to hear from home. To-day has been very pleasant indeed. The roads, the best I ever saw. We are following the practice of herding our cattle at night, which proves to be a good one. One man sits half the night at a time. It is my turn tonight until 1 o'clock—Have never tried it yet and don't know how it will go—11 o'clock. Have just returned from a ranch close by, where immigrants and settlers to the number of 100 are congregated engaged in a genuine old-fashioned back-woods dance—an old nigger was making what they called music on an old instrument that was intended for a fiddle. The Rancho was about 12 by 14 ft. square covered with sod. Its walls are of posts put in the ground close together, with the spaces daubed with mud—a sod chimney, two doors and one window. The house had what it would hold—the rest stood outside. The women and men were mostly in their every day attire. The men would charge around in the evolutions more like they were driving oxen than otherwise. The ladies stood the rough handling as though they were accustomed to it. They would sit in the gentlemen's laps and suffer their arms around their necks and waists as a matter of course. Many of the men were drunk from rifle whiskey sold them by the proprietor of the

Ranche. His grocery was in one corner of the room. I left them dancing and suppose they continued to a late hour. I retired at one o'clock.

May 29th. Slept a little late this morning. Found breakfast about ready when I arose—We got under way this morning at a late hour. As we were leaving camp the C. O. C. & P. P. Coach drove up to the Rancho and stopped. Among the passengers aboard was Bela Hughes on his way home from California. He gave us direction as to our route. He is going to take his family out west. He is in fine health and is greatly pleased with the country west. We traveled about 22 miles today and are now encamped on a slough of the Platte River just below the junction of roads 12 miles below Ft. Kearney, a large number are encamped near us above and below. The travel west this season is very great, unequalled by the emigration of '49 and '50—there is a perfect stream on the road going to all parts of the west. Weather still pleasant and beautiful. Will move forward tomorrow a few miles beyond Kearney and lay over Sunday if not longer. Don't feel very well today—have a little fever, but think it will pass off tonight.

May 30th. In camp two and one-half miles west of Ft. Kearney and one-half mile west of Kearney City, on the Platte River. The river here is about a mile and one-half wide and from 2 to 4 feet deep. It is like the Missouri River in its general characteristics. We've had another pretty day—quite warm tho—cattle suffered considerably. Roads here a little heavy of sand. Ft. Kearney is beautifully located on an elevated portion of the Platte Bottom. There is no fort here really—simply a station where troops are quartered. There are a number of good buildings—a sutler store, saloon, news depot, post office, etc., at this place. They have large and spacious stables for government use. There are quite a number of buildings about the fort that are called adobe houses. They are made of prairie sod, covered with sod. Many of them are plastered inside and made to look very well. There are quite a number of these also in Kearney City or Adobe town as it is often called. The Ranches we have

passed for the past few days have been of this character of building—they are said to be cheaper than other buildings on account of scarcity of timber in this section. I received two letters from my sweet wife, but no papers. Was very glad to hear from her and my little Willie. I now regret for the first time since I left home, that I did not bring my wife with me. Mr. Collins has the same to regret. Could have brought my family very comfortably in a light spring wagon—will perhaps send for them yet. Will writ to my wife tomorrow. May perhaps get more letters from her tomorrow. We will lay over here tomorrow (Sunday).

May 31st. Laid over for rest today. Visited post office at Ft. Kearney this morning—received two magazines from my wife. Wrote to my wife and her father, will mail them in the morning at the Fort. Are herding our cattle jointly tonight with another train from Coldwell Co., Missouri.

June 1st. Stormy this morning. Some rain. Did not get off till late. Got the wagon started and went back to the Fort to mail some letters. Overtook the wagons and traveled rapidly today. The cattle were fresh and the day a little cool. Traveled 21 miles by 2 o'clock p.m. and encamped on a slough of the Platte, one mile west of Iowa ranch. Saw Andy Cowan and Henry Langford in a mule train. They travelled no farther than we.

June 2nd. Again stormy and some rain. Was raining when we left but cleared up in about an hour. Was pleasant all day—drove about 18 miles. Are encamped within one-half mile of Platte. Am on herd in latter part of the night. Are herding our cattle on an island in the Platte River. These islands are frequent—many of them embrace hundreds of acres. We herded on an island last night. Passed several ranches today where supplies are kept for sale. Passed an Indian village this evening a mile or so from here. A hundred or two Indians in camp of the Sioux tribe. They live in pyramid tents made of buffalo skins—were anxious to trade for sugar and clothing and my dog—asked one dollar for moccasins. Are encamped again in a few yards of the mule train that camped near us last night.

June 3rd. Traveled about 20 miles today. Roads not as good as usual—are encamped near the Platte again. Today been pleasant—a little windy—clear until evening—is now threatening rain. Passed another small Indian village this evening and met many Indians traveling (all Sioux). They are going to where buffalo are plenty. They say they are going to fight the Pawnees—They are traveling down the Platte. We are now about thirty miles from the Cottonwood Springs. Got a short nap today in the wagon—am feeling very well excepting for sore lips and face and hands, chapped by the wind and sun—all of us have it more or less. Had a call from Mr. King from Savannah, Missouri last night after I had retired. He was encamped near us and came up. He is on his way to Denver with loose cattle. Morris and Irvin are on herd tonight.

June 4th. Had a severe storm of rain, wind, lightning and thunder—it lasted 2 or 3 hours, as hard as I have ever heard. Got a little damp in the wagon from the mist that beat through the cover. I sleep in the wagon in preference to the tent. Roads heavy today, notwithstanding which we travelled some 18 or 20 miles. Are encamped tonight within stone's throw of Carson's Ranch, 7 or 8 miles east of Cottonwood Springs. Water, wood and grass plenty. Paid a visit to the bluffs south of the road this afternoon. Had a fine view of the surrounding country. The bluffs looked to be but a short distance off but I found them to be several miles away. I could see the Platte and its bottoms for miles and miles up and down, the whole presenting as fine a view as I ever saw. Found the belt of bluffs cut to pieces by canyons, deep and precipitous containing large quantities of Cedar, the first I've seen since I left home. Weather today has been pleasant—not warm—is a little threatening tonight. Jo Farrow and Geo. Dougherty on herd tonight. Will write to Father tonight and mail at Cottonwood Springs tomorrow.

June 5th. Didn't rain during the night—We were delayed starting today until in the afternoon on account of one of our oxen having gone this morning. He escaped the herder and traveled several miles toward home. He belongs to Collins—is a stag in search of a sweetheart. Got off about 3

o'clock—over ten miles this evening. Today was pleasant. Foggy early in the morning, but cleared up pretty soon and was calm and pleasant. It is again threatening rain tonight. Collins and Mac are on herd tonight. Wrote to Father last night and to Sallie today—mailed both at Cottonwood Springs today.

June 6th. Broke camp early this morning and traveled 21 or 22 miles. Weather windy—blew up a hard storm this evening—a great deal of wind and rain—the rain is now apparently over, but is still threatening. Saw some antelope today but couldn't get a shot.

June 7th. This is the day we have usually rested and the day I hoped we would be able to observe strictly throughout. But as we were camped in an unsuitable place for laying over in the opinion of the majority, and in as much as we had lost a part of one day of the past week, it was urged by most of our boys that we travel a part of today. I argued and protested against it but was overruled and forced to go with the crowd. We traveled today about ten miles and encamped at the foot of O'Fallon's Bluffs, at 12 o'clock where we have laid over this afternoon. Will move on in the morning. Weather today has been damp and cloudy, drizzly and misty—still threatening rain. It is my turn to go on herd tonight and have chosen the first part of the night—until 1 o'clock. Will have a bad night—it is very dark and drizzling heavily. Yesterday about noon we passed the junction ranch where the Omaha road comes into the road from the opposite side of the river. The Platte Fork. Here also, we travel up the south fork to Julesburg.

June 8th. Traveled about 18 miles today—roads heavy and weather still damp—raining a little during the day at different times. Camped just in time to escape a smart shower. It is now raining—will probably have another wet night. It was raining gently during all the part of last night I was on herd. We are now about 53 mile from Julesburg, 30 from Beauvais Ranch and 5 or 6 from Alkali. Expect to get some letters from Alkali Station, also papers—will write from there. Geo. Irvin and Geo. Moriss are on herd tonight.

We are encamped this evening near an immense sand hill—the top of which has been excavated by the wind to the depth of some 50 feet. It looks as though it had been dug out—the excavation is about 150 yards long and 50 wide running North and South. The East and West side are perpendicular, inhabited by swallows and other birds that build in banks while the North and South ends are a gradual scoop out showing from the position of the sand etc. that it is the work of the wind. It is quite a curiosity indeed. It is on the highest bluff in the vicinity. We are now within a few miles of a train of 23 wagons that are going to the same destination as ourselves. We may probably fall in with them by the time we get to Julesburg.

June 9th. In camp on the North side of the South Fork of the Platte. We traveled some 18 or 20 miles today and crossed the Platte this evening. We overtook the large train of wagons that were near us yesterday just as we arrived at the crossing. This crossing is 8 or 9 miles below Beauvais and about 30 miles below or East of Julesburg. The train we have fallen in with has a great many families, a family to nearly every wagon. They are mostly from Caldwell Co., Missouri and appear to be clever fellows. I have found two among them that I am acquainted with—Burt Cox and W. T. Morris—they are all going across the Rock Mountains to Carson Valley and California. We found the crossing here to be pretty good. The water came up to the axles of wagons—nothing in any of the wagons got wet. We doubled teams in order to make it more safely. The river here is about one-half mile wide and the way across is perfectly straight. Passed Alkali Station to-day. Received one letter from my beloved wife and one paper "The World" for which I am thankful. Am considerably cheered by the tone of her letter. Answered it hastily while at the station, directing her to write me at Larimie, Bridger and Salt Lake. Met Sam Foster today on his way home from Denver. He had two horse teams. He has been from home since the 6th of April. Will probably move from here to Ash Hollow—thence across to the North Fork of Platte.

June 10th (Wednesday). Traveled nine miles this morning to a point on the river opposite Beauvais Ranch, at the old California crossing, and have been here since noon. Have a stretch of 18 miles to make tomorrow across the divide between the two Plattes, without water, wood, or grass and we are waiting to make an early start in the morning. We will reach Ash Hollow in about 15 miles. Visited Beauvais Ranch today, found the crossing here inferior to that where we crossed. Got a good drink of ice water—the first I've had since I left home. Saw quite a number of Indians encamped about the Ranch. Beauvais' wife is an Indian. We are said to be 165 miles from Ft. Laramie. Had a short hunt to-day—saw one antelope and killed one jack rabbit—these rabbits differ from the common rabbit in that they have ears and legs a great deal longer than the other and are considerably larger—they are tender and nice. Am so pleased with them that I will take more pains to get them in the future. We have joined corrals with our new friends and joined them in herding all the cattle together, near 200 head. It makes it much lighter on us. Weather today has been sultry and warm in forenoon and windy and somewhat cooler this afternoon, threatening rain.

June 11th. (Thursday) Left camp early this morning and drove to the top of the hill on the North Platte 4 or 5 miles from the river by noon descended the bluffs to the river and encamped, ate supper and drove 2 miles further for better grass—the bluffs we descended today are much steeper and rougher than any we have yet encountered. One hill descended at an angle of 45 degrees—we locked two wheels and came down with one yoke of oxen to each wagon—all got down without accident. We saw a great many antelope on the divide between the two Plattes. I killed the first one today—have now learned how to hunt them. I saw them (2 together) before they saw me, then crawled as near them as I could without frightening them. I was not near enough to shoot. I then drew their attention by waving my handkerchief on the end of my gun, myself lying flat on my back with my feet to them, they saw it and came toward me, their curiosity aroused to see what it was.

They soon approached near enough for me to shoot. I fired at a distance of about one hundred yards and killed a nice young doe full grown. I have learned that they will not run from anything until they see and know what it is, and they will approach near enough to see what it is, old hunters tell me they have drawn them near enough to kill, when they were 1-2 mile off, by waving hat or handkerchief occasionally. They are very tender and nice meat, more so than deer. I like them better. They are not quite so large, weighing from 40 to 75 pounds. I have divided it among our train of 20 odd wagons—it furnished a mess or so around. Saw quite a number of jack rabbits today but got none. We encamped for supper this evening near the scene of General Harney's fight with the Indians in 1856. He fought and routed three or four thousand Indians with about 200 men. He lost but few men and killed several Indians. It is known as The Ash Hollow fight. We descended through this hollow to the river and near the mouth of it the fight occurred. There are some old sod fortifications to be seen on the river that he built at that time. He, however, had to leave them and cross the river with his artillery to fight. Traveled about 20 miles today, weather warm and clear, pleasant tonight. Bluffs in the vicinity are high and precipitous with some cedar on them; there are immense ledges of rocks projecting out of them, having the appearance of being limestone. These bluffs and indeed the entire divide are almost barren of grass. We had no grass or water for cattle today at noon, the only grass is in the river bottom and it is scarce even there.

June 12th. (Friday) Traveled 15 or 18 miles today along the bottom. Roads very heavy of sand; hard on cattle. Wood lays along the Platte bottom, sometimes near the bluffs and then near the river. Grass inferior. Weather warm and clear. Some of the boys killed another antelope today.

June 13th. (Saturday) Expected to make an early start this morning, but when the cattle were driven in the corrals it was discovered that some of them had escaped the herders. All hands stopped to go in search of them, part were found in 7 or 8 miles of here on their way back—the rest 15 or 20 miles off. This delayed us all day today. All

are here I believe this evening and we will move out tomorrow. It was the intention to travel today and lay up tomorrow, but our wagon master says we must travel some to-morrow to find better grass. We have just elected a new wagon master for the next two weeks. W. T. Morris of St. Stephens, Nebraska. He is empowered to appoint an assistant. While laying up today I did my first washing. I have not washed any clothes before since I left home; in consequence I had quite a large washing on hand. It took me near 1-2 day—hard work at that. I made a terrible job of it, but the boys tell me that I presented rather a ludicrous appearance over the wash tub. I borrowed a tub and wash board from one of the families in our train. I rejoice that I will not probably have to wash again for a month. Had a good bath in the North Platte today. This stream is much deeper than the lower Platte and on the whole a more beautiful stream. The high bluffs or ledges that border it add much to its appearance. It is like the other Platte in one respect, being almost destitute of timber—no trees are to be seen from our present encampment. There is more sand here and less grass so far, but am told it will improve in both a short distance ahead. Yesterday we had quite a misfortune in our train. A wagon ran over a child 10 or 12 years old, injuring it severely. Wagon passed over its shoulder and jaw, breaking the collar bone. As our train is provided with a physician, it has received all the attention it needs and is doing very well. There is a lady also sick in our train. Ascended the high bluffs near our camp today and had a magnificent view of the surrounding country, aided in my observations by a first rate spy glass, with which we are provided. A more enticing field for the artist or landscapist, I never saw. The view was sublime, embracing a scope of country 15 or 20 miles up and down the river.

June 14th. (Sunday) Traveled until 11 o'clock today and have laid up since. Very warm and hard on cattle, have good grass—have a sandy road to-morrow and will start early. Had preaching in camp this evening at 6 o'clock, the first divine service I have attended since I left home. I didn't get to hear all our preacher's sermon, but think he is a

one horse preacher. Some Irishman in camp went out this afternoon and killed an antelope. The Sabbath is not faithfully observed on the Plains, not as much so as might be. The sick woman is better—the child is easier.

June 15th. (Monday) Traveled until noon to-day. Laid up the balance of the day on account of the sick. The woman is a great deal worse. She's about 16 years old—married just before she left, indeed she followed her husband to St. Joe from Caldwell, Mo. and married him there. She has some kind of fever. Our doctor thinks it is the mountain fever. Our preacher has a very sick child; almost dying. I am told we are waiting for the child to die—only think of it, waiting for one of us to die. Will move on as soon as the child dies, I am told. It appears hard for a parent to lose a child and have to leave it in this wild and desolate country. May the Lord save us from such an affliction. May he spare our little boy that he may be a blessing to us in our old age. Nevertheless His will be done and not mine. Saw a great many antelope today, many of them in flocks. It is getting to be a common thing now to see and kill them, tho they are hard to hunt.

June 16th. (Tuesday) Our preacher's child died this morning, and was buried this forenoon—all turned out to the funeral. Mr. Bryan from Caldwell, Mo., officiated in the funeral ceremonies, singing and prayer. The grave was made on a little mound west of our camp, and a pine board with an inscription now marks its resting place. What a lonely place to leave a relative or friend, a bleak and desolate country, no human habitation within fifty miles. I was seriously impressed by the novel circumstances attending the funeral. Many thoughts passed through my mind. Far, far from home, friends and all most dear to me, the lines that were sung on the occasion,

“And 'ere another day is gone
Ourselves may be as they.”

seemed to have tenfold their usual significance, nothing is truer than those lines, we know not what a day will bring forth, nor who will be next to go. The Lord's will be done. We left today 1-2 past ten a. m. a part of the wagons remain-

ing behind to take care of the sick woman who was not able to travel. It is their intention to overtake us—I hope so as it makes our corrals much smaller, separated as we are. We have tonight 15 wagons in corral. Made 18 miles today; are a few miles of where the Julesburg road intersects this one, are said to be 20 or 25 miles from Chimney Rock. I can see it in the distance, it looks like a tall spire. Weather has been pleasant today, cooler than usual; it is threatening to rain tonight.

June 17th. (Wednesday) As the wagons left camp this morning, myself and Collins started horseback on a visit to Council Rock, a large and tall rock that stands isolated from all others, the largest and tallest I've seen since we left. It is quite a curiosity, it stands several miles off the road, and is visited constantly by passers-by. Many names are to be seen engraved on its walls, many of them dating back to '49 and '50. I left my name engraved on a high place, near the top. It looks to be 350 feet above the level of the Platte. This rock is about 12 or 15 miles from Chimney Rock. We are now encamped 2 or 3 miles from the latter, our corral tonight is right on the river. The rock referred to is across the bottom on our left, it looks taller than Council Rock and is smaller and more precipitous. From this rock a fine view of the country can be had. On our way from the Rock to camp at noon I killed a large antelope, and am again feasting on nice tender meat. Traveled about 20 miles today, weather warmer today than yesterday, tho pleasant. Crossed another clear, beautiful stream, have fears our stock will not do well.

June 18th. (Thursday) Traveled about 15 miles today, clear, warm and dusty. Corralled this evening near the first ranch we've seen since we left Beauvais on South Platte. It is a telegraph station on the line to Laramie via Julesburg. Visited Chimney Rock this morning. It is a greater curiosity than Council Rock, is much taller and half of it in the shape of a chimney, from which fact it gets its name. It also is visited a great deal by pilgrims. Many names and old dates are to be seen carved high on its precipitous walls. Grass is bad tonight and we have a long drive to make tomorrow without water or grass, and roads said to be bad. Hard on stock.

June 19th. (Friday) Travelled about 20 miles today. Crossed Scotts Bluffs this forenoon; roads better today than we expected, better than usual excepting the bluffs, little sand. Had good grass at noon and have excellent grass tonight, good water. Are encamped near another corral of emigrants—heard of our friends we left behind with sick today, they are a few hours behind us. Got some news at telegraph station yesterday morning, heard that rebels were invading Pennsylvania in force and were occupying Baltimore. Have some doubts of its truth. Weather pleasantly cool, pleasant nights for sleeping. Have a cool bracing breeze supposed to be from the mountains.

June 20th (Saturday) Traveled about 20 miles today. Are encamped on tolerable grass tonight. Road today good, but barren of grass. We are now 20 or 25 miles from Ft. Laramie. Saw a few Indians today and a few wigwams on the opposite side of the river. Weather cool for the season, pleasant this morning with overcoats on around the fire. Cool wind from the Northwest all day.

June 21st. (Sunday) Traveled today to get to better grass; are now in 7 or 8 miles of Ft. Laramie—17 miles today—no grass scarcely along here, passed two ranches today, good water, weather pleasantly cool, roads good but very dusty. The balance of our Caldwell Co. wagons came up and corralled with us last night; the sick are about well.

June 22nd. (Monday) Passed Beauvais Ranch on North Platte this morning. Found Gus Beauvais, of St. Joseph in charge of it. Traveled 5 miles further on and arrived at Ft. Laramie this afternoon, after crossing the Little Laramie on the bridge, this is a clear beautiful stream that empties into the Platte from a southwesterly direction. It is one of the prettiest I ever saw, gravelly bottom, swift and somewhat larger than the Big Blue. Ft. Laramie is situated in the forks of the Platte and Little Laramie, on a flat surrounded by sand hills, indeed all the hills in their region are composed of sand, rocks, pine and cedar. I obtained for the first time a view of the Black Hills, and imagined I saw at a glance whence they obtained their name. They are almost literally covered with pine and cedar, which

at a distance gives them the appearance of being black, they are large and continuous and look black at a distance. They are on the north side of the Plate; I know not how far they will continue. Major Mackey is in command at the Fort, about 100 men of the 6th Ohio Volunteers are stationed here. Sutler's store, blacksmith shop, wagon shop, telegraph station, etc., etc., are here. It is about the same size place as Kearney, is beautiful and pleasant. Many Indians are to be seen loitering around here. Their wigwams are to be seen scattered up and down the two rivers. We are encamped tonight, 3 wagons of us, near the Fort, for convenience to Blacksmith shop, in order to have our wagons repaired. I am having two tires cut and set, the hind wheels, besides some other little items. Our cattle have gone on with the train, a few miles further to good grass, where we will probably rest a day or two. Weather quite cool all day, windy and threatening tonight.

June 23rd. (Tuesday) Completed our work and moved in the afternoon to where the train is encamped. We will probably be here until to-morrow noon. Paid very high prices for everything we got at Laramie. Paid \$2.00 a wheel for setting tires; \$4.00 for shoeing horse all round. Suttler sells everything high, 12 to 20 cents for bacon; \$12 to \$18 per hundred for flour, smoking tobacco \$1.00 a pound, whiskey \$1.00 a pint, mean at that. Everything else in proportion. From the vicinity of the Fort can be seen Laramie Peak, 60 miles to the West. It is said also that Medicine Bow Mountain and Pike's Peak can be seen on a clear day, looking like black clouds in the horizon. It is 160 miles to Medicine Bow Mt. and over 300 to Pike's Peak. Weather today cool, overcoat comfortable most all day. Is cloudy, windy and cool tonight. The country here assumes a different appearance. The Platte becomes narrower, deeper and swifter as well as clearer. The bottoms are not so wide. The Bluffs are more rocky, the roads more gravelly, large gravel, and the general appearance of the country more rugged.

June 24th. (Wednesday) Broke corral at noon today and moved 5 or 6 miles to this point. Until 1 or 2 o'clock, weather oppressively warm, turned cooler about that time

and is now pleasant. Came down a very steep and rugged hill today, hard on wagons and oxen. All got down safely though. Think the hill is harder on wagons and team than Ash Hollow hill. Observed this afternoon a peculiar mode Indians have of disposing of their dead. In one instance observed corpse suspended from the top of a pole set in the ground 10 or 15 feet high, the dead body is wrapped in willows and swings by a rope. In another, observed two corpses laid upon limbs of a large pine tree, wrapped in their robes and blankets and tied fast to the limbs. In many instances have observed their dead wrapped up carefully and laid upon boards which rest upon four posts 7 and 8 feet high, usually upon some high mound. The other day I discovered what I took to be a "miscarriage," indifferently wrapped in a piece of buffalo robe and suspended from a small cottonwood tree 6 or 8 feet from the ground, a couple of arrows sticking in the bundle. Cedar and pine with a little cottonwood, now and then is all the timber to be seen. The cactus, of which there is several kinds is more plentiful than anywhere on the route so far. We have seen it more or less since we left Kansas, the road sugar-loaf shaped cactus is beautiful, and puts forth a pretty bloom. The channel of the Platte continues to narrow. It is a beautiful stream here, clear and swift, abounding in fish; its bottoms and banks gravelly and a little sand.

June 25th. (Thursday) Traveled 29 miles today, over a rough hilly road. Made a long drive to get to grass, crossed two small streams today and passed two springs close together called the twin springs, as pretty springs as I ever saw, boiling out of the earth close to the road, in bold streams, cold as ice, we found it very refreshing this warm day. Both man and beast partook of it heartily. The country we've traveled over today is barren of grass and where we are encamped tonight (on Horseshoe) grass is bad and scarce. We left the Platte this morning, where we were encamped near an old deserted ranch 10 miles this side of Laramie and the road will not strike it again under 50 miles from here. The road is over a broken and rough country until we get on the Platte again. There is a telegraph station near

where we are encamped tonight—met with a gentlemanly soldier, referred us to Thos. Tumbleson at Deer Creek for information about country. We are drawing nearer Laramie Peak, it is about 40 miles off and looks 10. It is now plain to the view and I am told has snow on it. Weather warm today: very dusty, a little rain fell but not enough to wet anything, am told it rarely rains in this country. It looks burnt up. We have been today in the midst of canyons, bluffs, high hills, pine and cedar. The Platte passes through some very narrow gorges in the hills to the right of the road today.

June 26th. (Friday) Traveled 10 or 12 miles today to Elkhorn, no green grass at this place, all dry as if drought were prevailing the country. There seems to be no green grass since we left Laramie, even on the streams, unless the ground is low and wet. The dry grass however, is good for cattle if they will eat it, but they will not if they can find anything green to pick at. Passed over more bluffs and pine mountains today. I have observed in the last two days a singular appearance of the soil in many places. The soil in spots on the hills is red and the rocks in those spots are of the same color. The general color of the surface through here is light, sandy and those red spots present a singular contrast. The water since we left Laramie, where we find it is very good, cool and clear. Even in the streams it is very cool. Some of the boys caught a young fawn of the white tail deer species. It is pale red with white spots all over it, beautiful. Some ladies have taken charge of it and will try to raise it. Wish it was at home for my little boy. Weather very warm until the turn of the day, when a pleasant wind made it more comfortable. Laramie Peak seems a little nearer this evening. I imagine I can see the snow on its sides.

June 27th. (Saturday) Travelled 15 miles today and are encamped on the LaBonte, a beautiful clear stream emptying into the Platte a few miles below here, grass about as usual, perhaps a little better. Road today, hilly and a little rough. Weather cooler than usual, had a little shower this afternoon. At noon today Laramie Peak was immediately on our left, 20 miles distant.

June 28th. (Sunday) Traveled 4 miles today and encamped on a little stream called Wagon Hound, tolerably good grass. One steer of Leonards missing this morning. Some of the boys remained behind to hunt him and not heard from yet. Lost in the thick brush on the creek. Passed down a steep hill before reaching this creek. Corralled in the sage brush of which there is a great abundance in this country, and put our cattle again in the brush. The Dutch train of 40 wagons arrived this afternoon and are encamped 1-2 mile below us on the Creek. Weather pleasant today, occasionally threatening rain. Is now thundering and lightning as though it would rain tonight. Seems hard to rain here, but up in the mountains about Laramie Peak it has rained more or less every day since we've been in sight of it. There is less cactus to be seen in the last few days. The timber to be seen thru here since we left Laramie, is pine and cedar on the hills and bluffs, and box elder, quaking asp, cottonwood and willows on the streams. Our cattle have done well today and look full. We'll move on in the morning.

June 29th. (Monday) Travelled about 18 miles today, nooned at a small clear stream called LaPrelle about 12 miles from Wagon Hound, moved forward to a small stream, name unknown and encamped for night. The next stream will be Box Elder. Grass improving some as well as roads. Rained some today, roads a little heavy this afternoon, weather cool. On Wagon Hound we discovered a marble Quarry, some beautiful pieces were taken out—the boys made pipes out of the softest pieces—it is beautiful and looks like the Parian marble. Little timber and brush on this stream, good place to herd stock. Will strike the Platte to-morrow if nothing happens. Mat Floey is our wagon master now. We elected him last Saturday to take us through to Salt Lake if not further. Saw a horned frog today, it is shaped like a terrapin with horns on its sides and head. Am on herd the latter part of tonight.

June 30th. (Tuesday) Traveled 18 or 20 miles today to a point 3 or 4 miles west of Deer Creek Station. Crossed Box Elder a few miles this side of where we broke camp this morning. Ten miles from there crossed Deer Creek, another

beautiful stream. There is a telegraph office and soldiers at this place, a ranch with goods and groceries for sale also a blacksmith shop. At this place the proposed cut-off to Beaver Head leaves the river (Platte) and runs north. We struck the Platte again today a few miles beyond where we crossed Deer Creek. Some of us are thinking of taking this new cut-off to Bannack City. Will stop here a few days to rest our cattle and will determine meanwhile which route we'll take. I have a steer sick with hollow horn. Collins also has one; besides they need rest generally. There or four wagons of us will probably remain here, the rest will probably move on. Weather pleasant, little warmer than the day previous, clear, no rain, but thunder.

July 1st. (Wednesday) The whole train rested here today, will probably move out to-morrow. Collins, Irvin, myself and probably Jo have concluded to remain here a few days longer until the train that is and has been accumulating here for the past two weeks starts across the cut-off to Bannack City or Beaver Head and then start out with them. It is a new route a part of which has never been traveled over with wagons. Indeed, wagons and a few of them only, have been but a short distance on the route. But it is from three to five hundred miles nearer than any other route. Grass is said to be good and the route entirely practicable, better than the one round. It is however attended with some disadvantages, in the opening of a road, etc. It is also more or less dangerous being through the heart of the Indian country. The route as well as I can learn runs, after crossing the Powder River, along the base of the Wind River and Big Horn Mountain clear to Beaver Head, through a beautiful country, abounding in fine grass, buffalo, grizzly bear, elk, deer, antelope and other wild animals that inhabit the far west. There will be quite a large train of us go through. The nearest gold discoveries are 150 miles from here beyond Powder River on our route, the next are on the Yellowstone, 100 miles further on, said to be richer than Beaver Head Mines. We have obtained quite reliable information in regard to that country from some old trappers and hunters that are around here just now, three of whom are going

down to pilot us through. An old Frenchman by the name of Bovier who has trapped and traded through that country for 20 odd years has furnished us with valuable information in regard to the whole route, gold, etc. He seems to have taken quite a fancy to me for some reason, has a great deal to say to me while he talks little to others, presented me with a cradle and rocker for separating gold from dirt and a shovel and pick worth \$15.00 or \$20.00 in this country, quite a valuable and handsome present. I shall ever remember old man Bovier for his kindness in many respects. He is an honest old backwoodsman and mountaineer, is related to the Bobidoux in St. Jo. Our cattle are doing well here, good grass. My steer seems to be better today, since giving him some fat meat and lard. Collins' steer seems but little better. Hope they will get entirely well before we start. We are said to be 110 miles from Laramie, about 450 from Salt Lake City and 800 from Bannack by way of old road, while across the cut-off it is only about 400 or 450. At least a month or six week's travel saved by going through. Weather warm and clear most of the day, showered a little about noon.

July 2nd. (Thursday) Still laying up. Cattle improving, will move across the river to-morrow and corral with the train that is preparing to go across the cut-off. The train augments daily numbers now near 50 wagons. It will probably move out day after tomorrow (Saturday) morning. It consists of some freight wagons, a few families but most are adventurers in search of gold. Weather today very warm in forenoon, but pleasant in the afternoon. I have observed through here that the forenoons are much the warmest, the afternoons are quite pleasant. Nights are quite pleasant for sleeping, have had but one or two occasions to use mosquito bar since I left home. Unloaded my wagon today, and overhauled it and rearranged the load. Will have more time from here on. Irvin and his partner have separated, he taking the wagon and load and Irvin the team (two yoke, one of cows and the other of oxen). He boards with us and lets us work his cattle through. He rides his pony, and we carry his trunk and other little traps. Kennedy left us, not wishing to go the new route.

July 3rd. (Friday) Moved our wagons across the river today and corralled with the train going the new route. There are now 41 wagons ready to start and we have agreed to go on next Monday, the 6th inst. May have more additions to the train by then. Weather very warm today. Our cattle are improving greatly, my sick steer is much better. But Collin's steer is missing today, couldn't find him anywhere, will make a good search before giving him up. Am doing nothing but preparing for the trip across.

July 4th. (Saturday) Laid in camp today, wondering how our friends at home were enjoying and celebrating the 4th. We got a little extravagant, ate fresh peaches and drank some whiskey to feel patriotic. Collins and Irvin got quite boozy. Had several visits from the soldiers at the Post, quite gentlemanly fellows. Telegraph operator visited us also, informed us of a fight that had occurred near Gettysburg, Pa. Rebels repulsed and retreating. The first war news we've had for some time. We will miss our letters and papers by going this route. Will write to-morrow to postmaster at Bridger and Salt Lake to have our letters forwarded to Bannack City, don't know that I will ever get them. Am very sorry that I will not be able to hear from home for some time. Weather very warm today, clear and still. Our train held a meeting tonight and elected James Brady Captain, and appointed a committee to draft rules for our government while traveling. Committee to report to-morrow night. Collins has not yet found his steer. Our cattle are improving very much. Will write home to-morrow. Wish I could see my beloved wife and child tonight. I may never see them again, this is a dangerous road to travel. I trust to Providence to guide us safely through and hope and pray that He will spare me to my family, yet, His will be done.

July 5th. (Sunday) Still laying up. Wrote some letters today, one to my affectionate wife, one to her father and one to each post master at Bridger and Salt Lake. Not quite so warm today as the past few days, threatening rain a little tonight—am not very well today—caught a cold in the past few days. We start out to-morrow on our perilous trip.

Trust that Providence will extend his protecting care over us. As it will be an entirely new route I shall keep a detailed and minute journal of the whole trip. Collins found his steer today.

July 6th. (Monday) Broke camp this morning at about 8 o'clock and started on the new route to the headwaters of the Missouri—Beaver Head Country. We left the Platte about 8 miles above Deer Creek and moved across the Sand Hills in a northwest direction—more north than west. Traveled over deep, heavy sand 5 or 6 miles and encamped about 1 o'clock till morning. Sand is heavier here than I ever saw it—hard on cattle—had to double team on heavy wagons. We are said to be over the worst of it. All together there is 1 1-2 or 2 miles of heavy sand, the rest is light. We will have more sand to-morrow but said not to be so heavy as today. We have good grass here and stock-water one mile west of food. These sand hills are full of cactus and sage brush, and a tall dry looking grass with a head resembling oats. Stock like it well, better for them than green grass. After we started 5 other wagons followed and overtook us after we had corralled, making our wagon force 46 with 89 men. We have three guides, John Jacobs, Boseman and Rafeil, the latter is particularly our guide to the Big Horn, the others will assist him and then take us on. Jacobs is a mountaineer who has spent 21 years of his life in this country and who came thru Bannack City especially to guide immigrants through. Boseman is a Georgian who has been here only about 4 years.

July 7th. Travelled ten miles today and encamped for the day near a spring and slough, the last water we'll have until we cross the divide separating the waters of the Platte and Missouri or Yellowstone. The roads today were very good, no sand to amount to anything—two or three shallow ravines, but steep crossing was all the bad road we had today. Grass is not very good at our present camping place, but stock will do very well. High sand hills have been in sight all day on our left and right but none in our road to hurt. We have a long drive to-morrow without water, over 20 miles, probably some sand, after that our guide informs us that we will

have water any time we want it and good roads generally, specially after we cross Powder River. Today we have had no big hills to climb, ascents and descents gradual; weather warm as usual, little air stirring, no dust to hurt. Are not troubled much with dust on the new route as we have to make our road through the grass. There are some old Indian trails that we follow part of the time, but still have to make our road—we have had very little spading to do yet. This road is good on cattle's feet—no gravel. Have seen no game yet, but sage hens and jack rabbits. A Mexican, who is with us, returned today to Deer Creek and brought us back some news. Hooker and Lee have had a big fight—Lee is reported cut to pieces and his army destroyed, losing 50,000 in killed and wounded, and 18,000 prisoners. Don't believe a word of it—think if they have fought Lee is victorious. This is the last news I expect for some time.

July 8th. (Wednesday) Made our big drive today and reached water about sun down at the head of Dry Creek, one of the tributaries of Powder River. We started 1-2 past 4 o'clock this morning and traveled all day, excepting an hour for noon and an hour repairing wagon which got a broken axle through careless driving over a ravine. It was a heavy freight wagon belonging to Brady. We will permanently repair it to-morrow. Had some heavy road in forenoon today through sand, but a short distance however. This afternoon the road was good. We nooned on the dividing ridge, our cattle found a little water in puddle from recent rain. We have good grass tonight and tolerable water. All the wood we have had since we left the Platte is wild sage brush and grease brush, it burns well. There is an abundance in this country. Will probably have wood from here on. The grass we have through here is a tall dry grass, with a head on like oats and grows thin but cattle like it. The surface of the ground on the dividing ridge gave evidence of the existence of iron ore in these hills, the rocks look like iron, and there were spots here and there of red and yellow soil. Saw some antelope today. Had a commanding view of the country around from the top of the ridge today. Saw the commencement of the Wind River Mountains far in the distance to our

left which divided the Sweet water and Powder Rivers. Weather warm but rather more pleasant than the past few days. Our route today was circuitous in order to avoid sand hills. We traveled east, then north, then west and northwest, made a circuit of about 14 miles and travelled only about 6 in distance.

July 9th. (Thursday) Have been laying up today repairing broken wagon and hunting lost cow. Will move tomorrow and follow down this creek—will likely have plenty wood and water all time. We follow this Dry Creek to Powder River; weather warmer today, looks a little like rain tonight.

July 10th. (Friday) Travelled 12 or 14 miles today, our route lay down the meanderings of the Creek. It is called a creek but there is no water in it except in holes here and there. The bed of the creek is sand and gravel and the water probably runs under the surface, occasionally it appears in the bed of the creek and runs a short distance and disappears. The road crosses the creek very often, sometimes 15 or 20 minutes for miles. I am informed we cross it about 100 times from where we strike it to its mouth in Powder River. There is an Indian trail down the creek which we follow as a general thing, varying only to make the road better. The country around is ragged, rough, mountainous and along the creek is the only practicable route through here in my opinion. It is a pretty good road so far and will be better when worn down smoother. The only ugly places are where we cross ravines and the creek—there is some sand but none to hurt—had some mishaps in the train today which delayed us some, but got along well generally. Weather today cool, wind from the north. Overcoat comfortable all day. Seems hazy and a little cloudy. Looks as though it will rain. I am on herd tonight.

July 11th. (Saturday) Travelled about 12 miles and encamped 1-2 past one o'clock for the day. Got along very well today, road about as usual, still travelling along the creek crossing it often. Had few hard pulls or ugly decents today, bottom narrow. Left the creek at one time, ascended upon an elevated flat and travelled 2 1-2 miles before des-

cending again into the creek. Grass generally on the creek, so far tolerably good. A large party of Indians have recently passed through here with three or four thousand ponies, and grass is much shorter than it otherwise would be. Water tonight is thoroughly impregnated with saleratus, alkali, etc. We commenced a few nights since, the practice of driving our cattle inside the corral after they have filled and there herding them. It is easily done and is a safe practice, we can form with our wagons a perfect and connected circle, which will hold stock even without guard. In case of an attack by the Indians our stock will be safe from a stampede. Weather today cool, overcoats still pleasant all day, fine weather for travelling. Threatening to be stormy. Will move out again in the morning, the weather permitting tho, I myself would prefer laying up and observing the Sabbath.

July 12th. (Sunday) Travelled 6 or 7 miles and encamped at 11 o'clock for noon. Rested a couple of hours and travelled 4 or 5 miles this afternoon, roads about as usual on the creek, if not improving a little. Water is more abundant in the creek today, but it tastes bad in consequence of saleratus and other acids that impregnate it. The bed of the creek where there is no water is white with saleratus and the water when boiled down will yield it. It tastes like water with salts dissolved in it. Until today we have found little timber on this creek, only now and then a tree or two scattered along. But this afternoon we have come upon quite an abundance of timber, cottonwood mostly, it stands in patches. The bed of the creek as well as the little bottom on it is widening. We are now about 20 miles from Powder River. Saw a porcupine today, the first I've seen. It was not a full sized one, its quills were about an inch and a half long, had long thin hair on it of a dingy yellow color. Took a little hunt this evening but saw nothing but a very rough, rocky, rugged country west of the creek. Saw plenty signs of game, antelope, sheep, elk and bear. Our road this afternoon left the creek and crossed the hill, a mile and a half and made a steep descent into the creek again. We have more or less digging to do every day to smooth the road. Weather warm today and clear and little smoky, quite a change from yesterday.

July 13th. (Monday) Traveled about 12 miles today, the first day without some mishap to wagons, roads today about as usual; considerable timber as well as water. The water here now is so full of salertus, salt petre, etc., that it makes the cattle sick, as well as it gives us all the diarrhoea. Last night we were up till late doctoring the cattle, some of which were very sick. They appear to suffer with something like the colic, they are puffed up with wind and breathe hard, groaning considerably. We gave them fat meat, lard and vinegar which appeared to relieve them. Some of them are sick today and some are sick tonight. I don't think it will hurt them seriously, though it will weaken them some. The water doesn't satisfy their thirst much and makes us all loose in our bowels, will be beneficial to many of us. We will get to better water to-morrow; weather moderately warm to-day.

July 14th. (Tuesday) Travelled about 6 miles today and camped on the north side of the Powder River at noon and rested the balance of the day to cure up sick cattle from bad water. Will move out in the morning. We followed the Dry Fork this morning about 4 miles, when we left it and took across the hills to Powder River. We crossed it and camped, it is a clear pretty stream, sandy and gravelly bottom. Our cattle drank very heartily. It is good water and pure. This stream has a rather wide belt of timber on it and a beautiful valley or bottom, timber mostly cottonwood, large trees and little underbrush. There is little or no sand in this bottom and we have the prospect of better and more solid roads from here on at least I hope so. We will follow up this stream for some distance, two or three days perhaps. Had a short hunt this afternoon without success. Game will be more plentiful in a few days. Got a fall from my mule and am quite sore from it. He scared at a jack rabbit and wheeled around suddenly, which let me down, with gun in hand. Am on herd tonight, don't feel well enough and have got Jo to take my place after part of the night. Have just had a bath and good wash in the river, put on some clean clothes and feel like I could rest well tonight. If I were only at home in a clean bed with my good little wife, I would rest so much bet-

ter. I hope she is well and enjoying herself. May the Lord watch over her and our little boy. Weather pleasant today.

July 15th. (Wednesday) Traveled about 12 or 15 miles today and are encamped on the north fork of Powder River, we travelled up the main stream this morning some 6 miles, there left it and crossed the divide a mile or so over and encamped for noon on the creek. We are now travelling in a north west direction. Grass is good on this side of Powder River and stock are improving. The country around here is less ragged and broken than on the south side of the river. The road today better than any we've had since we left Platte. A good road with exception of one or two ravines, which we had to work on some. We are now said to be within 15 miles of where gold has been found on this creek or near it. It creates some excitement in camp. The boys will prospect some probably. We passed through a large prairie dog town this evening. The proprietors barked lustily at us, regarding us likely as ruthless intruders on their city limits. Weather pleasant today, little warm, showered a little this evening.

July 16th. (Thursday) Travelled about 6 miles today up the fork and encamped for the day. We have from here a drive of 15 or 20 miles without water across a divide to another stream, and must commence it early in the day. We are now in sight of a range of mountains that the mountaineers here call Powder River Mountains but they are doubtless the commencement of the Wind River mountains. On the topmost peaks snow can be plainly seen. It has been very warm today and while lying in camp many of us longed for some of the white snow so plainly visible to cool our blood. It is the first snow I ever saw in July. I had a hunt today but killed nothing but a large grey wolf. I shot him offhand with my rifle at a distance of 215 yards. Antelope here are very wild, the Indians have been hunting them through here lately. Plenty of buffalo signs, will likely find them in a day or so. The mountains to our left are covered pretty much with pine.

July 17th. (Friday) The train moved on this morning. Myself and two others left the train and started for the Big

Horn Mountains, 15 miles north west of us for the purpose of prospecting for gold in the canyon through which passes the north fork of the Powder River. Reached there at 1 o'clock, prospected half an hour but did not raise the color. Gold had been found there but we hadn't time to look after it much as we wanted to get back to camp by night. We found every evidence of the existence of gold in those mountains and fully credit the information given us by mountaineers, who have taken gold out there. The mountains are large and rugged with thick pine in spots, deep and precipitous ravines, volcanic rocks, red buttes and banks and other evidence of the existence of minerals. Powder river when it comes out of the mountains is 8 or 10 feet wide, clear and cold, tastes like rain or snow water. Its source is in the snow clad tops some distance back. It abounds in trout and other fish. We started for the train not knowing where it was. A storm came up as we left the mountains, wetting us thoroughly. We travelled east fast, until dark, when we struck the wagon trail, then followed it until midnight when we came up with the wagons ourselves and horses tired and hungry, having travelled about 50 miles since 6 o'clock in the morning. We had great difficulty in following the wagon trail in the dark, through a strange prairie. The road however was good, very good indeed. The train made 20 miles that day and encamped on Willow Creek, a branch of Crazy Woman fork of Powder River.

June 18th. (Saturday) Travelled four or five miles this morning to Crazy Woman fork and encamped for the rest of the day, having as our guide told us some eighteen or twenty miles to go without water we thought it best to wait and get an early start in the morning. Weather pleasant. Have been on herd since noon. Caught some nice fish in this stream. It is also a clear cold stream issuing out of the same mountain as the other fork. The two canyons where they come through are about ten miles apart. Some of the boys visited the mountains today, saw some buffalo and black tailed deer, killed two of the latter. Snow mountain yet in sight.

July 19th. (Sunday) Travelled about 18 miles today. Our guide was mistaken in there being a scarcity of water today, we crossed a beautiful stream about 6 miles from where we started, followed up this for a few miles and encamped on it for noon. Crossed some ridges this afternoon and are now encamped on Dry Fork, a branch of Lodge Pole Creek, there is but little water here where we are encamped though we are on its haed waters. We have fine roads now, some hills but they are smooth. We have been within five or six miles of the Big Horn range of mountains today, the snow on the highest is now more plainly visible. They look pretty indeed clad in their garments of white, contrasting with the dark spots of pine here and there. There is a great deal of buffalo sign here, they have evidently left here recently and gone north and north east. A few are scattered around, some in the mountains. This range of mountains are on our left and run north and south, perhaps a little northwest. Antelope are plenty. Weather today moderately warm. We're threatened with rain again today. It has rained every day in our sight on the mountains since we have been near them.

July 20th. (Monday) Travelled six or seven miles this morning and encamped on north prong of Lodge Pole Creek. We had turned out our cattle and horses to graze and eaten our dinner when the alarm of Indians was given. I was in the act of going to sleep at the time. I took out and discovered a body of Indians coming over the hills toward us. Word was given to bring in the stock and all were so busy looking after their guns and personal safety, that the order was not promptly responded to. The stock was however brought in and guards put on. The Indians made friendly signs and we allowed them to come up. Their chiefs approached and asked for a parley with our "Captain," as they called him. The warriors, many of them prowled around our camp, stealing everything they could get their hands on, while others stayed around their chiefs. Ther were over 150 of them, belonging to the Cheyenne and Sioux, but few were Sioux. They came, they said to warn us not to proceed further through their country, that they were combined to pre-

vent a road being opened through here, that if we went on we would be destroyed, that they would be our enemies, that if we turned back they would not disturb us, etc., etc. One of them made an effort to kill our guide, but was prevented. They asked for something to eat, we gave them bread, meat and coffee, some would not eat, were sullen and mad. One made an effort to ride over the victuals, and I thought at one time we would have a fight, but they cooled down and left in squads after repeating their order that we must leave. Many of our men are timid and cowardly and immediately determined to go back. After the Indians left; while they were there, and today we have seen their signal fires and smokes on the high mountains from 30 to 50 miles to our left. Our guides tells us it is dangerous, and have ordered a retreat until we can get reinforcements. That is the conclusion this evening. We are disposed to leave it to the judgement of the guides as they have had experience with the Indians, their habits and the country. Some are in favor of going on anyway, others are not.

July 21st. (Tuesday) Didn't move today till afternoon. In the forenoon a large grizzly bear approached our camp. Fifteen or twenty men went out to give him fight, they wounded him, he charged upon the nearest of them and hurt two men badly, knocked them both down, gashed one's head to the skull badly, and tore off the under lip and part of the jaw of the other man, they are both badly hurt. We killed the bear, however, and ate him. He was fat and large, as big as a cow. We reluctantly broke corral this afternoon and moved back 4 miles. Saw after we left, Indians on the hills watching us. I look for them to attack us most any time. We are encamped on south fork of Lodge Pole Creek. We have not yet entirely made up our minds to go back. There is a great deal of contrariness in the train. We are expected to meet Crayton's large train of 75 wagons, if we move back, and if so we will probably fall in and go on. If not, I think we'll finally fall back and go the old road. It makes me sick to think of it. Loose a month and travel 300 miles for nothing. I hope something will turn up in our favor. The Indians are called the tribes together for the pur-

pose of driving us back, I trust in God to direct for us and guide us in the right way. Weather for the past two days clear and pleasant.

July 22nd. (Wednesday) Moved out this morning and travelled back some 12 miles to a prong of Crazy Woman fork. Some one saw Indians still watching us from the hills. Rafeil killed a buffalo bull today. He is good. Better than the one I killed this spring. We brought most of him into camp on our horses. Weather pleasant today. Tonight Rafiel with two of the boys have just started back towards Platte to get assistance, to meet Crayton's train or get an escort at Deer Creek. Have no faith in their success either way. We are to move on slowly to Powder river. If we fail in getting assistance we will strike across the country in the direction of Independence Rock and then take the old road to Bridger. I have pretty much made up my mind to go that way anyhow. The Indians seem determined to resist the making of a road through their best country. The different tribes urged on by traders are continuing to prevent it. I don't like to take too many risks, there will be enough on the old road.

July 23rd. (Thursday) Laid up all day repairing broken wagon wheel, belonging to someone in the train. Weather pleasant, had a little shower in the afternoon.

July 24th. (Friday) Travelled 12 or 15 miles today, to a prong of Crazy Woman's Fork. Will move on to North Fork Powder River to-morrow. No news yet from our messengers. Rained a little last night and is raining now. Has been raining more or less all day in the mountains a few miles from here. Weather as usual.

July 25th. (Saturday) Laid up again today. Rained last night and today making the road rather heavy. Our train is getting more and more split up. I look for it to divide soon. It looks like they cannot agree and work together. I wish I were back on the Platte, I would know then what to count on. Weather cool. Snowed on the mountains a few miles off last night.

July 26th. (Sunday) Travelled fifteen or eighteen miles today to north fork of the Powder River, where we'll lay up a day or so, probably until the boys return from Deer Creek. I lost my pistol this eve while on herd, have not found it yet and have offered a reward of \$5.00 so have some hopes of getting it. Weather pleasant today.

July 27th. (Monday) Laid up again today, waiting the return of boys that went for assistance. Found my pistol this morning where I lost it in the bushes. Am thankful I found it, wouldn't like to be without it in this country, will be more careful with it in the future. Nothing has transpired for the past few days that's interesting, excepting probably a marriage that occurred a few days ago. A young lady who left her husband on the Platte and came with us was married to a young man by the name of Beaumont, by Bozeman, one of our guides. Bozeman is no preacher or officer and has no authority whatever to unite in wedlock, but the parties insisted on his doing it and he complied getting me to make out a certificate for him. The young lady is of doubtful character in camp and I think likely they will be together temporarily only. I am getting restless and impatient fooling away so much precious time. I am inclined now to hurry back to the old road and make the best time I can. Many are of that inclination also, Weather warm.

July 28th. (Tuesday) Moved forward this morning about a mile for better grass and have laid up again today. Am getting more impatient. Nothing from the boys yet. Hope nothing has happened to them. Weather warm.

July 29th. (Wednesday) Laid up again today. Boys returned this eve bringing no escort or assistance excepting my old friend Bovier, who comes to guide us out of this country across to the Platte near Sweetwater. Crayton would not come this road. Could get no soldiers. Bovier thinks it a shame that we did not go on, says Rafeil is a coward and ought to be shot. Says we could go thru yet but he cannot go with us. Could only get leave to guide us to the Platte. He is in the employ of the Government and cannot do as he wishes. It is mortifying to us to think we have been sold by Rafeil, that we are within 15 days travel of Bannack with

good grass, and we have to go around two months travel. We could all go thru if the old man would go with us, but he says his word is out and he cannot for any money. We will move out in the morning for the Platte aiming to strike it about Willow Springs. We are benefited in one respect, however, by coming out here, our cattle are in good fix. Crayton has lost 12 or 15 head on the Platte and Lovejoy who passed Deer Creek a few days after we left, lost some cattle. He laid at Deer Creek a few days trying to raise a train for the road but failed and pushed on. We will get ahead of Crayton by cutting across. The boys bring back a heap of news, one hundred thousand "rebs" taken prisoners and Vicksburg, Port Hudson and other places, Lee whipped and cut to pieces. Sumpter fallen and the devil knows what all, not the third of which I believe to be true. Weather fine, was on herd till noon today.

July 30th. (Thursday) Travelled about one mile today and corralled for the day, partly on account of a sick child and partly on account of damaged wagons, occasioned by a stampede of cattle with a number of wagons, down hill, upsetting three wagons and smashing them up considerably, but doing no very serious injury to any of them. Our cattle are in such fine fix from the rest and grass they have had for some time that they can scarcely be stopped. They got frightened this morning at a dog. My team ran some distance but were stopped without injury. One wagon turned over on a cow, brusing her up badly, and knocking off one of her horns. Some of the boys went today with old man Bovier prospecting in the same place we went a week or so ago. The old man first discovered gold there. Many in the train are in the notion of turning and going on still. Seven or eight of the boys are going to pack through, and some of the wagons this evening are talking of it. I look for a split in the train in the morning. For my part, now that we have turned and gone part of the way back, and have got no more assistance, I have made up my mind to go back to the old road and make the best time I can around. Weather warm and clear.

July 31st. (Friday) All the wagons pulled out this morning and we are now on our way to the old road. Will

strike it somewhere about Willow Springs. We moved down north fork of Powder river this morning a few miles, crossed it, travelled west until we struck the main or south fork, travelled up it in a direction a little south of west, are encamped on it now. Will travel on it probably another day. Made about 15 miles today. In three days more expect to reach the old road. One wagon turned over today delaying us a while. Ten of our boys started out this morning, going thru to Bannack on horseback, packing their grub. Think it dangerous, doubt their getting through with their horses, if they do with their scalps. Hope, however, they will be all right. Road today a little rough. We are now in the mountains or rather in the canyon made by the river passing through. This is the commencement of the Big Horn mountains. The country looks very rugged indeed around here. The sides of the mountains show the existence of iron and other minerals in its bowels. This stream is beautiful and cold and clear, larger some than the other branch of the river. Weather today rather warm, but the nights here in this country are cool no matter how warm the day.

Aug. 1st. (Saturday) Pulled out this morning at an early hour and travelled six or eight miles to noon. The canyon is getting narrower as we proceed up, but the bluffs are not so high as at the mouth. There are a great many red banks and buttes to be seen along here; at noon we encamped near the mouth of a branch of this fork that comes in from the north. These streams here are abound in fish and the banks are lined with berries of several kinds, three kinds of currants, red black, and yellow, much larger and sweeter than any I ever saw. Gooseberries as well as raspberries are abundant here. Raspberries grow on the hills and mountains and are large and sweet. Antelope, deer elk, buffalo, and fowls of several kinds are to been seen in these canyons. Some of the boys out hunting killed a buffalo this forenoon. There are no herds of them here now, only a few scattering ones. The herds have gone down further on Powder River. We are encamped this evening near the fork of another stream coming in from the north. We follow up the prong to

the left, will probably leave it tomorrow and strike across the ridge. Road today rough and rugged, weather warm.

Aug. 2nd. (Sunday) Travelled but a short distance today, over very rough road, and encamped this evening in a small valley on the same stream near a large isolated red butte. It is high and precipitous, looks like an oasis sitting in the valley as it does. There are other large red buttes and hills on our left as we go up this creek. We go from here up a branch of this river, which leads off in a southern direction. We'll follow this today and then likely strike off across the ridges to the old road at Willow Springs. We passed an Indian battle ground today. Many skulls and other bones lying around, showing it was a hard fight. Some of us ascended a large butte and discovered a pile of stones about three feet high that the Indians had erected, and covered with a piece of calico. Some superstitious arrangement of theirs. We tore it down and brought away the calico. Beaver are abundant on this stream. Weather warm.

Aug 3rd. (Monday) Travelled some six or eight miles today over rough road up the branch of Powder river, coming in from the south. Nothing of interest transpired today. Saw some buffalo just as we corralled this evening. Went in pursuit on horseback and killed a cow buffalo 150 year off. She was quite tender and better than a bull. The boys killed several today, saw some calves and yearlings. A beautiful valley in this creek and plenty of game. A herd of elk came near our camp. The red buttes and hills very abrupt, continue on our left, on our right gradual ascent on to the hills and divide. Weather quite warm toay.

Aug. 4th. (Tuesday) Traveled twelve or fifteen miles today over some ridge road and encamped on the head waters of Powder river. Killed another buffalo today, a 2 year old, found it quite nice and tender. Game of all kinds plentiful through here. Expect to have to drive far to-morrow without water, may not find it at all. We'll have to cross the divide between Powder river and Sweetwater. Discharged Dan my driver this evening, got a little too independent besides always growling because he's asked to do anything. Hope however, on his father's account he will find another good

place and do well. He and I cannot get along together and had best be apart. He is the most unpleasant fellow I was ever with. Weather clear and pleasant today.

Aug. 5th. (Wednesday) Travelled all day without nooning in order to get to water, are now on the extreme headwaters of Powder river. Have travelled up a dry creek bed all day and found a little water seeping through the sand and gravel. By digging holes we have made out to get some water for stock but not enough, they were very dry indeed. Will pull out early in the morning and cross the divide hoping to find plenty of water on the Sweetwater slope. Will have to make another long drive tho. Have been driving my team all day today. Think I can make a good enough driver and if I can get no one to suit me, will drive my own team through. A small two horse wagon broke down and was abandoned, after putting the loading in other wagons. My young unruly cattle ran into another man's wagon today and turned it over. Its loading was two barrels of whiskey, pity it didn't burst them open, then our guides wouldn't be so drunk while on duty. Weather pleasant today.

Aug. 6th. (Thursday) Traveled some fifteen miles today, crossing the divide and are now encamped about a days travel from the old road. Our cattle have suffered yesterday and today for water, all we could find was a few seeps in the bed of the dry ravines we have traveled on. We had to dig holes and water stock out of buckets. We've found less water tonight than yesterday. I have just finished watering my cattle out of buckets. It is now 10 o'clock at night and I commenced about sun down. They drank four and five buckets full of water each and wanted more. I dug a hole and dipped into it with a bucket, which made it tedious. Our stock is all looking hollow and bad in the last few days. Hope to be in a better country in a day or so. Saw quite a little herd of buffalo today noon on the divide. Cows and calves, yearlings and bulls. The boys killed three, we could have killed a great many but they are getting to be so common that I have pretty much lost my desire to hunt them. Road rough today. Weather pleasant.

Aug. 7th. (Friday) Travelled some twelve or fifteen miles today and encamped on a dry stream, some twenty feet wide. It is dry and dusty on top but by digging down two or three feet we've found enough water for stock. It runs under the sand. We are yet scarcely within a days travel of the old road. Am getting very impatient. The train is going helter-skelter, pell-mell, every man for himself, kind of busted up, only part corralling together. Our cattle are not doing very well on account of the quality and the scarcity of water. The water here and for the past few days is like the water on Dry Fork of Powder river. It contains saleratus, salt petre and other stuff that makes it taste flat and bad, it doesn't quench the thirst and sours both man and beast. I haven't been well for the past few days. I'm weak and nervous, have fallen off considerably, wish I could be at home and get some good rest, good eating and kind nursing. I have fears I'll be sick, wish I was with my wife. Weather warm, windy and dusty today.

Aug. 8th. (Saturday) Travelled near 20 miles today over a dry sandy country, found some water at noon in holes along a dry creek, also the same this evening, but so strong of saleratus and other stuff that cattle won't drink it unless almost perishing. They are without water tonight. Will start early in the morning and strike for a stream said to be six or seven miles off on the old road. I have been disappointed so often tho, that it's hard to believe anything now. Hope tho we'll get good water to-morrow for both man and beast are suffering. This water is sickening besides it does not quench thirst. Weather quite warm through the day, nights cool.

Aug 9th. (Sunday) Started early this morning and travelled about eighteen miles over rather rough road and reached the Platte at the Red Buttes some thirty-eight or forty miles above Deer Creek. We were all, man and beast, nearly famished for water. The river here is clear and pretty, and water good. We found on our arrival here, a train of thirty or forty wagons belonging to Major Barrow and Redinbaugh of St. Joe. They are light wagons with three yoke of cattle to each wagon. They left a few days

after we arrived and are going to Salt Lake. A part probably will go to Bannack. They report to us that 60 soldiers and a few wagons left Deer Creek a few days since escorting the Governor of Idaho across the cut-off. We have been unlucky indeed, have lost considerable over a month and gained nothing, excepting we've seen the country and had some exciting adventures. I don't know that I regret it much tho I preferred not loosing any time. I have however, learned many things by the months of experience. I came out in part for the purpose of seeing the country and having some adventure. I have this to say tho, in reference to the route we attempted to open; it is much nearer than any other way to the head waters of the Missouri river and after we got through the first fifty or sixty miles the road as far as we went was good, the grass and water fine. The grass all the way from the time we left the Platte was good. The road and water at first was a little bad, but afterwards it was cool and clear in small streams from the mountains. The country abounds with game of every kind, and presents as beautiful, wild scenery as I ever saw. On the one hand there were tall rugged mountains, whose tops are snowclad, on the other, a beautiful rolling country and green valleys, with clear mountain streams wandering throu them, the home of the buffalo, elk, antelope, bear and other wild beasts. There will be a road through there some day and I think if imigration tends toward Beaver Head, it will be opened in the coming season fully. The Government ought to give emigrants all the assistance they wish in their efforts to develop the country. Weather cloudy and pleasant today. We'll lay up probably a day or so and give the cattle time to recover from the effect of the bad water of the past few days. Are not herding our cattle to-night.

Aug. 10th. (Monday) Laid up today, resting cattle and making a few repairs and cleaning ourselves up. Several trains for Salt Lake have passed us for Salt Lake today, all freight trains. Weather pleasant.

Aug. 11th. (Tuesday) Pulled out betimes this morning and traveled about twenty miles crossing the divide between Sweetwater and Platte. Roads good but dusty. Pass-

ed a great many wagons on the road. Mostly freight wagons bound for Salt Lake. Weather pleasant. Saw Columbus Craig today from St. Joe. Got some items of news from him, he left the 14th of June, heard that Dr. Crane and Sublet are ahead for Reese River. We are encamped tonight four miles west of Willow Springs. Water and grass pretty good.

Aug. 12th. (Wednesday) Travelled eighteen or twenty miles today and encamped on the west side of Independence rock on Sweetwater river. Road today level but sandy. Sweetwater is a beautiful, clear stream two or three rods wide and about one foot or eighteen inches deep. There is a military post here and telegraph station. But few soldiers. I telegraphed home today that I was well and to answer me here. The dispatch will be forwarded to the Three Crossings. Hope I'll hear from home. My cattle are very weary today. My young yoke gave symptoms of failing and I have traded them off this evening for an old yoke large cattle, giving \$35 to boot. Big difference but it was the best I could do. It makes the old cattle cost me \$90.00. Think I've got team enough now to go right along. Spent \$40.00 today for telegraphing, and \$35.00 for cattle, getting short of money. Hope I won't be in a strait to get through. Weather rather warm today. Visited Independence Rock this eve. It is about 200 feet high, 600 yards long and 125 wide. composed of hard granite. It is oval shaped. Saw several names engraved on it that I was familiar with. Among the rest are Dr. Teesdale, Hon. S. R. Woodson and others. This rock stands isolated from all other eminences. The country right around it is level, to the north and west are the Sweetwater mountains, ragged, rugged and rocky.

Aug 13th. (Thursday) Travelled about 20 miles today and encamped on the river in good grass. Grass was very very good, today noon there seemed to be plenty of it on this stream. Passed Devil's gate this forenoon, the river here passes through a narrow passage in the rocks 400 feet high. The mountains along here are very high and composed of rock, they are all solid rock. We are encamped this eve near

a mountain of solid rock over 600 feet high. Weather pleasant today.

Aug 14th. (Friday) Travelled over 20 miles today. Passed the three crossings of Sweetwater about noon, at this place there is a military post, telegraph station, etc. I here received an answer to my dispatch home from Mr. Foster. All are well and little Willie grows, says Mr. Foster in his dispatch. This is good news for me. I was truly rejoiced to hear from home. I don't expect to hear again until I arrive at Salt Lake, when I expect to get some letters. Have had good grass and plenty and good water. Weather not so warm and quite pleasant today excepting the dust which is a fog all day and hard on stock. Some cattle are killed by constantly breathing it. Had a duck hunt today, in a large pond or lake a mile or so above the post. while resting at noon, killed several ducks and taught my dog to bring them out of the water. Roads are good, a little sand and gravel all the time. It's bad on cattle's feet and I fear my stock will get tender footed again.

Aug. 15th. (Saturday) Travelled about eighteen miles today across a dry stretch without water. Weather rather cool for the season, the nights and mornings now are very cool, overcoats are scarcely warm enough of a morning. I sleep under a blanket and comfort in a closed wagon and am scarcely warm enough towards morning. We passed the ice springs today, here ice can be dug out of the ground all the season, it is found about 2 feet under the sod. We are encamped on the river again at Ford No. 5. This stream is clear and cool, has fish in it in abundance. Will travel but short distance to-morrow and rest.

Aug. 16th. (Sunday) Travelled six or eight miles today and rested. Shod one of my steers. Separated today from Collins and Jo, who are going Lander's cut-off and I am going by Salt Lake. Will reach the cut-off tomorrow, weather pleasant. Are encamped near an old deserted ranch or station on the river. Roads and grass good today.

Aug 17th. (Monday) Travelled 22 miles today to South Pass station, this is a telegraph station eight miles east of the South Pass proper. It has been cold all day, have

worn my coat all day today for the first time since I've been out. We are now a short distance from the Snowy Range on the right, we've been in sight of snow all day today. We are now where the Landers cut-off leaves the Salt Lake road. Most of our old train are going the cut-off to Bannack, it being some nearer, but a rougher road. Several of us are going around by Salt Lake. We part in the morning. Good road most of the day today, country beautiful, grass inferior. Some soldiers are stationed here.

Aug 18th. (Tuesday) Travelled fifteen miles through the South Pass, the road through there is good. We passed over the dividing ridge between the Atlantic and Pacific about noon today, altitude about 7000 ft., air cold and atmosphere rather light, are camped near the Pacific Springs, so called from their being the first water we struck running into the Pacific. They support a bold, beautiful little mountain stream of clear cold water. Have been sick the greater part of the day and last night with running off of bowels, caused by eating too much fresh meat, am better this evening. Think if I could be with my family awhile I would get entirely well directly. This country through here is barren of grass except on the stream and springs. Plenty of wild sage and a little scattering pine timber on the mountains near by. Are encamped this eve near some packers on their return home from the gold mines. They give a rather encouraging account of Bannack and vicinity in many respects and the contrary in other respects. It is the second party of the kind we've met since we got on the old road. Met a party from Boise river also, they report plenty of gold there but scarcity of water to work it out.

Aug.19. (Wednesday) Traveled twenty-four miles today to the Little Sandy, a clear stream coming down from the Rocky Mountains to the northwest from here. Grass pretty good, the country today appears more barren than any I've noticed yet, barren of everything but wild sage. The road has been quite level and very good, is very much like a turn-pike road, gravelled. We crossed in the forenoon a small brackish stream called Dry Sandy. Water not good for cattle. We are still in sight of the snow capped Rocky moun-

tains, which we are leaving on our right. Last night and night before while we were near the South Pass it was cold, cold as frosty nights in the states. As we get farther from the mountains it gets warmer, tho the nights all through this country are cool, near the mountains they are cold and the days are cool. The country before us looks like a plain as far as the eye can reach. Sunset this evening was like a sunset at sea. We are camped within half mile of a telegraph station on this stream, seven soldiers are stationed here. Their houses or shanties are built in the side of the bank and they live under ground like ground hogs.

Aug 20th. (Thursday) Travelled about eighteen miles today. Nooned eight or nine miles from where we camped this morning on Big Sandy. This is another clear stream flowing from the mountains. Is larger than Little Sandy. We travelled down this stream since noon for nine or ten miles and are camped on it tonight, but scarcely any grass for stock. There is no grass along here on this stream. It courses through this sandy country in a deep ravine with no bottom on it and consequently no grass. Tomorrow we have a long drive to get grass, eighteen or twenty miles. We've had several storms of wind today which lasted but a few minutes and all was still again. The air was literally filled with dust and sand all over the country for a few minutes. Weather getting warmer; met more packers today from Boise river. They give encouraging accounts.

Aug 21st. (Friday) Travelled about eighteen miles today and encamped this evening on the east bank of the Green River. Had good grass at noon on Big Sandy. Roads good today. This stream is about fifty or sixty yards wide, and from three to ten feet deep, is a clear mountain river that has its source high up in the Rocky Mountains and finds its outlet through the Colorado. There is considerable timber on this river, cottonwood and elder, Quaking asp, etc. Grass tolerably good. Most of my companions talk of laying up here tomorrow, but I think I shall move on and lay up next day (Sunday). I'll have a drive of twenty miles tomorrow to Ham Fork where there is a telegraph station and soldiers stationed.

Aug. 22nd. (Saturday) Left Green River this morning and came to this place (Hams Fork) about twenty miles, without water. Roads rather rough; hard on cattle. This is a beautiful stream and beautiful valley, the prettiest I've seen for a long time; wide bottom and plenty of grass. There is a telegraph station here and about 25 soldiers, a ranch and blacksmith's shop. The road descends a steep hill into the valley, in descending I broke the front axle to my wagon close to the hub. Will get it repaired here or trade for another wagon. I am thankful it did not break farther from the shop. I have a little too much load for the wagon and have looked for it to break for some time, but it has done well. Hope I will get it as stout as ever or a stouter wagon for it in a trade. I had counted on getting to rest and observe the Sabbath tomorrow but fear I will have to do some work. I hope however to get forgiveness for all violations of the kind. Weather pleasant and clear, warmer than it was near the mountains.

Aug 23 and 24. (Sunday and Monday) Made a trade for another wagon, larger than my old one, thimble and skein, and much stouter. Had to give \$140.00 to boot in whiskey at \$60.00 a gal. Sold some whiskey at \$18.00 a gal. Couldn't find timber in the country to make another axle and was forced to get another wagon. The wagon I have now is capable of bearing much more than my load. Have been engaged these two days, changing load, fixing box, brake, etc., on this wagon. Will be ready to move out in the morning. There are some thirty or forty soldiers here under Lieut. G. D. Conrad, whose duty it is to administer the oath of allegiance to all emigrants who have not taken it, and examine wagons to prevent the shipment of powder, and other contrabands of war through the country. I have found this Lieutenant to be a perfect gentleman, a clever fellow and pleasant companion.

Aug 25th. (Tuesday) Moved out this morning and travelled some sixteen or eighteen miles today and am encamped on Black's Fork. My cattle are much improved by the two days rest they had. My traveling companions came up to Ham's Fork on Sunday and laid over yesterday for me.

and partly too, on account of some lame cattle of theirs. A few miles west of Ham's Fork we struck the stage road coming into this from Denver. We are now about 15 miles from Ft. Bridger and expect to pass there to-morrow. I want to mail a letter home from there. Weather pleasant, roads good, better than they have been but very dusty.

Aug. 26th. (Wednesday) Traveled about 17 miles to-day to Ft. Bridger, and am encamped 1 mile west of the Fort. The place is beautifully located on the waters of Ham's Fork, up which stream we have been travelling all day. It is prettier than either Kearney or Laramie, is 125 miles from Salt Lake. A number of soldiers are stationed here and Judge Carter has a sutlers store on rather a large scale. He has made a fortune here, trading with emigrants, Indians and soldiers. He sells at enormous prices. Quite a number of Indians are to be seen loitering around here as around most all other Government posts we have passed. These are Snake Indians with whom there has been a recent treaty made. The Snakes are not so large as other Indians on the route but are quite heavy set. They are of a lighter color than any I've seen, wear their hair long and bushy excepting that in front which they keep cut off to keep it out of their eyes. Windy today. Dust bad. Grass very short here, water excellent.

Aug 27th. (Thursday) Travelled out about 8 miles from Bridger, and met with another misfortune in descending a very rough hill. The tire on one hind wheel parted, came off and the wheel in consequence was smashed up. I put the wheel in a light two horse wagon, borrowed a team and took it back to Bridger and got it fixed at a cost of \$6.00. It delayed us half a day only. On my way to Bridger, the stage from Salt Lake passed me. Among the passengers was Henry Branson on his way to Bridger from the city; he is in the employ of Major Barrow. He left St. Jo. on the 24th of July. Learned from him that all were well at home when he left, got a good deal of news from him. He is going to Bannack City in the employ of Barrow. He will return to Salt Lake in a few days. Met with a clever gentleman, who is clerk in Judge Carter's store. He seemed disposed to be-

friend me in any way that he could, his name is Dean, treated me well. Ice last night.

Aug 28th. (Friday) Travelled about 20 miles today to Sulphur Springs over a ridge road. Road good but dusty. Weather pleasant, are within a few miles of Bear river, 80 miles of Salt Lake. Country passed over today very broken. Are encamped tonight close to a party of 40 packers from Boise river mines. They report favorably, gold plenty, water scarce.

Aug 29th. (Saturday) Travelled twenty-two or three miles today and encamped on Echo Creek at a spring, one mile west of Stage Station. Grass plenty, roads good today though over a broken country. Crossed the divide today between the Colorado waters and the great basin. Grass abundant all day, weather pleasant through the day but cold at night; water froze in vessels last night to the thickness of pane glass, also the night we camped at Bridger.

Aug 30th. (Sunday) Laid up today until noon. Travelled since then about 18 miles down the canyon and are encamped tonight within a mile of the mouth of the canyon, called Eco Canyon. The rocks on either side of the canyon are very high and precipitous, from four to six hundred feet high. The canyon is from 100 to 300 yards wide and has no practicable outlet to the top of the bluffs on either side. Roads pretty good, but very dusty, little grass here tonight. Met several wagons today from the valley carrying out fruits and vegetables to sell to emigrants. Apples sell for \$.50 and \$.75 a dozen and peaches \$.25 per dozen. They are inferior compared with our fruit in the states. Their potatoes are very good indeed, also onions and butter and cheese. I find it quite a treat to get a mess of potatoes, onions, butter, etc. Have been feasting on them for several days. Weather pleasant through the day, indeed quite warm, but very cold last night. Ice covered the water in vessels and little ponds this morning. It is getting quite common now to see ice of a morning. I don't like such weather, we are now within about 45 miles of Salt Lake City. Will get there in less than three days.

Aug. 31. (Monday) After travelling about a mile this morning we reached the mouth of the canyon where Echo Creek empties into Weber River, the road here takes up Weber about ten miles. We here saw the first Mormon settlements. They cultivate the bottom land by irrigating it, raise good wheat, potatoes, etc., but no corn. They live in small huts made of pine logs and about each house can be seen several women and quite a number of children. They appear to be industrious and energetic, are hospitable and kind to emigrants, especially Mormon emigrants. They are anxious to trade butter-milk, eggs, etc. for the things brought from the States. We traveled up Weber to the mouth of Silver Creek and thence up said creek some five or six miles and encamped. Are now in about twenty-five or thirty miles of Salt Lake; the road up this creek is dug out of the hill and is quite rough. Weather quite pleasant all day. Mormons so far as we've seen are ignorant and uncouth, are mostly foreigners along here. They go roughly clad, indeed, in homespun goods. Each farmer has a flock of sheep and out of the wool they make their clothing. They raise few hogs on account of having no corn to feed them.

Sept. 1st. (Tuesday) Travelled about sixteen miles today over a rough road through canyons and over hills, passed quite a number of settlements, farms, etc. I have seen as yet but one or two half decent buildings, all or nearly so are dirty squatty looking log houses. Have passed several mills today, are now encamped in another canyon about thirteen miles from the city. Weather warmer than usual. Have met a great many wagons today coming out from the city after wood, they haul wood from twenty to thirty miles. If nothing happens will reach the city tomorrow when I hope to hear from home, will also see some acquaintances.

Sept. 2nd. Reached the city this afternoon. I find it a larger and prettier place than I expected. It is laid off beautifully with wide streets and large blocks with shade trees along each side of every street. The city is situated on the east side of the valley at the foot of the bluffs about twenty miles from the lake. The houses are quite scattering but most are neat and genteel, built of sunburnt brick called

adobe. The place is well watered, streams passing through most of the streets which are carried over their farms and gardens to irrigate them. They can raise nothing here without irrigation, they raise quite an abundance of fruit of every kind, melons, etc. I find some of the largest and best plums here that I ever saw; peaches and apples don't grow very large but are good. White plums grow to the size of a hen's egg. Oats, wheat and barley are raised here in quantities, but little corn comparatively. Rather cool here for corn, frost comes too soon for it. Haven't looked around much, will note more when I see further. Will remain here several days.

Sept 3, 4, 5, and 6. Remained in the city and left on the afternoon of Monday the 7th and travelled out about eight miles. Passed the hot and warm springs three or four miles from the city, the warm springs are frequented by citizens and transient persons for the purpose of bathing as the water is clear and just warm enough to bear it, and is in a gravelly basin very convenient for the purpose. I spent much time in looking around the city while there, visited the temple and other places that naturally attract the pilgrims attention. The temple is not yet completed, indeed, little more than the foundation is laid, its dimensions are as projected, 186 feet long; 198 feet high and 165 feet wide above the basement. The basement is over 200 feet wide. It is being constructed out of pure granite of a beautiful kind. Over 200 hands are at work all the time on the building, the whole is enclosed in a stone wall surrounding one whole block. The work is built by the church from the proceeds of the tithing office. Brigham Young, their President, prophet, saint, etc. as they call him, has entire control of the tithing office, which is located in his residence building. His residence including the houses and outbuildings appertaining to it covers one block in the prettiest part of the city, the whole of which is enclosed by a pebble stone wall cemented with pillars here and there. The wall is near ten feet high, that around the temple block is more. Brigham Young's house is of the cottage style and is large and roomy. He has a large number of wives, the exact number I know not, He married while I was there. He has by his own individual enterprise built one of the finest build-

ings for a theatre in the west. It is not yet quite completed, but when finished will be the finest work of the kind west of the Mississippi. It belongs to him individually and from it he will realize a great deal of money. The Mormons are a people for pleasure and relish all such amusements. Brigham is a man of wealth, he has made it and continues to make it out of the church. He has absolute control of the tithing office, which is the wealth of the church. He seems to have an arbitrary control over his people and their property. They almost worship him, and go and come at his bidding. If he tells them not to sell their property, they dare not to do it, if he tells them to sell it for so much, they dare not sell it for less. He preaches to them occasionally but his discourses are mostly confined to temporal affairs, advising his people how they should act in this or that premise, how they should treat the gentiles, etc., they are generally more of a harangue than anything else, filled with abuse of the "gentiles," as they call all who do not believe in their doctrines, etc. As a general thing at their meetings, no one preaches a discourse, but one of the bishops or missionaries or other member of the church that sees proper harangues the congregation when he feels like it on most any subject. It does not appear like divine worship. The mormons as a people, are an ignorant servile set, they possess few of the characteristics of a refined and enlightened people. They are mostly of foreign nativity; they have learned to live in this almost barren country by irrigating their land and are making some little progress in civilization, the arts, etc., but as a general thing are inferior in almost every respect to our people. The city is laid off in large blocks, like the city of Philadelphia, with wide streets. Each street is shaded on either side, and a clear gravelly stream of water is made to run down the side of each street which is used for the purpose of watering their yards, gardens and farms below the city. They raise fine fruits of every kind, vegetables, etc., good wheat and oats, but little inferior corn. Apples, peaches, plums and melons grow quite large, and as fine Irish potatoes as I ever saw. Their farms extend up and down the valley, along the foot of the bluffs, where water can be had. Timber is scarce, they haul

their fire wood from eighteen to twenty miles. Wood is worth \$10.00 a cord in the city. The mormons appear to have little money among them, they pay one another for labor in grain, oats or wheat. They entertain universally an enmity for the gentiles and especially are they bitterly hostile to the Federal troops and government. The government has stationed quite a number of California troops near the city, which displeases them much. They say the present war will never be settled, until they interfere and bring it to an end. that it is one of God's means of destroying the gentiles, that in less than ten years they will be in possession of their old homes in Jackson County, Mo. and Norvov, Ill., that the Lord is working all things together for the good of their cause, etc. They seem to be sincere in all that they say. They claim that the prophet Joe Smith predicted all the things and that they have a book setting forth these things which they claim are Smith's Prophecies. Deluded people. They firmly believe they are the chosen ones of God, that they are the children of Israel. In their general deportment and habits they are like the people of the world among us, they care little to abstain from obscenity, call things by their names whether it smacks of vulgarity or not, talk about their wives, etc. with a significant smile on their faces, advise all to embrace their cause and them have as many wives as they wish. I am inclined to think that Brigham is quite a financier. About the time I arrived in the city, flour was selling at \$3.00 and \$3.50 per 100 pounds, and from this market freighters were supplying the gold mines around, which took away quite a quantity. Brigham at once saw that they had to draw their supply from the valley and that the people could get one price as well as another if they would only ask it. He forthwith visited the various settlements and told them they must raise the price of their products, that flour must bring at least \$6.00 per 100 pounds, that they must not freight it to the mines themselves, but let the gentiles come after it, and that if they violated his council they would read them out of the church. This penalty was enough to insure obedience to his orders. The result of it was that in a few days not a sack of flour could be bought for less than \$6.00 or \$7.00. The secret of the whole is that

Brigham himself is a large contractor with the government. He undertakes to furnish the government with flour, oats and the like in large quantities at the market prices, the higher the market the better it pays him. He gets the produce through the tithing office from the people and lets the government have it at the "market price". So much for his financing. As another means of making money for himself, he has created several monopolies of which he has absolute control. The distilling and whiskey selling business and also the livery stable business is carried on the city solely by himself. It is a great source of revenue to him. No one is allowed to sell whiskey but him, which he does in the name of the church, and no one is permitted to carry on the livery business but himself.

Sept. 8th. (Tuesday) Travelled about twenty miles along the valley at the foot of the bluffs. Salt Lake is but a short distance to our left. I visited the Lake for the first time today. The water is strong brine, and salt covers the bank in many places in large quantities. The Lake is long, running north and south. It is from ten to thirty miles wide, has several large islands in it. No fish in the lake. This country is settled along here by the mormons and we will have to buy our feed until we get to Bear river. Passed through several settlements or towns today.

Sept. 9th. (Wednesday) Travelled about twenty miles today, crossed Weber river and passed through a little town called Odgen.

Sept. 10th. (Thursday) Travelled fifteen or eighteen miles today. Passed through another village called Box Elder and encamped within a mile of the place.

Sept. 11th. (Friday) Traveled about eighteen miles today and encamped on the north side of Bear river, crossed the river. Banks steep on both sides. Grass good.

Sept. 12th. (Saturday) Travelled about fifteen miles today and encamped at 2 o'clock on a beautiful spring branch. Will remain until morning. We passed quite a number of warm springs. Yesterday we passed a place where a warm, hot and cold spring comes out of the same hill but a few feet apart.

Sept. 13th. (Sunday) Travelled from daylight until about 10 o'clock, near 12 miles and encamped for the day. Pulled, however, late in the evening and moved on three or four miles further. Are not nearly at the end of the Malad's Valley, up which we have been travelling since we left Bear river. Malad's Creek runs through the valley and abounds in otter, beaver, mink, martin and the like. This valley is about 2 miles wide and has good grass and water all the way up. Every day we meet more or less wagons returning from Bannack for freight and the like. All give encouraging accounts.

Sept. 14th. (Monday) Travelled eight or ten miles, crossed a small creek, took the Marsh valley road and nooned about a mile or so up said road. Made about ten miles this afternoon up a beautiful small valley. Grass good all the way and roads splendid until late this evening, a little rough near the divide, where the road crosses on to another small creek which leads into Marsh valley. We are encamped this evening near the divide. Grass not very good right here, has nearly all been burnt off, but is good in spots where the fire has not reached it. Since leaving Salt Lake and Malad's Valley, country getting a little rough, weather also getting a little cooler but still pleasant. Am killing some grouse along here, of which there is a plenty.

Sept. 15. (Tuesday) Passed over the little divide this morning, came down a small creek into Marsh Valley and have been travelling all day in Marsh valley and are now encamped on a small creek that passes through the valley. Will probably get out of the valley tomorrow. Grass good. Near the creek through the valley it is marshy, and there are many ponds and small lakes, hence the name of this valley. Weather been cooler than usual today. Roads tolerably good, but new. Made about eighteen miles.

Sept. 16th. (Wednesday) Travelled about eighteen miles today and are encamped tonight at the mouth of the canyon where we leave the valley. Roads pretty good today. Have been travelling all day today with a party of fifteen or twenty Indians, Snakes returning from Bridger whither they

have been to make a treaty. They travel slowly, their ponies are loaded. They live on Snake river. They are of the party that fought Conner last season on said river, are a dirty long haired set, scant of clothing. They are camped close by us to-night again. Don't know that it is entirely safe to be so near, but I've turned my mule out to run with their ponies, don't generally trust them so far. Grass good today, weather pleasantly cool. Heavy frost last night.

Sept. 17th. (Thursday) Traveled about eighteen miles today through the canyon over a dusty road. After passing through the canyon the valley widens, the road leaves the creek nearly a mile, returns to it, only to leave it, goes to the bluffs to the right and follows around the foot of the bluffs to Snake river bottom to Ross' Fork of Snake river, a small creek the road crosses near the bluffs. It is fourteen miles from where the road leaves Portsmouth Creek to Ross', the first water. We are encamped tonight four miles out from Portsmouth, watered and ate supper at Portsmouth and drove out here after night. Indians gone ahead of us to next creek will move out early in the morning.

Sept. 18th. (Friday) Moved out early this morning, 5 o'clock, travelled ten miles to Ross' Creek by half after 9 o'clock and laid up till 3 o'clock. Traveled ten miles more over sandy road to Blackfoot a small, deep creek five miles from Snake river. Oxen nearly gave out crossing the sand.

Sept. 19th. (Saturday) Travelled five miles to Snake river, forder and travelled five miles further and encamped at 1 o'clock for the day. Snake river is quite a large stream, clear and cold. Some timber on the stream, quaking asp and willow. Little game to be seen in this country, tho plenty of bear signs on the river. There is an old Snake Indian at the Ford on the river that shows emigrants the road across the stream. He is a poor Indian, evidently and expects some bread for his services, that's all he asks. Snake river has a wide bottom, nearly twenty or thirty miles, covered with sage brush. The Lander's road intersects this road at Ross' creek. Rested half a day.

Sept. 20th. (Sunday) Started early at 5 o'clock and traveled eight or ten miles, by half past eight, good grass, road leads along the river for several days travel. Met the Bannack express this morning going down. Weather pleasant through the day. Cool at night. Will lay up here the balance of the day, till late in the evening when we'll travel three or four miles further and encamp.

Sept. 21st. (Monday) Started early and traveled about four miles when the road left the river for ten miles, this we made by 12 o'clock and encamped till late in the evening, when we travelled five miles further and encamped. I have a steer that has almost given out. He is not sick but has just pulled himself down. Will have to move rather slowly on his account. Met Lovejoy's wagons this evening.

Sept. 22nd. (Tuesday) Started early and travelled to where we left Snake river by 10 o'clock, rested until 2 or 3 and moved out six miles to a large lake over some heavy sand, ate supper and fed stock awhile, then travelled an hour or two after night, the road goes along the lake for a mile or two. We are encamped about four miles this side of the lake tonight.

Sept. 23rd. (Wednesday) Started this morning before five o'clock and traveled to Canvass creek by noon, over five or six miles of heavy sand. Hard on cattle, rested until 5 in the evening and traveled about five miles up the creek over some more heavier sand than ever. Weather for past week pleasant, a little warm in the day, cool at night.

Sept. 24th. (Thursday) Rested cattle today until this evening about three o'clock. Doubled teams and took one wagon at a time over about 2 miles of very heavy sand. From where the road leaves Canvass creek it is eighteen or twenty miles to next water, we traveled late at night aiming to make about half the distance and the balance early in the morning. Are encamped without water for stock tonight, haven't gotten quite half way through. Cattle wearied. Will start early in the morning.

Sept 25th. (Friday) Started half past four o'clock a.m. and travelled up Dry Creek on which we camped last night, crossed it and made water on a small branch, which comes

out of the mountains, by one o'clock, all parties tired and thirsty. Rested till half past four and moved forward five miles further to good grass and water at the mouth of the canyon, up which the road follows, leaving Snake valley. Encamped with some packers today from Boise. They are out of provisions and we sold them some bacon at fifty cents a pound in gold dust, the first I've received, took it at \$16.00 an ounce. Have good grass and water tonight at the mouth of canyon. Weather all day today windy and cool, good on cattle on desert. Are about 85 or 90 miles from Bannack, about 115 from Stinking Water. Will reach destination in a week if we have no misfortune.

Sept. 26th. (Saturday) Traveled about fifteen miles today up the canyon, over rough road and up hill considerably. Weather cool and windy. Met quite a number of wagons going to Salt Lake for provisions. Have met since we left that place over a hundred wagons going down for that purpose.

Sept. 27th. (Sunday) Raining a little this morning, pulled out nevertheless and travelled eight or ten miles and encamped in a beautiful valley with high mountains all around. It rained on us considerably this forenoon and is raining yet, (3 o'clock p. m.), sleet and snow occasionally, is snowing hard on the mountains close by, they are white with snow as they can be seen occasionally when the clouds pass over the mountains. Air quite cool. We are now within three or four miles of the Stinking Water cutoff. I shall send my wagon to "Stink Water" by the cut-off and go myself on my mule by Bannack, which latter route is about 30 miles further. I have business at the latter place, want to go to the post office, etc. which takes me around. Will get with the wagon again probably before it reaches "Stink Water." Good grass and water ever since we left Snake Valley. Moved forward this evening about five miles after it cleared up and the sun came out. Have learned we are on the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Snow near an inch deep where we encamped this evening near the forks of the road.

Sept. 28th. (Monday) Snowed last night an inch or more. I parted with wagons this morning, they go by the sut-off and me by Bannack, there are four wagons together.

I travelled today about forty miles with some California packers, and am encamped on a creek that runs into Beaver Head. Have traveled about thirty miles down a beautiful valley. Snowed and rained some today—am going to sleep on the ground, wrapped up in my robe and blanket.

Sept. 29th. (Tuesday) Reached Bannack about 1 o'clock today, having traveled about 60 miles since leaving the wagons. Bannack is a hard looking place situated at the head of a canyon right in the mining region. It has over a hundred houses or shanties scattered along the canyon. Quite a number of grocery stores, bakeries; resturants are to be seen here and a good deal of business is done. Met with some acquaintances here. Lovejoy is doing a good business, disposing of his goods fast. Gold dust is the currency here, very little green-back in circulation. Stayed in Bannack a day and a half and left for the forks of the road on the way to Stinking Water. Met with wagons on Friday morning the 2nd of October.

October 2nd. Moved on with wagons along Beaver Head and encamped Friday evening two miles beyond (or east) of Point of Rocks. At this place met Ag Copeland keeping a ranch.

Oct. 3rd. (Saturday) Will leave the wagons this morning and go on to Virginia City tonight, about 33 miles off. Wagons will reach there tomorrow if they have good luck. Beautiful valleys through here and high mountains.

HOLDING UP A TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE

BY MARTIN BARRETT

I have been a resident of Beaverhead County since 1863. In 1878 I was elected as a representative of Beaverhead County in the Territorial Council of the Eleventh Legislative Assembly of Montana. How or why this happened I hardly know. Not on account of any special qualifications I possess, but more than likely because of the fact that I was a Democrat. Elections were conducted differently then than they have been in recent years. The majority of the candidates stayed at home. If they were elected they were not out much and they did not make fools of themselves in trying to get there. Perhaps that is the reason that I succeeded. The most that we had to do as law-makers was to keep busy fighting railroad subsidies and exemptions of different kinds.

The Northern Pacific Railroad wanted only three million dollars, perhaps more than the territory was worth, the Union Pacific desired a very material sum, but I forget the amount. However, we had no difficulty in defeating those bills at the regular session of the Council which met in 1879. So far Montana had paid no subsidies of any kind.

About the first of July, 1880, Governor Potts called a special session of the Legislature. It could hardly be said that the call was issued for any other purpose than for aiding the Utah Northern Railroad (Union Pacific as it was then known) in its struggle to get into the state. They were coming fast as they could. The road was then constructed to a point well up on the Snake River, and all the prominent men and boosters were for the railroad. Col. Sanders, Sam Word, the Helena papers, in fact, all the papers in the territory were in favor of the railroad, except the Madisonian, published at Virginia City by Mr DeArmond. That was the only anti-subsidy paper in the territory. Monuments have been erected since to many less worthy individuals than the one who made this fight with the Madisonian.

Conditions got very hot. The Utah Northern wanted a bill passed that would exempt their railroad from taxation for

a period of fifteen years. The whole territory was divided, exemption versus anti-exemption. The members of the Legislature were being treated royally, and were furnished free tickets to all entertainments. One night while in the theatre at Helena, Dick Hickman, a Councilman from Madison County, came to a bunch of us who were anti-exemptionists and told us that the railroad people were having a big banquet and were celebrating in anticipation of passing their bill the next day. Noses had been carefully counted and they figured on a safe majority of one.

It was necessary to do something. We decided to break the quorum. In order to be certain of effecting this purpose we left town that night and walked out to Ten Mile Creek on the road to Fort Benton, and arranged to have the stage coach pick us up there the next morning. We did not propose to be rounded up by the sergeant-at-arms; we were afraid of that fellow at that time. We were deserters for the cause of anti-exemption and our company consisted of Dick Hickman and Mr. Sedman of Madison County; O. P. Hayes of Gallatin County; Frank Ives of Missoula County, and myself, representing Beaverhead County. W. G. Conrad of Choteau County was with us in the fight but he had been called home on account of illness of his wife. As he could not come to us, we decided to go to him. We knew he was the man to help us out.

When the coach reached Prickly Pear canyon it was found that a large tree had fallen across the grade the night before so as to close the road. It was necessary to send back three miles to an ox team which we had passed in order to get a camp axe, an implement which was never sharp, with which to cut the log. In the meantime we climbed up the hills, amongst the trees, out of sight, frightened that the sheriff and sergeant-at-arms from Helena would be after us and take us back to the capital. We were headed for Benton at a fast gait, but this tree delayed us three hours. However, after this obstacle was passed, we made the ride to Benton in record time.

Twenty miles this side of Benton at the last stage station, we met the proprietor of the stage line, Mr. Rowe. He remon-

strated with his driver on account of the appearance of his team and told him not to kill his horses. The driver said he did not give a dam; that he had the legislative quorum aboard. It is doubtful if he knew what a quorum was. I guess he was feeling the effects of some freight we carried aboard with us.

When we arrived at Benton we were given a royal welcome and reception. The people of Benton were anti-subsidy and anti-exemption, for they wanted all the freight to come up the river. If Mrs. Conrad had remained ill, so that her husband could not leave her, it was our plan to go down the river to St. Louis and stay long enough to kill the life of the session, which was sixty days. Ten more days would do it. However, Mrs. Conrad improved in health, so that Mr. Conrad returned with us to Helena to finish up the fight.

As we were going up Bird Tail Divide on our return, we met the Benton coach from Helena that morning. The only passenger I knew was Col. Sanders. He told us that we had taken the trip in vain, for the railroad people had passed the bill the day before. He enjoyed this story much better than we did. After having his fun with us he told us it was a joke; then it was our turn to feel good, and we demonstrated that fact by throwing our hats in the air, knowing that we were still in the fight. In springing this joke, Col. Sanders outlined the manner in which the railroad company passed the bill. He said that they brought Dick Kenyon, who was a member from Deer Lodge, into the Council on a stretcher. Kenyon was suffering from a broken leg sustained in a runaway accident while going from Deer Lodge to Helena. He was in bed at the hotel and before we left Helena we called on him and talked affairs over. We were afraid of some trick. Kenyon was with us through and through and he had a revolver under his pillow, and swore he would shoot the man that attempted to take him to the Council Chamber for the purpose of creating a quorum. Dr. Mitchell, also a member of the Council from Deer Lodge, was a rabid railroad man. He was attending Kenyon, and we felt that he would naturally be glad to have Kenyon assist in this way. Dr. Mitchell was also the President of the Council and the controlling spirit in it, and we were afraid of him.

We arrived in Helena at eight o'clock the next morning. The town was alive—all red hot for the railroad. We had no friends but we were very much in the limelight. The Cosmopolitan Hotel was headquarters. Two railroad men came to see me and discussed the railroad bill before I could wash. One said he would give \$10,000.00 for a vote that morning. It happened that just at that time I had a carload of blooded cattle coming from Canada. The freight on the cattle from Detroit to Corinne, Utah, then our shipping point on the Union Pacific, was \$500.00, and this was offered me with a life pass on the road thrown in. I was asked if nothing would change me. I said: "All the money of Jay Gould could not do as I think I am right." Gould was the moving spirit in Union Pacific matters. All of the anti-exemption men were interviewed along the same line. Of course, I have always felt that it was hard luck to forego that railroad pass but we were not for sale. The situation was this: They wanted only one vote. The Helena papers suggested raising money for the purpose of buying us a pair of leather breeches or schappes as we preferred to ride in a wagon rather than in a pullman. I would have accepted the schappes as I used them in my business but they did not buy them for me.

We had the usual wire pulling and lobbying which would be interesting reading to those who remember the time. As it is a matter of record I am free to tell one incident. Missoula County was several times larger than it now is and had an enormous debt but I cannot remember the extent of it. Its warrants were only worth ten cents on the dollar and were pretty slow sale at that. They introduced a bill for the territory to assume and pay this debt. I guess it looked good to Missoula county but to no one else. The railroad lobby was helping them, but even at that, we had very little trouble in defeating the Missoula County measure. We had to defeat it before we could defeat railroad exemption matter. On the final test the bill for granting the exemption was defeated by a narrow margin.

Perhaps there is no excuse for reviving the story of this Benton trip, if excuse therefore were necessary, but some

of my friends insisted that a story has never been in print before I should relate it.

Harry Comley, Chief Clerk in the Council, kept us posted while at Benton. When we returned we made him a suitable present.

There is not one in a thousand today who knows of the Benton trip. It had the effect of defeating this vicious bit of legislation which would have been an expense to the state and would have borne decidedly hard on Beaverhead County, as the railroad line runs for a matter of eighty miles within its boundaries. At the time there were a few miles of the line in Madison County and a few miles were in Silver Bow County but Beaverhead county would have been the greatest sufferer of all. The members who made this fight for anti-exemption could all have supported the measure without violating any party pledge or political obligation of any kind, and hence they were guided in the matter solely from a sense of what was just and best for the whole state and not from a sense of what might have been popular at the time, for to be on the side of the railroad at this time was the very essence of being popular.

A proposition of this kind would hardly be suggested and certainly would not be entertained by any considerable number of people now. In that day it required considerable effort for this band of anti-exemptionists to withstand the popular clamor, and their acts, which have meant so much to the state since that time, have hardly been recognized and no legislative sessions since has seen fit to consider the matter, even to the extent of tendering a vote of thanks.

Of the six men, who went through this experience, as a means of defeating the exemption bill, Messrs. Hickman, Sedman, Conrad and Hayes are dead. Mr. Ives is still alive in Missoula and I am still in Beaverhead.

The following election after the defeat of the exemption bill the Democrats in Beaverhead county decided to run me for county commissioner but I was hopelessly snowed under by the railroad votes. My friends were somewhat incensed at this and said it could not be done again so in 1884 I was again nominated as candidate for the Council and this time I was elected in spite of railroad opposition. However, at this last

session we were not harrassed to grant railroad exemptions and subsidies and altogether we had a very pleasant time.

Before I retired from politics there was one other act I wish to relate before closing my story, I took a very material part in the enactment of a law for the consolidation of four county offices, into two offices, as a matter of economy. Beaverhead did not have as much money to burn in those days as it has had since. Of course, the officials were hostile. They threatened to quit and a panic seemed impending. However, they concluded not to quit. I never knew a county officer to give up his job until he had to.

Sometime after I was on the slate to be reelected for school trustee as no one else wanted it. Of course I would have no opposition. When the votes were counted I was short one vote, being defeated by my wife. We did not know that both of us were in this big race. Anyhow, I felt there would be no trouble, feeling sure that my wife would turn the real conduct of the office over to me, as a properly trained wife should do, but, no sir, she could not see it that way. It must have been that she was a suffragette and didn't know it. I concluded that when a man is beaten by his wife for an office it is time for him to quit which I did. She held her job for twenty four years until she left the district.

Now, I think those gentlemen who made the historical trip to Fort Benton for the purpose of defeating the subsidy or exemption bill at that time were entitled to at least a vote of thanks by the Legislature of Montana, which they never got.

Written April, 1914.

MONTANA'S PIONEER COURTS

BY W. Y. PEMBERTON

It may be of interest to the people of this day and generation to know something of the kind of courts, and the practice therein, of the early pioneers in the section of country embraced within the boundaries of Montana. The pioneers came to this country before Montana was even organized into a territory—even before the name Montana had been spoken or heard among these mountains. No statutes had been enacted; no courts had been created by law. Notwithstanding we were a part of Idaho, no official, court or statute of that territory was to be found, seen or heard of in that part of the world. The people preceded the law and its machinery. But they brought with them their knowledge of natural and constitutional law and justice bred and born in the American people, and to which they are loyally devoted, everywhere and under all circumstances.

The pioneers were principally gold hunters. Where they discovered diggings, they found themselves in possession of property, vast and frequently rich—which, as American citizens, they knew they had the natural and constitutional right to protect and enjoy. Notwithstanding they had no statutes and no legally organized courts, they speedily found a way to have both. As soon as a discovery was made, the miners organized a mining district. They met in mass meeting and passed laws for the government of the district; they elected a recorder, a sheriff and a "miners judge". They passed laws fixing the fees and defining the powers of these officers. The miners' judge had jurisdiction of all matters civil and criminal, regardless of the amount involved or the character of the offense charged. Appeals were allowed from the decisions and judgements of the miners' court to the people in mass meetings assembled, but appeals were seldom taken.

The decisions of the miners' court were generally just and the trials fair. Their orders and judgments were as strictly obeyed and respected as the decrees of any court. The judge was generally some prominent man, well versed in mining law, and respected for his intelligence and character

for integrity. These courts had the moral support of the people by whom they were elected, and from whom they derived their powers. Politics seldom entered into their election. In their administration of the law, charges of corruption and scandals were unknown. A desire to do justice was the cardinal and controlling rule and law governing these primitive courts. The principal business before these courts involved mining titles and matters incident thereto. But they were courts of general jurisdiction. In fact they were the only courts in the country, and murder cases were as much within their jurisdiction as cases involving the title to mining claims.

The late lamented and greatly loved Dr. W. L. Steele was the first Miners' Judge elected in Alder Gulch. It was before his court that Hayes Lyon and Buck Stinson were tried and convicted of killing Dillingham and sentenced to be hung. They appealed to the miners in mass meeting and their sentences were reversed. They escaped, only to be afterwards caught and hung by the vigilance committee.

The first great murder trial before a miners' court in this country was the George Ives trial. And truly it was a great trial. Don L. Byam was the judge; the main street of the town of Nevada, in Alder Gulch, was the court room; George Ives was the noted defendant; Col. W. F. Sanders and Major Charles S. Baggs prosecuted in behalf of the people. Alex Davis, J. M. Thurman and H. P. A. Smith defended. The charge was murder. The jury consisted of twenty-four sturdy miners; the trial was public. Ives was not tried by the vigilance committee as many erroneously supposed. He was tried and excuted before the organization of the vigilance committee. W. H. Patten and I were selected to write down the testimony of the witnesses. The judge sat in a wagon. The jury sat in a half circle around a big log fire, for it was cold—it was about the 20th of December, 1863. The prisoner, Mr. Patten and myself were within the half circle. Hundreds of determined men stood around the court and the jury during the entire trial, which lasted two or three days.

I said it was a great trial. It was; it was a grand court. There were no paraphernalia or insignia of office to impress and awe the beholder there. But surrounded by the snow

covered mountains, sitting in that open street in mid-winter, no court ever had more vital questions put to it, than the one presided over by that grand old bearded man, Don L. Byam. Crime was rampant. Robbery and murder had become common crimes committed by men whose duty it was to protect the lives and property of the people. A great crisis had arisen in the history of the people struggling for life and fortune in their new found home. The lawless cut-throats had tendered the issue as to whether the people should live and enjoy the fruits of their discovery and labor. Here in this great trial before this grand court, the people has accepted the issue thus tendered.

It was a royal battle. The result was by no means certain. It was a debatable question whether the lawless or law-abiding were in the ascendency. This was to be determined in this wonderful trial. Both elements were in their force; both determined; both armed. But as the battle waged the friends of law and order gathered strength and completed to some extent the organization of their forces. You could look into the eyes and faces of the honest people as they stood guard around that court and jury, sitting out in the street under the cold blue heavens and read the thoughts that filled their souls. You could discover their determination to see justice done, though the heavens should fall. This resolution and determination having been taken, the battle was won. Lawlessness, assassination, murder, crime, however well organized, could not withstand these resolute and invincible men who were fighting for their lives and homes.

At the conclusion of the able and eloquent arguments of counsel, the jury retired. Mr. Patten and myself were carried along by the jury so that in the event of any dispute as to the testimony, we could refer to our notes. We were placed in the corner of the large jury room of a log cabin, and the jury proceeded to ballot. There was but one ballot—"Guilty of murder as charged". It was unanimous, it was right, it was just. By another ballot the jury fixed the death penalty; by the law and practice of those courts the jury named the penalty. There were but three penalties in vogue—banishment, whipping and death by hanging. Two hours after the

verdict was returned, Ives was hung. Law and order had achieved a great and everlasting victory; for the first time life and property were rendered safe and secure in these mountains. I have purposely avoided giving the facts and circumstances of the homicide of which Ives was convicted. These are all matters of history. They were demanded by the necessities of the times. The people, in their exercise of their inherent right to the protection to life and property, created them. They served a necessary and noble purpose. When the conditions and circumstances were changed, and there was no longer a necessity for their existence, they passed away, leaving behind them a record which entitles them to the everlasting gratitude of the people.

The execution did not at once absolutely demoralize and disorganize the lawless element—they were inclined to resent and avenge his death. I can never forget how things looked, and I recall many incidents that occurred in the little town of Nevada that night after Ives was executed. It was after dark when he was hung. The people were standing out in the street and in the cold, talking about the tragic event. They were nearly all armed. The situation looked gloomy. Hard things were said; threats were made. It looked as if a spark might create an explosion. One incident that occurred to me deserves mention, I think, in the history of that day. I was standing on the street talking to someone, when I heard a man who was standing in the middle of the street, say, with a hideous oath, "Let's take him back of the house and kill him." This of course attracted my attention and excited my curiosity to know who was meant to be the victim of this man's wrath. There were three men in a knot whence came the dreadful threat. Immediately one of the three said, "Yonder he stands now." One of them said, "I will call him," and at once he called Col. Sanders.

In going to the men Col. Sanders had to pass near where I stood. I at once went to meet him. I told him what I had heard and advised him not to go behind the houses with the men. He said, "I guess they won't kill me." He insisted upon going with them, and I then asked him if he was armed. He said he was. I then said, "If you will go, I shall go, too."

He then walked to the three men. One of them said, "We want to see you back here." They crossed the street, one man leading the way, Col. Sanders following him, the other two following him, and I following them between the log houses which were built a little apart. The front man and Col. Sanders had gotten out of the passageway in the rear of the house and the rest of us were following, when bang! went a gun. The two men in front of me jumped out behind the houses and I rushed out as fast as I could, expecting to find the Colonel killed. When I got out, however, I saw that all three of the men were running away; and Col. Sanders was standing there with his overcoat on fire. I asked him if he was hurt. He said, "No." The truth of it was that, about the time the killing was to have commenced, Col. Sanders' pistol was discharged in his overcoat pocket, as he was in the act of drawing the weapon. This stampeded the assassins, and saved his life and perhaps mine. Col. Sanders had taken, as is known, a fearless and active part in the prosecution of Ives. It was beyond doubt the purpose of these men to murder him as a matter of revenge.

It is a great pity—an irreparable loss, amounting to a calamity, that no copy of the great speech of Col. Sanders in the Ives trial was ever taken or preserved. Col. Sanders was a great orator, and thousands of our people have heard and enjoyed his splendid speeches in the courts and on the platform. But those who did not hear his speech in the Ives trial never heard the best effort in the lifetime of this gifted man. During its delivery on that cold wintry day, there stood these hundreds of sturdy miners in the street of Nevada, motionless and spellbound by the marvellous appeal on that marvellous occasion by this wonderful man, to the jury and the people, calling upon and urging them to do their duty in the struggle for the protection of their homes, property and lives in their new mountain land. And never did a great speech go home with more directness and force to the hearts of honest and determined men. This great speech, if we had it in the archives and history of the state, would constitute a monument to this peerless pioneer that would stand in glory's sky, hallowed with the golden sunlight, when the bronze

statue being erected now by a grateful people, to his memory, shall have crumbled into dust. On the day George Ives was hung a real democracy was established in these mountains. Its foundation was laid upon the bones of the desperado and outlaw. And Sanders is entitled to be called its Pericles.

A generation has passed away since those dreadful days with their exciting events. And the influence of the miners' courts, and especially of the Ives trial, upon the people of Montana has not passed away, and will not for generations to come. These courts and the result of this trial taught the people that life and property were worth defending at all hazards, and that the enforcement of the law was the only hope of human safety and liberty. Since Montana has had a history, the people have never forgotten the lessons they learned in those early crucial days. The devotion of the people to the law, the estimate they early learned to place upon life, liberty and property have made our state a paladium of safety to the peaceable, law-loving citizens, and a place to be avoided by the assassin and desperado. So long as our people keep in mind these lessons and teach them to their children will Montana be worthy of the patriotic devotion and pride of her sons and daughters.

YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION OF 1874

BOOK 4 AND 5

In the neighborhood of a camp just across the stream are remains of rifle piles dug by the Bozeman-Yellowstone Expedition in 1874. And it was at this place that the expedition crossed the Yellowstone and entered upon that career of adventure among hostile Sioux, that will ever cause it to be accounted one of the most interesting episodes of the history of Montana.

Before I knew that anyone else had become the historian of the enterprise I took considerable pains to collect the facts concerning it with a view to giving them publicity in some form, but upon the appearance recently of the first volume of the Collections of the Montana Historical Society, I find I have been forestalled by Mr. Addison M. Quivey, an officer of the expedition and a competent writer whose account of it appears in that volume. But Mr. Quivey, with the modesty becoming one of the heroic band, has not given to their deeds as bright a coloring as they merit and the task is still to be performed of resounding minor incidents and giving the details of the battle fought that will tend to illustrate the subject and embellish the narrative. Probably only a disinterested party would ever dare to award to the members of the expedition adequate praise or tell to the full the wonders of defense that they performed lest they should be charged with extravagance and boastfulness and therefore notwithstanding the appearance of Mr. Quivey's narrative, I still think a useful purpose will be served by the publication of mine. It is derived from members of the expedition and tho I never distrusted them, now that I have seen how well their statements are borne out by Mr. Quivey, I present them with renewed confidence in their accuracy.

In the fall of 1873, there appeared in Bozeman, a man by the name of J. L. Vernon, who was acting the rather discreditable part of guide to two deserters from Stanley's Military Expedition of that year. This man had been a previous resident of Bozeman, where he had taught school for several terms, winding up his career as a pedagogue by giving

a grand school exhibition and then decamping with several hundred dollars, the proceeds of the entertainment. He now returned with glowing accounts of gold fields of fabulous richness, discovered by him, while connected with Stanley's command, which he was anxious to return to and develop, if a party could be raised of sufficient strength to maintain itself against the Sioux, in whose country they were said to be.

Notwithstanding the known disreputable character of the man, his constantly repeated assertions gave him some credence and several attempts were made to form a party to proceed under his guidance to the scene of his pretended discoveries. But his backwardness in closing with the various offers defeated them all, and the fall and most of the winter passed by without any result being reached.

It was no new idea that gold fields of great richness were locked up in this great region awaiting the open sesame of the prosperous pick and shovel. As far back as 1863, a party of 15 men, with the resolute James Stuart at their head had resorted thither to search them out. And now and then in later years a few wandering prospectors in fear and trembling for their lives, washed fitfully the sands of several streams but Indian hostilities thwarted every effort, and just enough was done to strengthen their belief in the presence of gold. Ever since then it has been the cherished conviction of many an old miner's heart that within this region a new Eldorado was situated and would be brought to life, whenever the Indian question received such settlement, that the search could be safely carried on.

Therefore quite independent of the representations made by Vernon, a strong desire existed to give the indicated region, such an examination as would set at rest one way or the other, the question whether gold existed there in paying quantities. The people of Bozeman, dissatisfied with the circuitous route by which they carried on their exchanges with the east, were desirous of reaching the Western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, by the more direct route presented by the Yellowstone and to that end began about the first of January, 1874, to agitate the question of a wagon

road to the head of navigation on this stream proposed then to be about the mouth of Tongue River. The opportunity afforded by the gold fever then raging, was too good to be lost and by continuing the two schemes the wagon road enterprise was rendered feasible, where otherwise it would undoubtedly have fallen to the ground. Vernon through the press advertised his followers to connect themselves with the promoters of the wagon road and the association thus formed took the name of "Yellowstone Wagon Road and Prospecting Expedition." It dates its existence from about the 20th of January. As the undertaking promised to redound to the public benefit, the call for contributions for material was responded to liberally by the people of Bozeman and vicinity and within a few days sufficient had been secured to equip and provision all who joined without adequate means, of which class there were perhaps fifty men, while Gov. Potts placed at their disposal a portion of the arms and ammunition furnished to the territory by the general government.

Volunteers had not been wanting and early in February they began to assemble at Quinn's ranch, some sixteen miles out of Bozeman, where by the 13th of February they had completed their organization and elected their officers, and upon that day began their march down the Yellowstone. The officers elected were: Captain (B. F. Ground); Lieutenant (William Wright); Adjutant (E. B. Way); Signal Officer (Hugh O'Donovan); Secretary (B. P. Wickersham) and ten councilmen. The first three were purely executive officers, the council making all needful rules and exercising a general supervision of the officers of the expedition. They began their march from Quinn's 130 strong, but the number varied during the first few days of the march, from accessions and desertions and when they finally entered the Indian country there were present all told 147 men, well armed with breech-loading rifles and supplied with over forty thousand rounds of ammunition. They were accompanied by 22 wagons, 28 yoke of oxen, over two hundred horses and mules, a brass mountain howitzer and a six pounder, smooth base iron cannon and were supplied with provisions for four months. There were one hundred and fifty rounds of shell

and canister for the guns and plenty of experienced artillerymen to serve them, Fred Hollins having been assigned to the charge of the six-pounder and William D. Cameron, the howitzer. A great majority of the members of the expedition had been soldiers on one side or the other during the Civil War or life-long frontiersmen, so that the personnel was all that could be desired.

There is a certain fascination in the story of a rascal and so far as they are connected with the expedition we will glance at the tricks of Vernon again. While the expedition was preparing he had bestirred himself and secured a following of some ten credulous gold seekers and set out with them in advance. Arriving at Baker's Battle ground they deemed it improvident to proceed farther in such small force and camped to await the arrival of the main party to which he had a promise to attach himself. During this delay their ardor abated and they concluded to return but soon meeting the expedition they resolved to remain with them, and all except Vernon signed the articles of agreement and became members.

In spite of his known dishonesty many had confidence that Vernon really had discovered valuable gold mines and were therefore anxious to secure his services. Several offers were made to induce his co-operation—he was to be excused from all guard and all the duty performed by members of the expedition—his stock herded, himself provisioned and ample reservation made in his behalf in any gold mines to which he might guide them. But he refused all offers, though for several days, through the generosity of those comprising it, he traveled with the expedition enjoying its protection. At last, however, near the place of skulls he made an excuse for tarrying behind (and leaving some of his effects in the wagons to give the promise an air of sincerity) promising soon to rejoin. But the truth was he had taken flight, never to return—he had gone as near the scene of his pretended discoveries as he deemed prudent, and fearing merited punishment when his falsehoods should be made manifest. He had been outfitted on credit to the value of several hundred dollars, and disposing of the property thus obtained and

pocketing the proceeds, he fled to Fort Benton accompanied by a single companion, and there stole a skiff and under cover of night decamped down the river. He and his comrade were last seen floating in the stolen boat past Fort Clagett.

The expedition kept to the north of the Yellowstone, following Baker's trail of 1872, and Stanley's of 1873, until they reached a point on the Yellowstone about two miles above the Great Porcupine, having traveled leisurely and encountered much severe weather. Here on the 21st of March they crossed the river on the ice and going into camp, laid over four days to enable prospecting parties to visit and examine the two Porcupine and O'Fallon's creeks. On the 26th the march was resumed and as they ascended the bluffs bordering the Yellowstone valley with the design of crossing the divide to the Rosebud River, they had their first encounter with hostile Indians. A large encampment of Sioux located in that vicinity had been watching their movements by means of spies and had recently moved down to the mouth of the Rosebud with a view of intercepting them upon their arrival at that point. Their delay above the Great Porcupine had caused the Sioux to lose sight of them and a scouting party of about thirty warriors had therefore been sent out to look them up.

At the moment the Indians arrived on the bluffs, the expedition were ascending from the valley through a long ravine that completely screened them from view. Presently, Hinman who was in the advance, rode into sight out of the ravine, when supposing him to be alone, the Indians prepared to give him chase, stripping themselves and horses bare and piling the robes, clothing and dried meat and everything but their arms together upon the ground. When all was ready they dashed forward expecting an easy triumph, but to their dismay suddenly found themselves in the presence of the whole force—from pursuers, they became themselves the pursued, the whites following so closely at their heels that they were unable to recover a single article they had laid aside, and fled for their lives as naked as they were born. The Indians escaped and the train moved on and en-

camped for the night around the spot occupied by the abandoned effects of the Sioux.

The expedition was not molested during the ensuing three days, but on the 30th of March a small party were ambuscaded and fired upon but escaped without harm. Later in the day, W. A. Bostwick, while a picket, saw an Indian not far from his post, who appeared to wish to talk with him, and riding forward to meet him, fell into an ambuscade and was fired upon at short range, receiving four wounds. Bostwick fled at the best speed of his horse, but the Indians overtook him, and might easily have killed him, but thought to amuse themselves first by beating him with coup sticks and pony whips as he ran.

They were then drawn within range of the picket guards concealed behind a ridge about half a mile from camp. Jack Bean fired and knocked an Indian out of his saddle when they ceased the pursuit and withdrew. Bostwick clung to his saddle until within the protection of the guard when he fainted and fell to the ground. His wounds were considered mortal, yet in a few days he was so far recovered as to be able to take part in a general engagement with the Sioux. Undo exposure brought on a relapse and upon the return of the expedition, he was for some time an inmate of the military hospital at Fort Ellis, but ultimately recovered, still bearing two bullets in his body. During the night an Indian was wounded by the guards and in the morning the Indians annoyed the camp for some time by firing at long range from the neighboring hills. The fire was returned when daylight came, whereupon the Indians withdrew, without having wrought any harm. The expedition moved slowly across the divide, between the Yellowstone and the Rosebud, making several dry camps and reaching the latter stream upon the 3rd of April. Upon descending into the valley, they found it one vast Indian trail, over which a village of several hundred lodges had passed but a few hours before, going up stream. Anticipating an early attack by the Indians in force, they moved up the stream, but a short distance and then went into camp.

After passing the mouth of the Big Horn, they had taken the precaution to fortify all their camps; and while some took care of the stock, prepared the supper, others were busy with axe, pick and shovel and in a short time their position was securely environed in a line of rifle pits that would afford them ample protection in case of attack.

They were upon the brow of what is known in the West as the "First bench" where the ground breaks off abruptly to the depths of several feet to the low ground (bottom) to which the timber in western valleys is confined, and through which the river flows. The first bench was here from 15 to 20 feet above the valley proper, the rifle pits on the river side crowning its verge. In front (and toward the river) at the distance of about 150 yards was a bench growth of ash and cottonwood timber, on the left two ravines sloped down from the hill, uniting about 75 yards from the camp and terminating the bench upon that side. On the right and in the rear the ground was open and level to the distance of several hundred yards, affording no cover for an enemy, so that it was from the timber and ravine that an attack was to be apprehended. Four small rifle pits, designed as cover for the outposts, were advanced some 75 yards on the different sides of the camp, the one on the upper side being located upon the brow of the bench opposite the intersection of the two ravines already described.

The Indians did not appear while it remained light, but soon after dark the guards heard signals passing back and forth through the timber and up the valley which indicated that they were getting into position for the attack. The sounds deepened as the night wore on and it became evident to all who heard them, that a severe struggle was at hand. Soon after midnight the guard in the lower rifle pit discovered a mounted Indian through the gloom and fired, bringing the horse to the ground with a broken leg. Quiet was restored and with arms at hand and convenient to their rifle pits, the aroused sleepers, trusting to the vigilance of their faithful guards once more resumed their slumbers. Ere long however, the Indians had gained their positions in such numbers that they no longer cared to conceal their move-

ments and a hum arose like that of a swarm of angry bees; followed soon by scattering shots upon either side that put an end to sleep.

Toward three o'clock it became evident that the weight of the attack was about to fall.

The Indians increased their fire and pressed upon the pickets in such numbers that a part were driven in, whereupon the rest were recalled and the whole force stationed in the rifle pits and all made ready for the assault. Ere long from the timber and the further ravine a severe fire was pointed into the camp, to which a slight response was made as it was too dark to fire with effect and it was desired to husband the ammunition as far as possible. The weight of fire from the timber showed that a heavy force was placed there, and to dislodge them the howitzer was charged with canister and fired into it. From the howl that followed the discharge it was evident that the shot told and there was a scramble and rush that indicated a hasty exodus. For a time there was a perceptible falling off of the fire from that quarter but ere long it increased in volume, showing that the Indians had gathered confidence and returned. On all parts of the line they could be heard talking merrily and laughing as if fully assured of victory.

Confident in the vast superiority of their numbers and encouraged by the feeble fire from the whites, dense throngs of Indians now issued into view and moved steadily upon the works as if intending to carry them by storm, then, however, the hitherto silent rifles began to speak and several Indians were made to bite the dust. Their main attack was from the cover of the ridge with the apparent object of gaining the cover of the second ravine which would afford them a secure position much nearer camp. Here the firing was very hot and the Indians loss evidently large, as several bodies were seen carried from the field. Finding it a losing game the Indians soon gave over the attempt and hastily retired to cover. Thence forward they contented themselves with lying in the timber behind the ridge and maintaining their desultory fire that from the wildness of their aim wrought no harm.

An Indian sharp shooter by rolling a log before him succeeded in gaining the protection of the nearer ravine where he occupied the further side of the rifle pit abandoned by the outpost at the beginning of the fight. From this point he kept up an annoying fire, killing four horses in succession and sending his after shots in such close proximity to the men in the works that it became highly desirable to dislodge him. The fire of several good marksmen was concentrated upon him whenever he was seen to rise, but a moment afterwards would come the flash of his own gun and the zip of his bullets proving that he was still unharmed. It became a mystery how he escaped the aim of so many good marksmen; but presently it occurred to S. C. Burns to examine his position with a field glass and after a moments close survey he exclaimed: "Boys, he is fooling us with a buffalo robe." He would elevate his robe into view, draw the fire of his foes and when in comparative safety would deliver his own shot with careful aim.

He soon learned that his ruse was discovered and fired less rapidly thereafter, several minutes elapsing between his shots; but watch as they would, he was so favored by the darkness that the whites could not get the start of him and the flash of his gun was the first indication they had that he had drawn another bead upon them.

At last Cameron in a fit of rage at the coolness of the fellow, swore that he had seen that going on long enough and charging his howitzer with a shell, cut for the proper distance, took aim at the rifle pit and fired.

The shell went cracking into the log and burst, and amid the dust and smoke and flame a gun went off into the air and the Indian leaped into view and fell back heavily into the ravine. No further annoyance was experienced from that quarter.

As daylight drew near, the prospectors made all arrangements to dislodge the Indians by a charge, 15 men being enrolled for the attempt, with Adjutant Way at their head. Both guns were charged with canister, the howitzer being aimed at the timber and the six pounder at the ridge and simultaneously fired. As their heavy boom rolled over the

valley, the charging party leaped over the works, covered by a general fire along the line, crossed the first ravine, scaled the ridge and were upon the Indians in the further ravine before they comprehended the movement. Such boldness took the Indians entirely by surprise and panic stricken they thought only of flight. A wild stampede followed from the ravine and at the same moment, encouraged by the success of the attempt, a considerable number leaped over the works and swept the Indians from the timber. Seven of the Indians were overtaken and killed, sixteen horses and many articles of personal equipment were captured and the vicinity of the camp was entirely cleared of the foe.

Daylight had revealed that the top of the flat hill about half a mile distant from the scene of the fight was covered with a dense mass of Indians, apparently old men, women and children, watching the progress of the action. When the charge was made that dispersed the attacking force, the throng on the hill remained immovable as if expecting their friends speedily to rally and return to the attack. About 25 men were formed in skirmish order and charged the hill, when a wild commotion took place, the hill was speedily cleared and swarms of mounted Indians appeared in view from its further side and galloped swiftly up the valley. It was then manifest that their horses had been kept near at hand upon the opposite slope. Had the whites known this in time, they might, by mounting a strong force, and charging the hill suddenly at full speed, have slain many of the Indians and captured their horses. Seeing the hill cleared, the charging party next directed itself against a clump of timber up the valley, from which they speedily dislodged a considerable force of mounted Indians, who fled without firing a shot.

This terminated the engagement and the prospectors had reason to congratulate themselves upon the result. Not less than 600 Indians had participated in the attack and such was their confidence of success that they had provided themselves with new coup sticks, which during the fight, they kept convenient for use. When the final charge was made, these sticks were found standing thick in the sand

all along their line. None of the prospectors had been killed, and but one (Tom Woods) wounded, while the Indian's loss had evidently been heavy—probably not less than 60 killed and wounded. They left only 7 bodies behind, but here and there over the field, were pools of blood where others had fallen and been removed by their friends. The prospectors had as usual secured nearly all their animals in the corral formed by the wagons but a few had been picketed outside, they therefore lost but 12 horses and two oxen killed, nearly all outside the corral, though upward of fifty horses were wounded, few of the wounds however were of a serious character, owing to the protection afforded by the wagons. Throughout the fight the Indians had fired too high, the wagon covers and upper parts of the tents being riddled with balls. It was ascertained after the fight was over, that about 900 cartridges and 30 rounds of canister and shells had been expended in the defense, the Indians having fired more than three times as many shots.

The careless confidence of the Indians will be illustrated by the following incident: At the beginning of the attack, two dogs belonging to the prospectors, ran down into the timber where the Indians were congregated, one being killed and the other sent howling back with an arrow in his shoulder. During the fight the Indians kindled small fires in the upper ravine to warm their fingers by, at one of which they roasted the dog, eating all but the head. That a charge upon the part of the whites was totally unexpected by them, was shown by the fact that many of them laid down by these fires and went to sleep, though within less than one hundred yards of the works. When the charge was made two were still asleep, and arising bewildered, were killed within a few steps of the fire. A broken down horse belonging to one of the prospectors had been left running at large, with the design of abandoning him in the morning. Toward daylight he was grazing quietly in the rear of the camp, about 100 yards distant, when a mounted Sioux appeared upon the plateau and rode leisurely toward him, apparently for the purpose of capturing him. Nine shots were fired at him simultaneously and the horse fled pierced with

nine balls. The Indian hobbled away with difficulty, and it was evident that he had been severely hurt.

The following day the prospectors remained in camp and improved the time in strengthening their works and stockading their corral so as better to protect their animals; after dark a concealed rifle pit was dug near the bodies on the ridge within which 25 men were posted in the expectations that the Indians would attempt to remove the bodies by night, but none appeared. The following day the expedition resumed the march up the Rosebud, but had scarcely quitted camp when some 30 Indians rode into it. A quantity of poisoned meat had been left behind and from the subsequent movements of the band, it was evident that some of them had bitten at the bait, but with what results was never ascertained. After ascending the Rosebud about 40 miles the expedition turned off to the right, skirting the base of the Wolf mountains which lay on their left. The Indians had not appeared again, but bad weather and roads and meagre grazing combined to weaken their animals and retard their progress. Several days in consequence of storm or fog, they were unable to move at all, and many began to entertain apprehension that unless they return soon their animals would be in such condition that they could not return at all.

On the 11th of April, they arrived on the first branch of the little Big Horn (now Custer) River, a dry creek with water standing in pools; and here on the following morning they had their second battle with the Sioux. The Wolf Mountains lay in their front, something like three quarters of a mile distant, cut by three dark canyons, sheltering a heavy growth of timber. Preparatory to moving, the stock attended by the herders had been driven down to water, many of the animals after drinking, having crossed to the opposite side of the creek while the remainder were huddled in the bed of the stream. At this moment dense swarms of mounted Indians suddenly emerged from each of the canyons and dashed at full speed across the intervening ground toward the herd. The alarm was sounded, and while efforts were made to gather and drive in the herd, the prospectors seized their arms and ran down the slope toward the Indians, firing

as they went. At the same time the canons were rapidly served, delivering their fire on the high ground on which the camp was pitched, over the heads of the force in front.

The steep bank of the creek rendered it difficult to get the herd in motion toward the camp while the side of the bank running down toward them from the camp and the noise of their guns caused many of the animals to break away in the opposite direction and run directly toward the Indians, who still came on with confidence. They were now getting so near that some of the herders became alarmed and began to abandon the herd and but for the courage of one man, many of the animals would undoubtedly have been lost. This was Jack Bean who from his uniform prudence in providing against danger, had been deemed timid by his comrades, but who now, as such men are apt to in the presence of eminent peril, rose to a sublimity of courage. Stripping the cover from his gun, he ran toward the Indians at the top of his speed until he had got in advance of the herd, and began whipping the animals back with the gun cover, running from one to the other, and exerting himself with such energy, that at last he changed their course toward the camp. Keeping his eyes on the Indians he saw that they were crowding upon him and paused long enough to shoot the foremost headlong from his horse, which dashed on and joined the herd. Bean had taken this advanced and perilous position without knowing whether his comrades would sustain him or not, but fortunately for him and to their honor, they did and following as closely as their speed would admit now began to arrive just in time to check the advance of the Sioux, ere they reached the herd. A few more directed shots at short range caused the Indians to swerve from their course. Then the herd was safely corralled and the prospectors fell back within the protection of their works. During the fight outside with the herd, Zach Yates was shot through the heart and instantly killed; his comrades carrying his body back to the works upon their retreat.

The Indians now spread themselves around the camp and taking to the ridges and ravines opened fire which the whites returned whenever a fair mark was presented. South

of the camp and near the creek about 250 yards distant stood a small hill, which as it commanded the camp, the Indians were anxious to occupy, but could only do so by running the gauntlet of a severe fire from the whites. By riding rapidly in a circle on the plains beyond, until near the hill and then dropping forward at full speed, several Indians had successively gained its cover until gathering confidence with numbers, one of them raised and fired, killing a horse. "We must charge that hill at once," cried Adjutant Way, and called for volunteers to make the attempt.

Some half dozen offered themselves and as they dashed over the intervening space their advance was covered by a rapid fire from the camp which kept the Indians down and prevented them from discovering the movement. As they reached the summit the firing ceased and a moment after to the consternation of the Indians, they were upon them. They opened fire at short range while the Indians fled for their lives and notwithstanding they had to traverse a space of several hundred yards, exposed to the bullets of their foes, all but one gained the cover of a distant ridge, apparently unharmed. The fire had ceased from the camp, all remaining silent but excited spectators of the race, amid the bullets of the charging party, the last Indian whipping furiously was about to pass the ridge and in an instant more would have been safe when he was seen to bound upward from his saddle and fell to the ground amid tumultuous cheers from the camp.

The fight had now lasted for about an hour, the Indians having done most of the firing after the herd was saved. North of the camp at a distance of some 500 yards was situated a ridge rather higher than camp, behind which a considerable force of Indians had gathered. It was the only position from which their fire was at all annoying and at last it was resolved to expel them from it by a charge. Two parties were formed—one to move directly against the ridge and the other to diverge to the right and intercept the Indians in their retreat. The conformation of the ground rendering it probable that they would flee in that direction when dislodged. This plan was carried out and as the Indians did not

see the parties start, it would but for an untoward accident have taken them completely by surprise. An old mare with her colt had been permitted to range loose around the camp and when the charge was made, the mare took fright and led the way over the ridge. At her sudden appearance among the Indians, being on the further slope, they knew that it boded some mischief to them and without waiting to learn its character, mounted and fled in hot haste.

Before the charging party reached the ridge the ground was entirely cleared of their foes, many of them did not draw rein within the space of two miles. As had been expected, a large number of the Indians fled along the ridge in the direction taken by the second party and had the latter been able to get into position sooner many of the Indians must have fallen under their fire. At it was only two men arrived on the ground and they only in time to get a shot at the rear of the retreating Sioux. Their retreat was covered by a savage known as the Brule chief, who reigned in his horse and tried to check the panic of his warriors. But it was in vain and as if ashamed of their cowardice, he turned to look at his pursuers, inclined not to leave the field.

But his temerity cost him dear for a shot grazed his neck and brought him to the ground. John Anderson, a colored man, whose great strength had enabled him to keep the lead during the charge, ran forward to scalp him, but at that moment the chief recovered and arose upon his feet. His warriors had by this time, gained cover not far distant, when they checked their flight and opened fire. The bullets fell thick around Anderson, but he kept on, threw his left arm against the chief, and with his right gave him a fatal stab with his knife. The chief fell and Anderson gained the cover of the ridge unharmed.

Several attempts were made to secure the scalp, but the Indians fired briskly upon the parties attempting and balked them for a time. It was obtained however in a fragmentary condition, as well as the chief's headdress or war bonnet as it is usually called on the frontier. The charging parties then returned to camp and the Indians gave them no further molestation. The body of the chief had scarcely been quitted

by the whites when two young warriors mounted upon fine spirited steeds rode to the spot and after maneuvering for a few minutes as if to see whether they were to be fired upon, together raised it from the ground, without quitting their saddles, and bore it away. The loss sustained by the Indians in this action is unknown, but at one time six of their number were borne from the field either killed or badly wounded. The only casualty among the whites was the killing of Yates, but several horses were killed and wounded.

The fight ended, the expedition harnessed and saddled and moved out of camp, carrying along the body of Yates. They camped that afternoon on the Little Big Horn (Custer) river and their first care was to bury the body of Yates, the rifle pits being so arranged as to bring his grave within the embankments, outside the trench as all their camps were fortified in this manner, it was unlikely that the Indians would ever discover the grave. In this camp they were detained some days by a fog and experienced an Indian alarm. The herd had been driven to water, some 800 yards from the camp, when several Indians were seen approaching down the valley, the herd was entirely driven back and no further demonstration followed. It was believed that there was a large Indian camp in the valley about and a proposition was made to steal upon them by night and try to capture some of their horses, but it was not done.

The epizootic, then so prevalent throughout the United States had broken out among their horses and the draft animals were hardly able to stagger through a five or six mile march, while few of the saddle horses were required to do more than carry themselves. Nearly all the more experienced frontiersmen were convinced of the propriety, almost necessity of immediate return, and a canvass of the opinions of other members of the expedition showed this to be the opinion of the majority. At this juncture a German of the party came forward with a story that he had passed through the country a few years previous in company with three California miners, who had obtained rich returns of gold in Goose Creek. He had seen them sink the hole, wash from pans of the dirt and afterwards accompanying them to

an assay office with the yield, which proved to be \$1.10 to the pan. He thought he could go to the spot and the enthusiasm created by the story was such that when upon the evening of the arrival in this camp a vote was taken on the question of their return, and only 16 voted affirmative.

The next day a camp was made upon Grass Lodge Creek, a march of only three miles. The camp was pitched upon a high point overlooking the valley, but fortified as usual, notwithstanding the material strength of the place, a sham grave was here made, in which a loaded shell was placed so arranged that it would explode, in case the grave was disturbed. At this camp two heavy wagons were burned, to increase the teams upon those retained. Two members of the picket guard had this evening a narrow escape; they were lying carelessly on the slope of the hill, paying little attention to the country in their front, when five mounted Indians stealthily descended the opposite slope and were almost upon them, ere they discovered their approach. They had barely time to throw themselves into their saddles, ere the Indians dashed over the summit, and commenced firing at close range. The guards fled for the camp at full speed, and the Indians gave them a hard chase for several hundred yards, firing upon them at every step, but the speed of the horses kept them in front, till they neared the camp when the Indians drew off.

The following morning, April 18th, the expedition resumed the march in the usual order, the wagons being in two parallel lines, with the pack horses between them, protected by an advanced guard of eight men, a rear guard of the same strength, and a flanking party of sixteen on each side. They had descended the valley and crossed the stream to the left bank, and ascending the valley along the foot of the bluffs had gained a distance of about two miles from their camp, when suddenly from nearly every side, they were charged by hundreds of mounted Indians, who burst upon them in swarms, that literally darkened the land. The train was hurried forward about 100 yards and rapidly corralled, while the cannoneers siezed their guns and rushed them forward to the top of the ridge in front, which had been gained by the advance guard just as the attack began.

The advance guard were charged by about two hundred Indians, who rode down upon them with the utmost confidence, but the gallant eight never flinched, delivering their fire with such coolness, precision and rapidity that their assailant soon began to waver and finally fled, the flanking party on the left of the train were attacked by overwhelming numbers, who had been concealed in the timber along the stream, but coolly sat down in their places and opened so hot a fire upon the savages that they speedily ceased their advance and fled to cover, the flanking party on the right and the rear guard were attacked by at least 400 warriors, and unable to maintain their ground against such tremendous odds, were retiring, slowly firing as they went, but by this time the train had been corralled, and the entire force turned out to fight, and within a few minutes after the attack began, the chargers were everywhere repulsed and the Indians driven with severe loss to the cover of the ridges, timber and ravines.

"All this time," says Mr. Quivey (and he is sustained by my authorities) "the fire of the Indians was terrific from every point, but their aim was bad, or rather those were near enough to shoot, must certainly have taken no aim at all, as they were afraid to raise high enough to do so, yet is seemed strange that no one was killed as the balls fell thick all around." A considerable force of Indians had affected a lodgment in a ravine a couple of hundred yards below the train, from which they were amusing themselves by firing into the open end of the corral, for the purpose of disabling the stock. One horse was killed and several wounded, when it was resolved to dislodge them by a charge. As usual the charging party was small, consisting only of half a dozen men led by H. J. Happy, who stripped themselves of most their clothing and prepared for hot work.

When all was ready they advanced at a run covered by a general fire from the line, and gained the protection of a ravine midway between their friends and the Indians' positions. The Sioux received the movements with shouts of defiance, and appeared to be determined to remain and resist the advance, and when the charging party paused a moment in the first ravine to recover breath, the Indians,

thinking that they had lost courage, burst forth with cries and cheers; they were about 100 strong and well covered by the ravine, but unappalled by such tremendous odds, Happy and his brave command soon arose from their concealment and rushed resolutely on. The Sioux received them with a brisk fire, but such unparalled audacity seemed to bewilder, seemed to confuse the most of them and they stood watching the movement in silent, dazed amazement, apparently helpless to act. But there was no hesitation or uncertainty on the part of the brave little band that the Sioux watched in such amazement and their comrades at the train in breathless suspense. On they went at their best speed; as they drew near the ravine the rifles soon began to tell upon the red mass gathered there. Each individual Sioux saw in their determined bearing, death for his particular self, and taking a last look, turned and fled in wild dismay. They ran the gauntlet of a severe fire, several received wounds, but only one was killed. He fell in the ravine and his body was the only one that the whites got possession of in the fight. Was there ever a more gallant act performed than this charge of half a dozen men upon a hundred, well armed, strongly posted savages; no wonder that Sitting Bull declared afterward that he had never seen such men. Immediately after this exploit a mounted party swept the remaining savages from the vicinity of the corral, while the artillery shelled them out of the timber along the stream and the fight was at an end.

Upon the high bulff across the creek a dense throng of squaws arrayed in all their finery had gathered to witness the prowess of their friends: they sat unmoved through the rout of the swarms engaged in the attack, but when the fight was on, the six pounder was brought to bear upon them, which speedily brought them to flight. The Indians had gathered to the number of several hundred in the adandoned camp and stood for a long time in a dense mass around the sham grave; some of the prospectors averred that while the fight was raging, they heard a loud report in that direction as if the buried shell might have exploded but the Indians subsequently asserted that they did not disturb the grave.

The number of Indians who participated in the battle was variously estimated at from 1000 to 1500. They afterward admitted at Ft. Peck that it was the combined force of three large camps under the leadership of the famous Sitting Bull. Their loss is unknown, but is supposed to be not less than ten killed and many more wounded. An astonishing result in view of the fact that the fight occurred in the open field and that the Sioux had swept it with their bullets like a storm of hail. The Sioux attributed their former defeats to the fact that the prospectors were in intrenched camps and to deprive them of that advantage in this case, selected their ground and attacked them in the open field, confident of an easy victory.

And certainly the expedition was not an unreasonable one, for the spectacle is rarely witnessed of eight men coolly sitting down and brushing away the attack of 200 sanguine savages as though they were so many flies, or of six men charging over the open road upon 100 strongly intrenched. It almost justifies the conclusion to which it tempted Mr. Quivey "that the prowess of the Sioux has been vastly overestimated and that a small force of frontiersmen can whip a whole tribe at small cost." But it has since been found that it makes a great difference whether the Sioux are engaged in offensive or defensive fight. In the latter case, when the safety of their villages, with their wives, children and all that they possess is involved in the issue, they prove themselves able to fight with something of the courage and resolution of civilized men.

After clearing the vicinity of their foes, the expeditions moved on and suffered no further molestation. Nothing was said about abandoning their former design of prospecting Goose Creek but as if by common consent they bore to the right and began to return to Bozeman. For a time their progress was hindered by stormy weather, but upon reaching the old emigrant road at Fort C. F. Smith, they had a better road and the weather improved with the advance of spring. Just before reaching Clark's Fork, they met a small war party of Crows, travelling in search of Sioux scalps, who were wild with delight over the scalps and other trophies in the

possession of the expedition and at night they got up a grand scalp dance for their benefit.

At last at Rock Creek, conceiving themselves out of danger from the Sioux, the expedition disbanded—those with good teams pushing on, while the remainder paused a few days to refresh their stock. The last of the party reached the settlement on the 11th of May; those who travelled in advance having arrived a few days earlier. Beyond creating an interesting chapter of border history the expedition had accomplished little or nothing. The only real prospecting was done upon the Great Porcupine and O'Fallon creek (where no results were obtained) for after reaching the country where their labors were really to have begun their movements were fettered by Indian hostility and they were compelled to remain together to avoid destruction. It is true that a practical road had been found down the Yellowstone but the military expedition which had traversed the country in previous years had sufficiently demonstrated that, and really the road had in the end become but little more than a pretext, the members of the expedition having been led to join it almost solely by their hopes of finding gold.

The following incident connected with the expedition deserves a place in its history. After the expedition fairly entered the Indian country, the people of Bozeman ceased to hear from them, and as weeks passed by without bringing any tidings, a deal of anxiety was aroused as to their fate. One courier sent after them, became alarmed and turned back, and finally Reed and Bowles undertook to follow them, engaging to find them, dead or alive. They took their trail and followed it steadily in all its windings, from camp to camp, visited the scene of their several fights, found numerous freshly made graves, the bodies of slain horses, and many wounded mounts turned out by their Indian owners to recover or die, were often forced to conceal themselves from watchful foes, once came plump upon a large camp and only escaped by a desperate ride, and all the long dangerous round pursued by the expedition at such cost of strife, never faltering, never thinking of turning back, and finally over-

took them only after they had disbanded and were nearing home. It was a daring ride and their escape from death in a country so beset with savage foes is another of the marvels that so abound in the story of this heroic band.

*BRADLEY MANUSCRIPT—BOOK II

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS AT FORT BENTON

Two men, Nelson Kies and Sam Hooper, killed by Sioux on the Missouri in the fall of 1865—of the two squaws living with them, one was killed, the other escaping.

Dauphin killed by Sioux on the Missouri in the spring of 1865.

Antoine Burdeau of St. Charles, Missouri, killed himself accidentally in the fall of 1865 by drawing a loaded shot gun toward him out of a boat.

Joseph Spearson was wounded at Whoop Up by Indians in the spring of 1872, and died while being brought to Ft. Benton when only 22 miles out. The wound was in the knee. His body was brought in and buried.

A good many killed on both sides in the trouble of 1864-5-6 & 7. Dangerous to go to the Teton.

In 1866 while Capt. Parkinson and wife was at Fort Benton on a visit from Helena, and occupying a tent in the rear of Carroll's store, a ruffian (name unknown) took advantage of the Captain's absence to make insulting advances to his wife. Andrew Harris happened by at the time and made the fellow pay the forfeit of his insolence with his life. Harris was killed by the Assinaboines the same year while on a trip to Milk River.

EFFECTS AT FORT BENTON OF THE GOLD EXCITEMENT IN MONTANA

Very early in the history of Ft. Benton, information of the existence of gold in Montana was communicated there. In 1856 a quantity was accepted by Major Culbertson in exchange for a \$1000.00 worth of goods, which when coined, yielded \$1500.00 in gold and \$25.00 in silver. In 1852 Francois Finlay, better known by his sobriquet of "Benetsee", a native of the Red River of the north, discovered faint

*Sketch of Bradley will be found in Vol. 2, Historical Society Contributions.

traces upon Gold Creek; and other parties still later in 1858, '60 and '61 confirmed the discovery, but it was not till 1862 that regular mining operations were attempted. From this time forward through 1863 and 1864 and '65 the excitement and the rapid development of new mines continued to increase and a steady stream of population poured into the country, till speedily some 20,000 stalwart miners from the east and south and west were gathered in the gulches of the Rocky Mountains north of the Yellowstone, laying bare their golden hoards. It is estimated that the yield of the gulch mines of Montana in 1863-4-5-6-7 & 8 was respectively 8, 16, 18, 17½, 12 and 14½ million dollars, in all about 86 millions in six years.

It was not until 1867 that the Union Pacific Railroad pushed far enough westward to make its influence felt seriously upon Montana and the Missouri river continued until then its main channel of transportation. This immense sum of money found therefore its natural outlet through Fort Benton, sometimes borne upon the persons of the returning miners, again shipped in large quantities as freight. In one instance the sum of \$1,500,000 was thus forwarded from Helena to Benton in one shipment by private conveyance. The carelessness of the successful miner with respect to his easily won wealth has been illustrated in a number of amusing anecdotes till it is familiar to all. Fort Benton was not wanting in exhibitions of this character. It was to be seen trundled along the streets in wheelbarrows. Packages of great value were sometimes dropped carelessly in a corner and left for hours before their trustful owners again laid claim to them. Mr. Baker shows a dent in his office made by a package dropped through the window in this indifferent manner. It was so large that it required several men to handle it—and it remained for two or three days before he learned to whom it belonged. But there were others more careful of the fortunes that had come to them. There were constant applications to owners of safes for permission to make temporary deposits in them. As fast as sacks of dust were drawn out, others were waiting to fill their places and the most capacious safes were taxed to their utmost capacity.

Trade instantly assumed extensive proportions, from four steamboat arrivals in 1862, the number was in 1866 increased to thirty-one laden with emigrants and merchandise, principally for the mines. Through 1867-8-9 the arrivals were even greater, numbering forty-two in the latter year. The levee presented a dense mass of bales, boxes, barrels, etc—not only were the warehouses of the place filled to their fullest capacity, but every available building of every description including sometimes private dwellings, were wrought into requisition. From a record report in 1868 it appears that 4823 tons of freight were discharged here. And there are other years that must be credited with still larger importations. As the mines were distant from Benton—from about 150 to 250 miles—a large wagon transportation was demanded and sprung into existence.

E. G. McClay & Co., Garrison & Wyatt, Baker & Bro., Henry A. Shodde, W. S. Bullard, M. H. Bird, Hugh Kirkendall and scores of smaller freighters covered the roads leading from Benton with their wagons distributing to the mines the freight discharged from the steamboats. Mr. G. A. Baker, who is rather prone to underestimate, thinks that each season saw not less than six hundred wagons gather at Benton. The transportation was usually carried on with oxen, though some mule teams were to be met, and many of the small freighters employed both mules and horses. The bull teams and "bull whackers," the popular name of teamsters with ox trains, will long be among the liveliest memories of Montana. As a rule the wagons were coupled together in twos and threes, thus consolidating teams and reducing the number of teamsters. I have heard it remarked that this method of transportation in "trails" as the attached wagons were called, originated in Montana, but this is undoubtedly an error. Wherever and whenever it originated, it was certainly in use among the Sante Fe caravans long before Montana had need of any system of transportation. The means of transportation were so limited at first compared with its need that freighters could command their own terms and sometimes received as high as ten cents a pound in gold for 140 miles from Benton to Helena. The present rate is about $1\frac{1}{4}$

though sometimes a less figure is accepted. The advance of the railroad west of Salt Lake opened a quicker route and one available at all seasons of the year so that in 1870 there was an immense falling off in the shipments via Fort Benton, eight boats in this year taking the place of the forty-two in the year preceeding. There has since (to 1873) been no greater number in any year except 1872, when there were thirteen. The wagon transportation took the new highway from Helena to Corinne and the roads from Fort Benton no longer present the same scene of summer and fall activity.

The steamboat season over and the freight distributed, the mackinaw season set in. At all seasons of the year, when the river was open, mackinaws were to be found descending it, but it was in September that the great rush commenced. Then as winter approached, the successful miners who had accumulated wealth and the unsuccessful who were discouraged and disheartened, bestirred themselves to escape from the country. Thronging to Fort Benton they rendered the levee the scene of activity. Scores of rough boats sprung into existence and day after day they would push off with a crew of from half a dozen to thirty and forty souls—sometimes singly—sometimes in flotillas and drop down the river to various points from Sioux City to St. Louis. In the neighborhood of 200 boats and 1200 passengers would thus sail from Benton annually. These boats were usually broad flat bottom crafts, with square sterns and roughly built, to be sold as lumber or abandoned at the end of the voyage. They were supplied with oars and sometimes sails, but the rapid current of the river was relied upon for the main progress. One ingenious party attempted to construct a large boat with a stern wheel to be driven by horse power. Unfortunately when the weight of the horse was added to the already overtaxed stern it showed symptoms of breaking square off. The boat sailed nevertheless, but caused its builder infinite trouble and it was finally broken up and made over into a smaller boat of the ordinary design. Under favorable circumstances a hundred miles a day was accomplished in these vessels. Frequent running aground, danger

from the Indians and occasional shipwreck were among the incidents of the voyages and the party was fortunate that got through without any mishaps.

ACCOUNT OF THE DROWNING OF GEN. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER

AUTHORITY: I. G. BAKER, ST. LOUIS

On the 1st day of July, 1867, General Thomas Francis Meagher, then Governor of Montana, arrived at Fort Benton from Helena to receive some arms granted by the general government to the territory, and expected soon to arrive by boat up the Missouri river. He became the guest at dinner of Mr. I. G. Baker, then a resident of the town, and later in the day wrote a letter to his wife in Mr. Baker's office—the last that he ever penned to her. The boat that was to bring the arms not having yet arrived at Benton, and the town offering few attractions to a stranger, the Governor resolved to go down the river to meet her, and for this purpose took passage in the *G. A. Thompson*, then lying at the landing nearly in front of Mr. Baker's store. Meeting some friends on board, the evening was passed in a convivial manner, the governor drinking deeply, and becoming intoxicated, when offended by some meaningless remark he grew angry and excited and charged some of the gentlemen present with desiring to take his life. The party finally broke up and laboring under the effects of the evenings dissipation, the governor retired. About ten o'clock in the evening, Mr. Baker's watchman at the landing discovered a man struggling in the river and shouting for assistance as he was borne rapidly down the stream by the swift current. The watchman ran with the tidings to Mr. Baker who was still employed in his office; and in a moment a number of persons were gathered upon the shore opposite the scene of occurrence. A boat was immediately launched and search instituted and Mr. Baker and others walked for a considerable distance along the shore down stream looking and listening for further traces of the drowning man, but in vain. In the mean-

time the watch in the G. A. Thompson had repeated the alarm on board, and the stateroom of the Governor was found unoccupied. Nowhere to be found and no one else being missing it became evident that the unfortunate wretch struggling in the water was Gen. Meagher. The steamer was lying at the levee only about fifty yards below the G. A. Thompson and it was the general impression that he was almost instantly swept by the current under her bottom and drowned beyond a chance of rescue. Efforts to recover the body were for some time continued but without disclosing a trace of it. The swift current of the Upper Missouri does not surrender its luckless victims. Tiding came the next summer that late in the season a body had been found and buried far down the river, by an ascending steamer, but it is not known whether it was that of Montana's unfortunate Governor.

Such was the miserable fate of this brilliant but dissipated man. Notwithstanding his faults his many good qualities had won him general esteem throughout the territory he governed and his death was universally lamented. His name is preserved in one of the counties of Montana and his sad end forms one of the enduring tragedies of her history. He has been charged by the ungenerous with suicide, but with no ground of probability. His despairing cries for the help that could not be offered, while he was struggling in the water precludes such an assumption for Gen. Meagher was not a man to have been frightened into such demonstrations had he personally courted a waters grave. His stateroom opened upon a narrow strip of deck without guards quite favorable for an accidental fall had he passed out in a fit of sleep walking, or in the state of unsteadiness induced by the evenings dissipation.

Interesting incidents illustrative of his character might be chronicled, but they are scarcely within the scope of this work. But to a single work—that is a part of the History of Fort Benton will place be given. In 1865 in his capacity of territorial superintendent of Indian affairs, he visited Fort Benton to meet the Piegan Indians. While the conference was in progress, a pile of choice buffalo robes was gathered near by, each warrior contributing one, when the head man of

the assembled Piegans announced in a speech to the Governor, that it was their custom when visited by one of their "white fathers" to make them a present of such things as they had in testimony of their good will and esteem, begging his acceptance of the buffalo robes and of a choice horse that had been sent for. Much to the surprise of the old warrior and his companions who had never witnessed such lack of acquisitiveness on the part of their previous "fathers," the governor replied to them in effect as follows: I thank you but cannot accept your presents. I am paid by the government for my services, and have no right to other compensation. You are poor and need your property; keep it for yourselves and for your children, who else may go cold and hungry the coming winter.

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION OBTAINED FROM MAJOR CULBERTSON

AREKORA VILLAGE

Located about 20 miles above mouth of Grand river, ten miles above the mouth of Rampart river on the prairie below Rampart bluff, south bank of the Missouri.

FORT LEAVENWORTH

Established in 1827 by Colonel Leavenworth with a detachment of the 3rd infantry, which came up from Jefferson Barracks. The locality had formerly been known by the name of Little Platte, a stream emptying into the Missouri nearly opposite.

FORT KEARNEY

Built by Major Kearney about the period of the Mexican war, where Kansas City now stands. The present Fort Kearney was built at the close of the Mexican war by volunteers under Colonel Powell.

LIEUTENANT FREMONT

Lieutenant Fremont, assisted by Nicollet, a topographical engineer (civilian) made a survey of the country between the Missouri and Devil's Lake in 1837.

AMERICAN FUR COMPANY

John Jacob Astor, Pierre Chouteau, Jr., Barnard Pratt, Calone, and Berthold, associated themselves as the American Fur Co. in 18..... In 1836 Astor withdrew and the name was changed to Pratt, Chouteau and Co. In 1839 upon the death of Pratt, the company reorganized under the name of Pierre Chouteau Jr. & Co. The firm was Chouteau, Capt. S. A. Lierce, John B. Larpy and Kenneth McKenzie. But not withstanding all these reorganizations and changes of name, it continued to be called popularly the American Fur Company as it had first been named. It continued in existence with some withdrawals until 186...when Mr. Chouteau the last living member of the old association died. The affairs of the company were then settled under the direction of Charles P. Chouteau, son of Pierre and all its interests on the Missouri were transferred to the Northwest Fur Company.

FALLING STARS—ECLIPSE OF SUN

Brilliant display of falling stars and total eclipse of the sun observed at Fort McKenzie in 1833. Both were regarded by the Indians as forerunners of some great catastrophe.

FORT MITCHELL

In 1849 when Fort Laramie was sold to the government, Pierre Papin, who had been in charge went down the Platte and built Fort Mitchell, near Scott's Bluff. It was named in honor of D. D. Mitchell. It was occupied as late as 1851, for Major Culbertson was there then but he does not know how much longer it existed.

FORTUNES ACCUMULATED BY THE PARTNERS IN THE
AMERICAN FUR COMPANY

Tabulated statement of the working partners of the American Fur Company showing the term of partnership and the amount accumulated by each:

McKenzie, 1826-39, \$150,000—Retired.
Ludlow, 1826-35, \$100,000—Retired.

Lamont, 1827-34, \$50,000—Retired.
 Picotte, 1835-48—\$80,000—Retired.
 Jacob Halsey, 1835-38, \$30,000—Killed by fall from horse.
 F. A. Chardon, 1835, \$30,000—Died.
 Pierre Papin, 1835-41 } (Dismissed)
 } \$40,000
 1844-52 (?) } Died at Fort Mitchell.
 David D. Mitchell, 1836-39, \$50,000—Retired.
 James Kipp, 1839-61,—Retired.
 Alexander Culbertson, 1839-61, \$300,000—Retired.
 Denig, 185....?, \$12,000—Retired.
 Dawson, 1858,64, \$22,000—Retired.

When Major Culbertson came among the Blackfeet in 1833 he found that the Piegiens still had a tradition of the killing of one of their number by Capt. Lewis in 1806. The name of the murdered Peigan was O-nie-strucks-lumy (He-that-looks-at-the-calf). According to the Indian account, Capt. Lewis had gone into camp on the Marias unfurling his flag according to custom. In the evening a number of Piegiens came into the camp and were kindly received, but during the night a part of the Indians ran off with some of Capt. Lewis' horses, when the rest were detained by him as hostages. The next morning one of the hostages, watching an opportunity, seized a horse, mounted him and dashed away, when he was fired upon by a soldier and killed.

When Henry's Fort at the forks of the Missouri was abandoned by him an anvil was left behind which was still there when Major Culbertson came to the country. It was too heavy for the Indians to remove and was used by them as a landmark. It finally disappeared, having probably been found and carried away by some party of whites.

In those days the Piegan's had another landmark in that neighborhood. An immense hollow tree, probably a cottonwood, into which they were accustomed to ride on horseback through a large opening in one side. From this circumstance they called the place in Blackfoot A-ta-pi-o, meaning, "where we go in." It has probably long since disappeared, as it was then dead and destitute of branches.

At the big bend of Milk River, at a point called by the whites Medicine Lodge, is a large stone, shaped by nature into a rude similitude of a buffalo, and hence called by the Indians The Stone Buffalo. It is regarded by them as a sacred place, and whither they were wont to repair to make sacrifices of tobacco and other articles.

The place where the present Blackfeet Agency stands was formerly called by the Blackfeet Ni-swi-ti-pe (four-men), the origin of the name according to Piegan tradition is as follows. There were several great boasters a long time ago in the Piegan tribe who were constantly boasting of their prowess and recounting their feats of arms to the great annoyance of the rest of the tribe. At last it was discovered that four Crow warriors were in the vicinity of the camp awaiting a favorable opportunity to steal horses. "Now," said the chief to the boasters, "Now you have a chance to exhibit in the presence of the whole tribe that courage and skill in war to which you are ever laying claim. You must go alone against these four Crow warriors and either conquer them or be conquered yourselves; the rest of us will look on and admire your address and bravery." There was no help for it and so the half dozen braggadocios began with much terpidation to prepare themselves for the combat. The four Crows were surrounded by the whole tribe of Piegans and while the remainder looked on as spectators the boasters made the attack. The tradition has an unsatisfactory ending for it would be pleasant to learn that the brave Crows defended themselves successfully and covered the boasters with disgrace. Instead, however, fortune was unpropitious, and the Crows were all killed by the braggart Piegans, without the loss on their part of a single man.

FORT OWEN

Fort Owen was built as a Catholic Mission, called St. Mary's and sold to Major Owen who renamed it after himself.

In 1833 Sublette and Campbell (Rocky Mountain Fur Company) did their last trading upon the upper Missouri and its tributaries.

ADVENTURE OF THREE WOLFERS

In the month of December, 1875, Jeff Thompson, William Castro and Oren Mason left Bozeman, Montana, in company for the purpose of baiting wolves upon some of the tributaries of the lower Yellowstone. At the point on the Yellowstone known as Baker's Battle Ground, named from the engagement fought there in 1872, they stopped over night at a hunter's cabin, then the lowest white habitation on the river. Mr. Henderson being informed of their design endeavored to dissuade them from it by representing to them the dangers to which they would be exposed from hostile Sioux inasmuch as some of the streams they designed to visit were the winter camping grounds of hundreds of lodges of these blood-thirsty foes of the white man. But the wolfers, either reckless of the perils to which they would be exposed or possessing an inadequate idea of their magnitude, would not relinquish their enterprise, but pushed boldly on; the party being well armed and mounted and accompanied by six pack horses.

Reaching Pryor's river they ascended it for some distance, and then struck across the country to the Big Horn, arriving upon that stream a few miles below the remarkable canyon, through which it is disgorged from the range of mountains bearing the same name; they then followed the stream down to a point six miles below the mouth of its celebrated tributary, the Little Big Horn, where they killed several buffalo and paused to secure and load upon their pack horses a plentiful supply of the meat. Having been disappointed in not finding wolves in sufficient numbers to make a profitable hunt, they concluded to take up their quarters for a time at Ft. F. D. Pease, a trading post recently established on the Yellowstone, a few miles below the mouth of the Big Horn, and having secured as much of the meat as they desired, they rode forward in that direction.

They had proceeded but a short distance, when as they passed over a low prairie ridge, and descended into a small dry basin, of about an acre in extent, they were startled by the sound of bells and horses feet near at hand. Instinctively they felt themselves in the presence of the hostile Sioux, and as if by one impulse, leaped from their horses and threw themselves upon the ground, at the same instant the ridge was crowned with a swarm of mounted Sioux, who poured a hot fire into the basin, while some thirty of their number dashed forward for the purpose of driving off the horses which had been left standing unsecured. The wolfers met the charging party with a volley that brought one Indian to the ground, but the remainder pressed gallantly on, almost over the bodies of the prostrate whites and succeeded in stampeding all of the horses with everything their owners possessed, except their guns, ammunition, belts and the clothing they had on.

While their assailants securely posted behind the ridge could deliver their fire unexposed, the open ground of the basin afforded the wolfers no concealment whatever, and for them to remain in that position long would have been certain death; they therefore commenced a rapid retreat over an unoccupied part of the ridge, and though every step was accompanied with the crack of the Sioux rifle, succeeded in reaching unharmed, a place not far distant, where the action of storms had scooped out a small cavity in the ground deep enough to afford them partial protection when lying down, from the fire of the Sioux. Taking possession of this they alternately kept their enemies at bay with their rifles and deepened the hollow with their butcher knives until at last they had obtained sufficient protection, fortunately without sustaining a single wound, though the bullets had fallen about them like hail. They now continued to fight to better advantage, and for a time all went well, but at length, Mason in endeavoring to get a better aim, incautiously exposed himself too freely and received a bullet in his brain, killing him instantly. Thompson saw him sink down and knowing that he was dead, without a word drew him back out of the view of the savages, that they might not know he had been struck. Castro had his eye upon the Indian who shot Mason,

and at the moment he fired, returned the shot with fatal effect and the soul of the savage took its flight from earth in company with that of the man he had just slain. Castro was lying not far from Mason's side when the latter was killed but so absorbed was he in the defense that for two hours he continued to fight in ignorance of Mason's death. Thompson meanwhile thought it better to say nothing about it and worked quietly, in the lulls of the attack, deepening the cavity in which he lay, and when night fell it became Mason's grave.

Their assailants were about twenty-five in number, but notwithstanding such great odds they made successful resistance until it was dark enough to conceal their movements, when they buried Mason and cautiously withdrew, having in return for what they had themselves suffered, inflicted upon the Sioux a loss of one wounded and two killed. They travelled all night, hoping to reach Fort Pease the next day, but upon approaching the Yellowstone, they discovered that the Sioux had gained the valley before them and were directly in their path; they therefore made a wide detour, striking the Yellowstone higher up and for two days and nights, pushed on up this river without food. Upon the third day they fortunately reached a trapper's camp, where they were enabled to appease their ravenous appetites upon wheat bread. The same band of Indians had robbed this camp but a few days before during the temporary absence of its occupants, carrying off all their supplies except a quantity of flour which had been hidden in a different place. So desperate are the chances that have ever been taken by the bold men of the border for the sake of a few skins.

DESCRIPTION OF THE KEEL BOATS AND MACKINAW BOATS USED IN EARLY DAYS ON THE UPPER MISSOURI

The Keel-boat was a well built boat, generally from seventy-five to a hundred feet long and of from twenty-five to thirty tons burden, similar in appearance to the canal boat of the present day. Between the gunwales there was about five feet of clear deck at each end of the boat and a strip about eighteen inches wide on each side of the boat extending from stern to stern. The remainder of the space being occupied by the cargo box, whose walls slanting a little inward, rose some few feet above the deck and were surmounted by a slightly rounded roof. This cargo box furnished storage room for the cargo, and usually contained an apartment or two for the convenience of the crew. About one-third of the length of the boat from the bow was a mast rigged with a square sail, forward of which was the cook's camboose (caboose). A little in the rear of the mast was a pair of heavy sweeps, one on each side of the boat and at the forward part of the cargo box were places for six oars, three on each side, the seats of the rowers being in the interior of the box.

A crew usually consisted of twenty men, some fifteen of whom were employed to row the boat. When the wind was fair, the sail was alone employed, and at other times the boat was towed by men on shore by means of a line running through a pulley attached to the top of the lower mast and made fast on deck so that it could be laid out or drawn in at pleasure. From fifteen to thirty miles a day could be accomplished by this process, called cordeling. When the character of the shore did not admit of cordeling, the boat was propelled by poles, the pole being set upon the river bottom, the upper end resting against the shoulder of its bearer, who would then traverse the passage outside of the cargo box from the bow to the stern, returning to repeat the process. The oars were used generally in descending with the current, and both oars and sweeps in crossing the stream as occasion demanded.

Sometimes when the bank was sufficiently clear of obstruction, horses or mules were employed to tow the boat, but in ascending the river, cordeling by the crew was the principal means of progress. About six months were required to ascend the river from St. Louis to Fort Union and about forty days from that point to Fort McKenzie and Fort Benton. In descending the river the oars alone were employed, the boat drifting with the current. With good water, ten days was sufficient to accomplish the descent from Fort Benton to Fort Union and about forty from there to St. Louis.

The mackinaws were a roughly built, flat-bottomed boat, usually intended to carry three hundred packs of robes, requiring a length of fifty feet and nine feet wide of bottom and twelve of beam, rigged with four oars. Some times this size was exceeded even going beyond one hundred feet in length. The mackinaw was intended for a down trip, but sometimes though, and with great difficulty, they were used to ascend the river. These boats took their names from the circumstances of their having been first employed in a fur trade centering at Mackinaw; had round bottoms and keels and were provided with masts and sails.

A VENTURESOME STEAMBOAT

AUTHORITY: I. G. BAKER, ST. LOUIS

In the latter part of July, 1868, while the steamer Tom Stevens was lying at the landing at Fort Benton, Capt. Burk, its chief officer, ambitious of the distinction of navigating the Missouri to a higher point than any predecessor, made up a pleasure party and headed his vessel for the great falls. The necessity of great caution and the determined resistance of the rapid current fresh from its plunge over series of declivities and precipices, aggregating more than 350 feet in sixteen miles, made the voyage a very slow one, and it was not until ten o'clock the following morning that the portage, a point probably six miles below the main cataract and some fifty from Benton was attained. Above, the river is a succession of abrupt descents where the water is dashed into foam by its rude contact with the

black rocks protruding here and there above it; forming an effectual barrier to the further progress of a vessel. The Tom Stevens was consequently moored at the portage, while the party disembarked and proceeded by land to the main falls whose roar was plainly heard at that distance with the favorable wind then blowing. All returned to pass the night on board the steamer which the next morning dropped down the river, making a speedy and safe return to Fort Benton.

No such trip has since been attempted and the Tom Stevens enjoys the distinction of having navigated the Missouri to a point fifty miles nearer its source than any other steamboat, and of being the only one that has ever penetrated within hearing of the roar of the Great Falls.

CAPTURE OF TWO MACKINAWS BY INDIANS ON THE MISSOURI RIVER AND THE MASSACRE OF THEIR CREWS

(COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

In the fall of 1863 a party of twenty-two miners, one of whom was accompanied by his wife and two infant children, left Fort Benton in a Mackinaw for the East. The party had been unusually successful in their mining operations and were in possession of nearly or quite half a million dollars in gold dust, and the thought of a speedy return to their eastern homes with such a sumptuous provision for the future, where ease and plenty were to succeed the trials and privations of the miners life, impressed every bosom with a pleasure that converted the long tedious descent of the Missouri into a prolonged holiday excursion.

For the better protection of themselves and their treasure, the party, in addition to the customary small arms, had provided themselves with a small cannon which was mounted in the bow of the boat, and thus prepared, they felt able to resist any attack that might be made by the hostile Sioux, then infesting the lower part of the river.

When the boat reached the mouth of Milk River where the steamer "Alone" was lying, the party was joined by two men more who had been in the employ of the American

Fur Company and requested their discharge to enable them to accompany the party, which was now swelled to twenty-four men, besides the woman and two children. When ready to proceed they cut off from shore with shouts and cheers and swept merrily on past the spectators, who from the steamer and on shore shouted and bid them adieu.

From this point the voyage was pursued without any incident until the party reached the vicinity of the place where Bismark now stands. Here they were hailed by an Indian from the shore, to whose demonstration, whether peaceable or warlike, they replied by a shot that brought him to the earth. He was one of a party of several hundred Sioux warriors who were then camped near at hand and in a moment the shore was alive with infuriated savages. A hundred rifles poured their fire into the crowded boats, the savages deploying along the shore, and with the advantage of cover, room for action, and overwhelming numbers, decided the victory from the outset. But the crew fought with resolution, repelling several attempts of the Indians to board their boats by swimming from the shore. Just below the point of attack the river was divided by an island with a sand bar at the upper end, which renders the water shallow for a considerable distance from the land. In the effort to steer as far as possible from the shore occupied by the Indians, the boat was brought near the island and into the shoal water at its upper point. There it soon grounded and resisted all efforts of the crew to disengage it from the bar. The Indians quickly discovered their advantage and threw a large party into the island, while still others approached the boat through the water. Thus surrounded in a stranded boat the ill fated crew could make but a feeble resistance; one by one they fell by the incessant volleys, until at last the Indians emboldened by their reduced numbers, swarmed down upon them in a final charge and completed the conquest. It is uncertain whether any of the male defenders of the boat were taken alive, but at all events none were spared to tell the story of the disaster. The hopeless wife and mother however, with her two children, lived through the dreadful conflict to fall into the hands of the

Indians and die a death of torture. They were subsequently found, each impeled under the chin upon the sharpened point of the limb of a tree, the mother between the children, and were probably thus suspended while alive to die in terrible agony.

Some of the gold dust was carried off by the Indians, but the most of it was scattered about upon the sand of the river bank. Parties of white men learning of this subsequently, resorted to the locality and washing the sand, recovered a large part of the lost treasure, while that carried off by the Indians, was subsequently bartered at the trading posts along the river.

Another party of returning miners, six in number, with considerable quantity of treasure were subsequently cut off in the same neighborhood, but no particulars of the affair have been obtainable.

ACCOUNT OF ATTEMPTED SETTLEMENT AT THE MOUTH OF THE MARIAS.

AUTHORITY: I. G. BAKER

On the 14th day of July, 1864, the stern-wheel steamer Cutler, Capt. Jim Moore, arrived at the mouth of the Marias river en route to Fort Benton with emigrants from Minnesota. Unable to proceed farther in consequence of the disabling of her machinery, her passengers disembarked there and proceeding overland to Fort Benton, dispersed to the mines, while the boat as unable to return as to advance was laid up for the winter. While lying there in this enforced idleness, the idea occurred to Capt. Moore of founding a settlement at the mouth of the Marias in rivalry to Fort Benton, from which it is distant only about 12 miles by land nor more than thirty by river. Accordingly he proceeded to Virginia City, then the great mining center of Montana, and by his glowing representation of the advantages of the locality, induced about twenty persons to accompany him to the proposed sight of the new village, which was called Ophir. Encouraged by this success, he had no doubt but that in course of time, the new town would divert to itself all the commerce that had formerly gone to Fort Benton, as the

established post of the upper Missouri, and when he reflected upon the commercial capabilities of the river and the growing trade of speedily developing Montana, he indulged himself in lively anticipations of a flourishing career for this offspring of his enterprise.

The season was too far advanced to admit of much building then, but a double log cabin, enough to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, was erected, in which the settlers passed the ensuing winter. The month of May, 1865, found them however, actively engaged in cutting timber for new buildings and collecting it upon their proposed site. About this time an event occurred at Fort Benton which, had the inhabitants of that place, animated by jealousy of their new rival and a desire for its destruction, brought to pass, with a view to its destruction, could not have operated more directly to that end. A Blood Indian was murdered there, about the 23rd of May by Bastrich and Joseph Spearson, a Canadian, and his body thrown into the river.

This deed incited his tribe to a desire for revenge, and a war party, led by Calf-shirt, a noted Blood partisan, proceeded immediately to the neighborhood of the new village as the most assailable point, to avenge themselves upon the first unhappy white man who should come within their power.

Lying in concealment in the timber, in the Marias valley, the coveted opportunity was only too speedily presented. A party of ten white men and one negro, unsuspecting danger, on the 25th of May, a few days after the murder at Fort Benton, above narrated, proceeded up the valley as usual to prepare timber. Scarcely had they arrived at their destination when the Indians from their ambuscade fell upon them; taken by surprise and overpowered, soon not one was left alive to tell the story. Their comrades in the village alarmed by the firing came to their aid, but when they arrived the massacre was complete, the Indians gone, and ten bloody corpses—all that was left to be recovered.

This was a death blow to the settlement. The Cutler was still there at the time of the massacre, but completing the repairs of her machinery, a few days after sailing down the

river. Burying the remains of the slaughtered victims, in one year the survivors abandoned the place almost simultaneously with the departure of the boat and the valley of the Marias was left to its original wildness.

When the news of this catastrophe reached Helena, a volunteer company of some fifty men was at once organized with the avowed purpose of punishing the murderers. It was not however, made up of the material that achieves great things. Proceeding to Fort Benton, it encamped in the vicinity, its members conducting themselves with great arrogance, demanding provisions and other supplies, and spending the time in idleness and debauch. It never marched further, and finally the trubulent crowd that composed it began to break up and at last to the great joy of the citizens who had suffered from its forced contributions, wholly dispersed.

Captain Moore had agreed that his passengers should be landed at Fort Benton at a given date, but the voyage had not been a prosperous one and he failed in his promise. His passengers had grown very restive under the delay and many of them being of a rowdyish temperament, were very abusive in their demeanor on the boat and when the boat landed, proceeded to strip the cabins of its furniture, which with everything else movable, they designed seizing and carrying off. Some of the turbulent crowd even wished to destroy the boat, but to this the majority were disinclined, being satisfied with plundering it. It happened that J. M. Arnold was there with some eighteen stalwart and dare-devil teamsters of Grant's Freighting Train, and seeing the work of despoilation going on, offered his services to Captain Moore, to protect the boat, which was gladly accepted. A word to Tom Riley, a gigantic man, feared by all his associates, was sufficient. Buckling on a pair of revolvers, he led a party to the boat and took possession of the gang way of the boat. A little Irishman who was complacently lugging off a large rocking chair was first of the turbulent passengers to present himself. "What are you going to do with that chair," thundered Riley, towering threateningly over the diminutive representative of the Emerald Isle. "Faith, it is myself that

is going to sit in it," stammered the little man. "Carry it back instantly," was Riley's next remark. The little man obeyed and as he would have left the boat Riley seized him by the coat collar and trouser seat and with scarcely an effort hurled him the full length of the gang plank from the boat to the shore. The crowd of plunderers, some forty in number, witnessed this scene and seeing the set of men they had to deal with, made no further attempt upon the boat. Riley's next move was to compel them to return all of their stolen goods, which they did without hesitation. Captain Moore after this had no further trouble with his disagreeable passengers who soon after dispersed to the mines.

WAR WITH THE BLACKFEET BANDS

In the year 1863, the Blackfeet bands began to be troublesome—confining themselves for the time, however, to the driving off of horses from settlements and trains. Unless they had become alarmed at the rapid influx of whites, consequent upon the discovery of gold, there seems no particular assignable cause for their hostilities, but as no murders were committed for a time, their depredations may not have been so much the result of hostility as a desire to secure a valuable consideration from the whites, by first driving off their stock and then allowing it to be ransomed.

The Fur Company had been compelled in some instances to adopt a policy of concession in somewhat similar cases; at all events the conciliatory attitude, necessarily maintained toward the Indians, by the company, had placed far from their thought all idea of any energetic retaliation upon the part of the whites for wrongs perpetrated upon them.

But whatever reasons influenced the Indians, they rapidly passed from horse stealing to open hostilities, in which Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegans, were alike implicated. Retaliation followed upon the part of the whites, and at last murders became frequent upon both sides. No general war seems to have waged however, for notwithstanding the state of affairs, Indians belonging to the hostile bands, visited the town of Fort Benton for trading purposes and

departed unmolested, while the whites seem often to have visited the Indian camps with equal impunity. This state of semi-war lasted for several years, beginning in 1863 and not terminating until the severe chastisement of the Piegangs by Colonel Baker in January, 1870*.

In the winter of 1864-5 the Piegangs attacked and burned agency buildings at Sun River crossing, completely breaking up the agency, and compelling the abandonment of the locality; the agent taking up his residence at Fort Benton. Soon afterward a party of twelve men, including John Morgan, John Neubert, and Joseph Spearson, left Fort Benton for an Indian hunt, capturing three Piegangs, about a mile and a half from Sun River crossing, whom they executed by hanging them to trees.

During the same winter (1864-5) the Piegangs committed a murder which caused much excitement in Fort Benton and greatly added to the bitterness of feeling already entertained by the whites. A German clerk, named Hunicke in the employ of Carroll and Steele, an estimable young man, accompanied by a Frenchman, called by the nickname of Petit Cris (Little Grey), or its corruption of Logris, left Fort Benton for the Gros Ventre camp on Milk river to recover some stolen horses. Their errand was successful and setting out upon their return with the horses in charge, they camped one night in the Bear Paw Mountains. Here they were surprised by a war party of Piegangs and captured. Having been stripped naked, they were driven in this condition through an intense cold, urged on with blows by their inhuman tormentors, until overcome with cold and fatigue they gave out after several miles of travel, when they were put to death, their captors escaping with their horses. Time passed and no tidings of them were received at Fort Benton. At last becoming alarmed at their prolonged absence, Carroll and Steele dispatched messenger after messenger in quest of them, but without learning anything farther than that they had arrived safely and had departed from the Gros Ventres. But notwithstanding the unvary-

*NOTE Father Inoda says that this happened in 1866, February, or March.

ing peaceful attitude of the Gros Ventres they were not wanting those among the whites who believed them at least cognizant of the fate of the missing men. To dispose this suspicion the Gros Ventres engaged actively in the search for them, finding the bodies late in the winter and thus unveiling the mystery of their disappearance.

In addition to the foregoing massacre the Blood Indians killed Charles Carson on the Dearborn river in the winter of 1865 and 6, and Charles Carofel, an old trapper and hunter, who had passed nearly forty years in the wilds of the west, at Pablo's Island in the fall of 1866, while he was engaged in burning lime.

In the spring of 1868, Clark, a herder of the Diamond R freighting company was found by his companion killed in his cabin at Sun River, about six miles below Sun River Crossing. An alarm was immediately raised and some twelve men speedily assembled to pursue the murderers who were evidently Piegans. A party of two warriors, and two squaws, being then in the neighborhood, one of the warriors called the Lone Writer and the two squaws eluded the vigilance of the pursuers, but the other warrior was compelled to seek refuge in a cabin about three miles below Sun River Crossing. In the meantime, Captain Nathaniel Pope, Special Agent of the Blackfeet, and Deputy United States Marshall Hard, hearing of the murders at Fort Shaw, rode down to investigate the matter and found a party of pursuers surrounding the cabin, awaiting further assistance before attempting a capture. Pope and Hard approached the door of the cabin without hesitation, when the Indian threw it open and surrendered his pistol, his only weapon to the latter.

The majority of the whites insisted upon the immediate execution of the Indian, but through the exertions of Pope and Hard, his fate was postponed, though it is doubtful whether such a reprieve would have been permitted had he not promised to lead the party to the place of concealment of his companion, who he said was the murderer of Clark.

The party then proceeded to the locality indicated by their guide who was permitted to make signals from a knoll to secure a response from his comrades, but in vain.

The guide then indicated a ravine he desired searched, and the party proceeded to examine it, beginning at its lower extremity, while Mr. Hard rode by a short cut to its head with a view of cutting off the retreat of the Lone Writer should he be concealed within it. Discovering a dark object, as he advanced, he made a detour that enabled him to approach within fifty yards without discovery. Then springing from his horse and advancing to the edge of the ravine, he found Lone Writer and the two squaws lying there in fancied security, evidently awaiting the coming of their missing companion.

Presenting his gun, Mr. Hard compelled the party to surrender, and disarm. At this moment the pursuing party appeared in sight below when one of them recklessly fired, nearly killing Mr. Hard, who believed such to have been the fellows intention, though the latter stoutly denied it. The efficient service rendered by Mr. Hard in arresting and prosecuting offenders against the Indian inter-course laws, had procured him the hearty enmity of the miserable class engaged in the nefarious traffic, and it is not unlikely that in this instance, the attempt was made to put into execution the oft repeated threats against his life.

Through the efforts of Pope and Hard an investigation was accorded by the party before putting the Indians to death, when it became evident from the testimony of the squaws, that Lone Writer was alone responsible for the murder of Clark, the remainder of the party having abstained from all participation. The investigation had taken place at Largents store at Sun River Crossing and at its conclusion a sentence of immediate death was imposed by the party upon the culprit. Securing him with a rope they proceeded to a convenient tree, but before reaching it Lone Writer, who if a murderer, was also a brave warrior, by a desperate effort, loosed his bonds, sounded the war-whoop, siezed a stick, and delivering rapid blows right and left among his captors, nearly succeeded in effecting his escape, but he was at length overpowered and hung. Several of the party, favored the immediate execution of the other Indian also, but through the efforts of Capt. Pope, he was confined in

a blacksmith's shop adjacent to the store to await further evidence. This was however, but a pretended concession to his entreaties, for the following night the Indian was taken out and shot by parties unknown. His body being found the next morning, riddled with balls. The squaws were given their liberty.

RIVALS OF THE AMERICAN FUR COMPANY ON THE MISSOURI

In the winter of 1820-21, Kenneth McKenzie, William Ludlow, Duncan LaMont, Hourie Picotte, and James Kipp, young Scotchmen, former employees of the Hudson Bay Company, left Fort Gary and crossed the country with dog sleds to Prairie du Chein. McKenzie, Ludlow and LaMont associated themselves under the style of the Columbian Fur Company and McKenzie, visiting New York, succeeded in procuring a quantity of goods upon credit, with which they inaugurated a rivalry to the posts of the American Fur Company, upon the Minnesota river. Finally, about 1823, James Kipp, crossed from its source to the Missouri at the Mandan village, transporting goods in small wagons drawn by dogs, with which he opened a trade with the Mandans, in their lodges. Though not doing a very lucrative business, they so interfered with the business of the American Fur Company, that this company found it to its interest to buy them out, which was affected in 1826. The partners and employees of the Columbian passing into the service of the American Fur Company.

In 1822 Fontenelle, Andrew Dripps, afterward proprietor of the Reveille newspaper, published in St. Louis during the Mexican war, Charles Bent, afterwards Governor of New Mexico, where he was assassinated, and Pilcher, afterwards superintendent of Indian affairs, built Cedar Fort on the south bank of the Missouri, near Cedar Island, not far from where Fort Lookout was subsequently built. It was abandoned about 1828.

In 1833 LaClair built a trading post just above the mouth of Leauquri (?) Coeur river to trade with the Punkaw Indians. It was abandoned about four years afterwards.

In 1833 William Sublette and Robert Campbell ascended the river from St. Louis with keel boats and established a post just below the mouth of the Yellowstone which they called Fort Campbell. It was purchased the following year by the American Fur Co. The encroaching waters of the Missouri have entirely washed away the sight of this post.

In 1841 Fox Livingston & Co. of New York established a post upon the sight of Fort Campbell, but two years later were bought out by the American Fur Company.

SEQUEL TO FATHER DE SMET'S STORY

A short time ago Thurlow Weed in relating an interview between himself and the late Father De Smet told an audience in New York, for whom, if I remember rightly, he was lecturing, "that the Reverend Father had assured him of having seen gold (when) with the Indians and which was found by them around the Black Hills." This I happened to see reported in the New York Herald, which I was in the act of reading in Nick Janise's ranch. This Janise travelled with Father De Smet as an interpreter for a long time and before the Reverend Father could master the Indian dialect. Knowing of Janise's relation to Father De Smet, I asked him if he knew anything about it and he gave me the following: "Yes," said he, "I remember well when the Indians brought the gold to Father De Smet, who told them it was of great value." The gold was coarse looking and in buckskin bags. They said when questioned that they found it 'away in the mountains, about the head of Powder river. Years after some of these Indians told me, when having referred to the subject, that they did not find the gold as they told the Black-gowned, but found it on men they had murdered, whom they had met on the Mis-

souri coming down from Montana. "Then" said Janise "I remembered the buck-skin bags which escaped both Father De Smet's observation and mine when the gold was shown to us." This sequel to the first story of the good missionary was never heard. Janise is a man now entering his thirtieth year in this part of the country and has been employed in the capacity of guide and interpreter to every survey or exploring party sent here by the Government.

(Extract from a letter by John Maguire published in the Daily Territorial Enterprise, Virginia, Nevada, June 22, 1875.)

STATE OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UPPER MISSOURI ABOUT THE YEAR 1835

The following facts relative to the Indian tribes of the upper Missouri were obtained from Major Alexander Culbertson and relate to their condition at the period of his earlier acquaintance with them.

Gros Ventres	500 lodges
Blackfeet	500 lodges
Piegans	550 lodges
Bloods	500 lodges
Upper Assinaboines	500 lodges
Mountain Crows	480 lodges
River Crows	240 lodges
Lower Assinaboines	500 lodges

The Gros Ventres ranged the country south of the Missouri to Arrow river in the summer, and generally wintered on the Lower Teton and the Marias river. They made occasional visits south to the Arropahoes, whose language they speak and from whom they are probably descended.

The Piegans usually summered about Three Forks of the Missouri and occasionally wintered there, but their usual wintering place was Sun river. They ranged over the intervening country, Prickly Pear Valley being a frequent resort.

The Bloods and Blackfeet usually wintered near each other, on Belly River, and summered on the Sackatchewan, ranging over the intervening country. The same region

was also the abiding place of a small tribe of fifty lodges called the Surcies (?) associated with the Blackfeet, whose language they could speak but who are an entirely distinct people. With their language so difficult that there is no known instance of its acquisition by white man. They were the remnant of a once numerous tribe which had been nearly cut off by the Crees and Northern Assinaboines. They were accustomed to resort to Fort Benton and trade.

The favorite range of the upper Assinaboines was north of the Missouri from the Poplar creek to the Big Muddy, extending occasionally to Woody mountain, and Moose (?) Milk and Porcupine rivers.

The Lower Assinaboines occupied the country extending from the Great Bend to White river and Fort Union, including Knife river. The neighborhood of White river was their favorite locality.

The Crows claimed and occupied an extensive region south of the Missouri, comprehending the Yellowstone, Powder, Big Horn, Tongue and Rosebud rivers. They traded at Fort Benton. In those days they were little troubled by the Sioux but the Blackfeet were their unrelenting, ever acting enemies and to avoid them the Crow village kept south of the Arrow river. The war parties of the Blackfeet were incessantly skulking through the Crow territory and many of them were cut off. The Crows less frequently carried the war into their enemies country and were more generally successful.

At this time the Gros Ventres were associated with the Blackfeet tribes and were on particularly friendly terms with the Piegans. All of the Blackfeet confederation were at war with the Crows and Assinaboines who were likewise at war with each other. Between the several tribes of Blackfeet no serious trouble existed in the range of their traditions.

INDIAN AGENTS ON THE UPPER MISSOURI

INFORMATION OBTAINED FROM MAJOR ALEXANDER CULBERTSON

Period	Name of Agent	Residence	For What Tribes
1833-6	John Dougherty.....	Bellevue.....	Pawnees, Ottoes, Omahas
1833-6	John Bean.....	Fort Lookout.....	Sioux
1833-6	John Sanford.....	Fort Union.....	Upper and Lower Assinaboines
1836 Wilkinson.....	Fort Union.....	Upper Missouri Indians
1836	Varnum Hamilton.....	Bellevue.....	Pawnees, Ottoes, Omahas
1839	Major Barry.....	Bellevue.....	Pawnees, Ottoes, Omahas
1844-7 Hatton.....
1844-7 Metlock.....	Ft. Pierre.....	Sioux
1844-7 Andrew Dripps.....	Fort Laramie.....
1852-4	A. J. Vaughan.....	Ft. Pierre.....	Assinaboines, Crows, Lower Gros Ventre
1852 Redfield.....	Yankton Sioux
1852	Alex. Culbertson.....	Blackfeet (1 bands)
1853-4 Hatch.....	Blackfeet (1 bands)
1855-61	A. J. Vaughan.....	Blackfeet (4 bands)
1856-61 Redfield.....	Sioux, Assinaboines, Crows and Gros Ventre
1861 Burleigh.....	Sioux, Lower Gros Ventre
1861 Upsom.....	Blackfeet (4 bands)
1861 Latty (Latly).....	Assinaboines, Crows
..... Wright.....	Blackfeet bands
1861-? Reed.....	Fort Browning.....	Assinaboines, Gros Ventres
..... Clark.....	Fort Browning.....	Assinaboines, Gros Ventres
..... Simmons.....	Fort Browning.....	Assinaboines, Gros Ventres
..... Buck.....	Fort Belknap.....	Upper Assinaboines, Gros Ventres

In 1839 the Pottawattamies were brought to Council Bluffs, and were permitted to range as far as the mouth of the Little Sioux, but subsequently the tribe was moved to the Indian Territory. From 1839 Barry and Hamilton were associated in the Pawnee, Ottoe, and Omaha agency.

No agent from 1847-1852, in consequence of a rupture with the Yankton Sioux.

The Blackfoot Agency on Sun River at or near the present crossing was built in 1854 by Colonel Vaughan under the treaty stipulations of Governor Stephens. Several dwellings were constructed for the Indians and a considerable farm was fenced and improved. Little Dog, a Piegan chief, afterwards killed by his own people, occupied one of the dwellings and farmed some, as did a few other Indians, but they attempted to raise no stock except horses. Viale, the agency farmer, brought his wife and her sister to the agency in 1862, where they remained two years. The sister marrying the notorious robber chief, Plummer, who worked for some time at the farm. This agency was turned out by the Piegans in the winter of 1864-5, when the agent removed to Fort Benton. The present Blackfeet agency on the Teton river was built in 1869. Fort Browning Indian agency was built by Major Reed in 1869, for the Gros Ventres and Assinaboines. It continued to be occupied until June,

1873, when it was abandoned. The Lower Assinaboines were transferred to Fort Peck. The Upper Assinaboines and Gros Ventres having previously been assigned to

Fort Belknap on Milk river, was a trading post of Durfee and Peck which was occupied as an Indian agency in 1871, being a dependency on Fort Browning, till the abandonment of the latter, when it became an independent agency.

STATEMENT OF PELTRIES ACCUMULATED AT FORT BENTON

Beavers were put up in packs of 100 lbs. each, buffalo in packs of ten robes each.

Year	Pack Buffalo Robes	Pack Bear Skins	Wolf Skins	Other Furs
1831
1832
1833
1834	200	20	1000
1835	300	12	1200
1836	800	8	1000 or 1200
1837	700	2	1000
1838	1000	7	1000
1839	1000	3	1000
1840	2000	small quan.	some	some fox
1841	2100	4
1842	War with Blackfeet—no trade.
1843	War with Blackfeet—no trade.
1844	1100	some
1845	1200	4	some	some fox
1846	1200	4	some
1847	2000
1848	1800	few	few	few
1849	2000
1850	1500
1851	2000
1852	1800
1853	1800 or 2000
1854	1800
1855	1800
1856	1800
1857	2300
1858	1800 to 2000
1859	1800
1860	1800
1861	1800

EDWARD ROSE

THE FIRST WHITE RENEGADE TO THE CROWS

Upon the dispersion of the hoardes of free-booters, who about the beginning of the present century infested the shores of the Ohio and Mississippi, plundering the boats of the traders and emigrant and waylaying and robbing,

often murdering, the unfortunate trader by land, the subject of this sketch, who appears to have belonged to the notorious Mason's band, fled the country in consequence of his crimes, and burying himself in the remote wilderness took up his residence among the Crow Indians. Rose had been described as "a dogged, sullen silent fellow with a sinister aspect, and more of the savage than civilized man in his appearance," but he was withall a man of dauntless courage with a powerful frame, well suited to a life of hardihood and adventure.

Taking an Indian wife soon after his arrival among the Crows, he resolved to spend his life among the savages and therefore congenial associates, and by a course of daring deeds and desperate exploits won their respect and advanced his standing among them. The chronic hostility existing between the Crows and the surrounding tribes and particular the war-like and powerful Blackfeet, accorded to him a fine opportunity for a career of arms, and by frequent participation in their forays and conflicts he soon arrived at a high degree of consideration among his savage brethern.

After a few years of such life he found his way back to the state of Missouri, probably in the company of the Crows, who being an off-shoot of the Minnetarries, at that period made frequent visits of business and friendship and kindred upon the Missouri. He fell in with the party of Mr. Hunt, then on his way to Astoria, and this gentleman, ignorant of his free-booting history, considered himself fortunate in securing the services, as a hunter and as guide, and interpreter when they should reach the country of the Crows. But in making this engagement Rose had consulted his own interests entirely and resolved in his mind a scheme of his accustomed villany. Ere he had been long in Mr. Hunt's employ, he began to tamper with the faith of his men, with a view of persuading a number of them into the plan of stealing several horses and a quantity of goods and making off with them as soon as they should reach the Crow country. The Crows, he said, would receive them kindly and as the horses and goods would enrich them for life, they would enjoy great distinction in the tribe and would

be able to procure the choicest and fairest young women for wives. Mr. Hunt was secretly informed of this attempt, and without betraying any knowledge or suspicion of the meditated treachery, he caused a careful watch to be kept upon Rose's movements. He experienced considerable uneasiness, however, for he knew that a degree of dissatisfaction existed among the men engendered by the hardships already experienced and the dread of others to come, and he therefore deemed it prudent to win Rose from his schemes by making it profitable to him to remain honest. When, therefore, they neared the Crow country, he sent for Rose and told him that he had learned he had married among the Crows, it had occurred to him that he might like to be relieved from his obligations to the country to enable him to rejoin his family. Should such be the case, he was at liberty to depart, when he wished, and in consideration of his past services he should be paid half a year's advance wages and furnished with a horse, three beaver traps and some other articles of convenience in his chosen life. This liberal offer at once wrought a change in Rose's whole deportment. He became cheerful and companionable, whereas before he had been sullen and disagreeable, and he ceased to persuade his comrades to embezzlement and desertion.

Mr. Hunt kept his promise and Rose joined the band of the Crows, encountered at the foot of the Big Horn mountains. Happy at being once more amidst such congenial surroundings, Rose renewed his efforts to arrive at distinction and command. He was engaged in repeated conflicts with the Blackfeet, and never failed to increase his reputation for valor. Upon one occasion, a band of Blackfeet had fortified themselves so strongly that the Crows were unable to dislodge them. Rose proposed to carry the works by assault, but the Crows shrank from a measure so foreign to their timid tactics. Rose urged and encouraged them and they agreed to follow him. Leaping within the enclosure, he shot down a Blackfoot, who confronted him, and dropping his gun he seized the war club of his victim. He was well supported by his savage followers and fighting within the walls like a tiger, he killed four more of the enemy.

Such prowess astonished the Crows and his reputation was made. When the victory was won they conferred upon him the name of Che-ku-kaats or "The man that killed five." He became a chief and was highly esteemed by the tribe. But some of the ambitious young braves regarded him with jealousy and ill will. They could not bear to see an alien and particularly a white man surpass them in glory. Dissentions broke out, a party seceded from his command and Rose finding his popularity waning, left them in 1823, and returned to the Missouri.

Here he met an advance trapping party dispatched by General Ashley of St. Louis, headed for the mountains, under the command of Smith, Fitzpatrick, and Sublette. Rose took service with them as guide and interpreter and was presently once more among his Crow acquaintances. To revive his popularity he made lavish presents to the Crows from the goods of the traders, and having thus prepared the way, once more took up his residence among them. Two years later, in 1875, he accompanied the Crows upon the occasion of their customary visits to the Minnetarries. At Fort Clark they met the military expedition under General Adkinson, and a conference ensued in the course of which a misunderstanding occurred that threatened to precipitate a conflict between the troops and the Crows. For once however, Rose did good service, in the cause of his race and of humanity, and it was largely due to his influence among the Crows, that their fury was calmed and a fight averted. Upon the authority of an Indian trader whose name is not mentioned, Irving credits him with having "broken the stock of his gun over the head of a Crow warrior, and laid so vigorously about him with the barrel that he put the whole throng to flight." And thus terminated the disorder.

This story however has an air of great improbability, and upon the authority of two Indian traders of that day, the writer of this sketch is disposed to reject it entirely.

In spite of the base character of the man, Rose's elevation among the Crows was not without its beneficial effects. He not only rendered them more formidable to the Blackfeet, but it was his influence that first disposed them to cultivate the friendship of the whites.

In the beginning of their intercourse, they had not done this; on the contrary they had been insolent, overbearing, treacherous and when it was safe to do so, openly hostile. Indeed, at one time they were almost as much dreaded as the Blackfeet.

Irving in *Bonneville's Adventures*, speaks of Rose's fate as uncertain, but it has since transpired he was still among the Crows when the American Fur Company extended its operations to the Yellowstone river, and his influence with the tribe induced the company to receive him into its employ. While stationed at Fort Cass near the mouth of the Big Horn river, he with two companions was surrounded at some distance from the fort by a war party of Arickaris. They resisted heroically and for some time kept their assailants at bay. The Indians then fired the grass and charged them under cover of the smoke. A party from the fort was hastening to their rescue when they were startled by a loud explosion. Arriving at the scene of conflict they found the remains of the three white men and several Indians horribly powder burned and disfigured, evidently the result of the explosion. The trappers had with them a large quantity of powder and it was the current belief that when charged by their foes, feeling resistance to be in vain they had purposely ignited the powder and thus involved themselves and several of their foes in common destruction.

It is related that the grief of the Crows at Rose's death was intense; many deformed themselves by chopping off a finger to cast into his grave, others plucked from their heads hands full of hair for a like purpose; the offerings of trinkets customary upon such occasions was unusually large.

The Crows remembered the policy of friendship to the whites he had sought to inculcate and to a degree put into practice. A marked change in their demeanor was the consequence and the perils and outrages experienced at their hands by the earlier trappers have had comparatively few modern parallels. Beckworth speaks of Rose in terms of great respect. He enjoys the consideration and confidence

of the American Fur Company, and it would seem that in his later years he endeavored to atone by an honorable life the faults and crimes of an earlier career.

Rose was succeeded among the Crows by other white men, who attained great distinction in the tribe, some of whom will be mentioned at length in a subsequent sketch. The Crows had been quick to perceive the superior prowess of these men, and were glad of such accessions to their strength. This fact coupled with the superior fascinations of the Crow women (not a mere trapper's fancy) had rendered this tribe from the earliest times, the favorite home of the numerous class of adventurous men disposed to a savage life. They were therefore always to be found among them, when there were none among the surrounding tribes, and did they prove at all deserving, were treated with much consideration. They invariably adopted the Indian dress, grew long hair, dressing it in the prevailing style of the Crows, painted their faces, took Indian wives, lived in lodges, learned the Crow tongue, even imbibed some of their superstitions, and became in time so metamorphosed that they were scarcely to be distinguished from the savages themselves. Unlike the desperadoes of the Simon Gerty stamp, who allied themselves to a savage race, from hatred of their own, they did not turn their hands against their former friends, and did not prompt the perpetration of savage outrages, still more in human eyes by the civilized cunning. On the contrary, perpetuating their good will for their own race and mingling often with the hardy bands who represented it in the west, they furthered the policy inaugurated by Rose, assisted to dispose the Crows favorably towards the whites, and this materially lessened the deeds of violence upon the plains and in the mountains of the west.

ACCOUNT OF THE BUILDING OF MULLEN'S MILITARY ROAD

When the exploring expedition of Governor Stevens arrived in the fall of 1863 at the Bitter Root Valley Range of the Rocky Mountains, it was decided to leave the party behind to give this important position of the proposed railroad route a more thorough examination. Capt. John Mullen, U. S. Army, was in October assigned to the command of the party and selecting the Bitter Root Valley a suitable location for his winter quarters, constructed a number of comfortable log huts, giving to the place, in honor of his chief, the name of cantonment Stevens. Here he passed the winter industriously, seeking from traders, hunters, and Indians information that would aid him in the pending explorations.

It was deemed that to the proper location and construction of the railroad the selection of a good wagon road was an essential prerequisite and Governor Stevens in his instructions to Capt. Mullen, had dwelt upon this point with especial emphasis.

Therefore to connect by a practical wagon road the head of navigation of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, thus procuring a continuous route for the transportation of the material necessary for railroad construction, was to Captain Mullen an object of primary importance. A glance at the map will show the difficulties in the way of the successful prosecution of such a work. A perfect network of hills and mountains of vast extent interposes, which it was necessary to cross, and over which no one had yet been bold enough to attempt to carry a wheeled vehicle. Pack animals had been the sole means of transportation hitherto employed and if the reader has followed the narrative of difficulties and terrors encountered, even then by the various parties who had essayed to journey between the 45th and 48th parallel of north latitude (the region assigned to Captain Mullen) he will remember that it was a task of no little magnitude.

In the course of the inquiries during the winter from Gabrielle Prudhomme, a half-breed voyager and traveller

who accompanied the Jesuit fathers in their earlier pilgrimages, he learned of an apparently feasible route from the Bitter Root Valley to Fort Benton, which upon examination, proved well adapted to his purpose. Leaving Bitter Root Valley on the first of March, 1854, accompanied by a small party Captain crossed the mountains to Fort Benton in fourteen days, there fitted up a wagon train and leaving on the 17th, recrossed the range and reached his camp on the 31st. Pleased with his success, he at once dispatched a messenger with the tidings to Governor Stevens, and the ultimate result was an appropriation by Congress of \$30,000, the first of a series to open a military wagon road from Fort Benton on the Missouri to Fort Walla Walla on the tributary waters of the Columbia.

It still remained however, to find a suitable route westward from the Bitter Root Valley to Fort Walla Walla and during the remainder of the working season of 1854, various explorations were made for this object. In September, Captain Mullen was ordered in with his party, and as a result of the investigation, reported to Governor Stevens the route by the Coeur d'Alene pass as best adapted for the road, though subsequently when too late to avail, that by Clark's Fork offered superior advantages.

Although the war department greatly favored the construction of the proposed road, the appropriation of \$30,000 was deemed inadequate to prosecute the work with success, and the matter was permitted to slumber until the winter of 1857-8. At that time Governor Stevens was in Congress, and feeling the great importance in the work, of which he was in a great measure the projector, he brought it again to the attention of the War department, and urged that it be at least commenced. The occurrence of the Mormon troubles about this time and the previous Indian wars in Oregon, making the question of lines of supply to the remote military commands one of great importance, the War Department gave favorable ear to Governor Stevens' request and in March, 1858, orders were issued to begin the work. Capt. Mullen at once repaired from New York to Fort Dallas, Oregon, arriving May 15, 1858, and organizing his party took

up his lines of march for Fort Walla Walla, where he was to be furnished with a military escort of sixty men. But ere he reached that place news came of the defeat of Colonel Steptoe by the Coeur d'Alene and Spokane Indians, and as it was useless to attempt to carry on the work in the face of Indian hostilities, a halt was made and the party disbanded.

In the course of the retaliatory campaign, made by Col. George Wright, 9th Infantry, Capt. Mullen was attached to his staff as topographical officer, in which capacity he was enabled to make valuable observations of the mountainous regions to be traversed by his road and when the campaign was brought to a successful conclusion he repaired to Washington to solicit the additional means which these observations had disclosed to be necessary. Governor Stevens was still in Congress and mainly through his efforts the minds of the majority of Congress were favorably disposed, and in March, 1859, a bill making a further appropriation of \$100,000 became a law. New orders were in the same month issued to Capt. Mullen, who once more repaired to Dallas, Oregon where he arrived on the 15th of May and began the organization of his corps. Ere long several exploring parties were in the field, under the leadership of Messrs G. Sonon, guide and interpreter, P. M. Engle, the topographical engineer and C. R. Howard and Capt. W. W. DeLacy, civil engineers. Capt. Mullen, himself, following on the 15th of June and arriving at Fort Walla Walla on the 28th. His military escort was this year increased by three commissioned officers, Lieut. James L. White, H. B. Lyon, and James Howard and one hundred men, all of the third artillery.

Leaving Fort Walla Walla on the 1st of July, the expedition moved forward without serious obstacle exploring the route, building bridges, grading, constructing ferry boats for the St. Joseph's and Coeur d'Alene river, laying a corduroy 400 feet long, in a wet section of the St. Joseph's Valley, and cutting three miles through the timber near the Coeur d'Alene mission, reaching the latter place on the 16th of August, having carried the road, 200 miles since leaving Fort Walla Walla within a period of a little more than six weeks.

At this point, however, the expedition encountered a work of great difficulty. A dense forest 100 miles in breadth lay between them and the valley of the St. Regis Borgia beyond which in the Bitter Root Valley it was desired to go into winter quarters. Besides the dense standing timber, the undecayed fallen timber of ages, lay in intricate tangle through the whole extent of forest, presenting an apparently unsurmountable obstacle to their further progress. But it was attacked with determination—the axes were applied with unremitting industry, the narrow passage through the forest daily lengthened, numerous bridges were laid across the streams that murmured through its dark recesses, the picks and spades were polished anew, in thousands of grades and at last on the fourth day of December, the valley of the St. Regis Borgia was gained. Winter had already set in and much snow had fallen, but notwithstanding the discomfort of the situation, the men had worked, says Mullen, “with cheerfulness and zeal,” and he further states that in the limits of his report “justice cannot be done to the industry and fortitude of the men while mastering this wilderness section. The amount of work required was immense, and very much under-estimated both by myself and others, for we only truly appreciate it, when one came to handle it in detail.”

Under these circumstances, Capt. Mullen deemed himself fortunate in reaching even the St. Regis Borgia where he had no choice but to pass the winter. Many of his animals had perished before reaching this place from exposure and exhaustion, but finding no pasturage it became necessary, notwithstanding their enfeebled condition, to forward them to the Bitter Root Valley, the nearest point where they could subsist through the winter. This involved a journey of 100 miles over ground covered with snow, through slippery mountains and defiles and one by one the poor animals sunk under exposure and starvation, till the greater number had perished before reaching the valley. Not to be deprived of the benefit of the beef cattle they were driven to the camp and slaughtered, the beef freezing and remaining sweet all winter.

The name of Cantonment Jordan was given to the huts erected for the winter quarters, and here the season was passed in comfort, with enough occupation for all to prevent the time from hanging heavily on their hands. The officers and clerk engaging in compiling field notes, making maps and writing reports of the season's work, when the men gathered and prepared the fuel, performed the ordinary labors of the camp and stood guard for the sake of preserving discipline.

As spring approached plans were perfected for the resumption of work. It had been observed that a very appreciable difference existed between the climate of the Cantonment Jordan and that of the Bitter Root Ferry, fifteen miles distant. The winter being severe and the snow deep at the former place, while it was mild with a light snow fall at the ferry. It was therefore decided to throw the working force forward to the ferry early in the spring and work in advance from that point, coming back from the fifteen miles of timber land left behind when the season was far enough advanced to have cleared it of its deep accumulation of snow. Lieutenant White was placed in temporary command of the expedition and charged with the execution of this plan, while Capt. Mullen proceeded to Fort Owen in the Bitter Root Valley for the purpose of purchasing horses from the Flathead Indians and securing the services of twenty of their men to accompany Mr. Sohon to Fort Benton to secure supplies. One hundred and seventeen horses and pack saddles were obtained, as well as the desired escort and in the course of the month of March, the trip to Fort Benton was safely made and eleven thousand rations brought back to the expedition. During the winter scurvy had made its appearance among the soldiers, and Capt. Mullen next proceeded to the Pend d'Oreilles mission and obtained fresh vegetables, by the use of which in connection with vinegar, the disease was quickly arrested.

In the meantime the work of 1860 had been begun and by the 10th of May had been carried thirty miles along the right bank of the Bitter Root river. Lieut. White and Capt. DeLacy having returned and opened the fifteen miles

of timber land passed over in March. A spur of mountains six miles across, now confronted them, over which, after much effort to avoid it, it was necessary to pass. The Big Mountain, as this obstacle was called, presented the greatest difficulty encountered in the entire route and it required the constant labor of 150 men for six weeks to overcome it. In climbing along the rocky sides of the mountains, much blasting was necessary, a premature explosion in one case, severely injuring two of the men. The remaining sixty miles to Hell Gate were passed over by the 28th of June, half a mile of side hill excavation and bridge 150 feet long being the only labor of importance required. For fifty miles the road was then carried up to the Hell Gate Valley with only slight timber cutting and grading, with the exception of one spur where a cutting of half a mile was requisite, all of which was accomplished by the 9th of July. From this point the command moved forward by rapid marches, finding but little labor necessary and on the 16th day of July reached the western base of the Bitter Root range of the Rocky Mountains. Crossing the next day by the route explored in 1854 and since known as Mullen's Pass, the expedition camped upon the tributary waters of the Missouri.

Over the remaining distance to Fort Benton wagons had safely passed in 1854, and but moderate work was required until at the crossing of Sun River, it ceased almost altogether.

At this point Capt. Mullen left a portion of his escort to await his return, and dispatching three parties to inspect different routes to Fort Benton himself leading a fourth, all arrived at that place on the 1st day of August, and thus in that month in the year 1860, the military road from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Benton was opened to travel. Its practicability was to receive a speedy test.

Feeling assured that he should reach Fort Benton in the course of the summer, Capt. Mullen had sent a message from Cantonement Jordan to Washington requesting that a detachment of recruits that year to proceed to reinforce the military posts in East Oregon and Washington, be sent

by steamer to Fort Benton where he would meet them with his wagons and assist them in marching by the new road to their destination. His suggestion met with the approval of the War department and some time before reaching Fort Benton, Capt. Mullen learned that Major Blake with 390 men had landed from the fur company's steamer and was impatiently awaiting his arrival. Transferring to him all his wagons and retaining only pack animals for his own transportation, Capt. Mullen on the 5th of August, set out upon his return for the purpose of keeping in advance of Major Blake's command and making such repairs in the road as circumstances demanded. The Major followed by continued marches and in fifty-seven days, reached Fort Walla Walla, the trip being made without difficulty or accident and at an estimated saving to the government of \$30,000 over any other route.

Congress having made a further appropriation for continuing work upon the road, Capt. Mullen passed the working season of 1861-2 in improving it by bridges, grading and an occasional change of location.

In August of the latter year, the appropriation being exhausted, he disbanded his expedition at Walla Walla, sold his outfit at public auction, closed his accounts and a few months later, submitted to the Secretary of War the excellent report of his labor of several years.

In this brief account it has been impracticable to notice the several explorations and surveys constantly in progress by his efficient co-laborers—surveys as essential to the successful prosecution of the main undertaking and which have given to the world a seasonably thorough knowledge of the intricate river and mountain systems traversed by the route.

The construction of the road involved 120 miles of difficult timber cutting, 25 feet broad, 30 measured miles of excavation, 15 to 20 feet wide, the traversing of 424 miles of open timbered country and rolling prairie, and the building of hundreds of bridges and several ferry boats—the whole cost to the government having been \$230,000. But notwithstanding the vast amount of labor performed, Capt.

Mullen did not regard his road as completed, estimated that a further sum of \$70,000 would have been required to bring it to the state of perfection he desired. But that he had effectually overcome the original impracticability of the route and proved by the easy march of Major Blake's command in 1860 and its employment by more than 300 Oregon emigrants in the summer of 1862, who made the overland journey with an ease and celerity that contrasted strongly with the slow, painful and difficult march of the western bound caravan that journeyed by way of South pass in 1843 and subsequent years. It never attained however to the importance as a through military and emigrant road anticipated for it by its originators and promoters, but that its eastern and western extremities have been of great value to the territories of Montana, Idaho and Washington is undeniable. And the people of those territories have had much reason to be grateful for its existence.

It is yet known by the name of Mullen's road and it will be only a just tribute to its energetic and painstaking builder if this name is not permitted to become lost in the career and expansion and prosperity to which the people of the region it traverses are destined.

THE FABLED WHITE NATION AT THE SOURCE OF THE MISSOURI

When Madoc, a Prince of Wales, to escape the annoyance of a war of succession in that little kingdom, sailed in 1170, in search of land where he might enjoy the peace and quiet he so prized, he little imagined, in thus seeking repose for himself, the limitless legacy of restlessness and disquiet he was preparing for a numerous class of most excellent tho rather credulous and imaginative gentlemen in centuries to come. Caradoc began the campaign of conjecture in his History of Wales, originally composed in Welsh but translated into English in 1584. One hundred years earlier, the Welsh poet Merdyth ap Rhys, Guyton Owen and Cynfryg ap Grenn had sung the praises and exploits of Madoc in native verse, and relying upon them for the facts of migration, Caradoc concluded that "this land to which Caradoc came must needs

be some part of Nava, Hespania or Florida" as North America was then called, and carrying his surmises yet further informs us: "I am of opinion that the land whereunto he came was some part of Mexico." Beginning this early speculation has continued rife through nearly three centuries and with such industry as has been indulged, that scarcely a spot in North America has escaped the imputation of having at some time been the refuge of Madoe or his descendents.

But ere the reader takes alarm let us hasten to remark that we have no theories of our own to add to this already overburdened subject. With the fate of Modoe and his colonists when "to inhabit that faure and large country" he had discovered, he "went thither again with ten sails" in his third and last voyage, we have nothing to do and we should not have mentioned the subject had not the theorists seized upon the geographical region, with which we have to deal, as one of the probable places of refuge of Madoe's descendents. As late as 1812 in an excellent book, entitled "Sketches of Louisiana" the author informs us, after summing up certain evidence that he presents that "it creates a violent presumption that the Welsh or some other white people inhabited the country about one of the branches of the Missouri" and this opinion was shared by no inconsiderable number of people. The advance made by exploration and settlement in this region within the last few years proves that no such people ever dwelt here, but it is quite within the province of the historian, not only to narrate facts but also to make mention of the fiction connected with his subject that were once thought to be facts. We will devote the present chapter to a presentation of the testimony upon which such a conclusion was founded.

In the year 1782 a venerable Cherokee chief Oconostoto related to Governor John Sevier the following tradition relative to certain mural remains in the Cherokee country: "It was handed down by our forefathers that the works were made by white people who had formerly inhabited the country, while the Cherokees lived lower down in the country, now called South Carolina and that a war existed between

the two nations for many years. At length it was discovered that the whites were making a number of large boats, which induced the Cherokees to suppose that they intended to descend the Tennessee river. They then collected their whole band of warriors and took the shortest and most convenient route to the Mussel shoals in order to intercept them down the river.

In a few days the boats hove in sight and a warm combat ensued with various success for several days. At length at the whites proposal to the Indians, that if they would exchange prisoners and cease hostilities, they would leave the country and never more return, which was acceded to and after the exchange, departed in friendship. The whites then descended the Tennessee to the Ohio and then down the big river (Mississippi) then up it to the Muddy river (Missouri), then up that river to a very great distance, they were now on some of its branches; but they are no longer a white people, they are now all become Indians, and look like the other red people of the country. I have heard my grandfather, and other old people say that they were people called the Welsh. They crossed the great water and landed near the mouth of the Alabama river, and were finally driven to the head of its waters and even to Highwassee river by the Mexican Indians, who had been driven out of their own country by the Spaniards."

Oconostoto further related to Governor Sevier "that an old woman of his nation named Pey had some part of an old book given her by an Indian living high up the Missouri, and thought he was of the Welsh tribe." The Governor endeavored to see this book but before he had an opportunity to do so, it was unfortunately destroyed by fire in the burning of the old woman's house. The Governor conversed with several persons who had seen and examined the book, who described it as so worn and disfigured that nothing intelligible remained.

But the Cherokees were not alone among Indian tribes in the possession of traditions concerning a race of white people upon the upper Missouri. The French missionary called Father Charlevoix, who visited the tribes of the

upper Mississippi in 1721 was informed by the Iowas "that there was a great lake, very far from their country, on the borders of which were people resembling the French, with buttons on their clothes living in cities and using horses in hunting the buffalo and clothed with the skins of that animal, but destitute of any arms excepting the bow and arrow," and from a party of Sioux that he met upon Lake Michigan, he heard a similar report. Thereupon the Father remarked "I have great reason to believe that there are in this continent some Spaniards or European colonies much more North than any we know of in Mexico or California."

In 1776 the Sioux informed Capt. Jonothan Carver, who passed the winter among them, that there was a nation of white people about the sources of the Missouri who cultivated the ground and possessed arts unknown to other tribes. But even earlier than the time of Charlevoix and Carver, there was prevalent a vague idea of a powerful white people in the remote west.

In 1689 Baron la Houtan, "Lord Lieutenant of the French colony at Plocentia in Newfoundland" wrote an account of discoveries real and pretended made by him in the west. Arriving at the Mississippi by way of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers he ascended the Mississippi for nine days when he arrived at the mouth of the Long river, up which he journeyed for six weeks, passing through various Indian tribes, till he arrived among "the Gnasitaries," who held as prisoners from Mozemelke savages whom he at first "took for Spaniards. The Mozemelke savages were clothed. They had a thick bushy beard and their hair hung down under their ears; their complexion was swarthy. Their address was civil and submissive, the mien grave and the carriage engaging." These prisoners told the Baron that "their villiges stood upon a river, that springs out of a ridge of mountains from which the long river derives it source" and gave him a description of their country. The Baron says: "The Mozemelke nation is numerous and puissant. The slaves of that country informed me that at a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues from the place I then was, their principal river empties itself into a salt lake of three hundred leagues

in circumference, the mouth of which is ten leagues broad, that the lower part of that river is adorned with six noble cities, surrounded with stone, cemented with fat earth; that the houses of these cities have no roofs, but are open above like a platform, as you see them drawn in the map; that the people of that country made stuffs, copper axes and several other manufactures, which the Outagamie and my other interpreters could not give one to understand as being altogether unacquainted with such things, that their government was despotic, and lodged in the hands of one great head, to whom the rest paid trembling submission; that the people upon that lake are called Tahuglank, and are as numerous as the leaves of trees, (such is the expression that the savages use for an hyperbole); that the Mozemlek people supply the cities or towns of the Tahuglank with great numbers of little colus, which they take in the above mentioned mountains and that the Tahuglank make use of these colus for several ends; for they not only eat the flesh, but bring them up to labor, and make clothes, boats, etc. of their skins. They added that it was their misfortune to be taken prisoners by the Gnasitaries in war which had lasted for eighteen years; but that they hoped a peace would be speedily concluded upon which the prisoners would be exchanged; pursuant to the usual customs. I could pump nothing further out of them with relation to their country, commerce and customs of that remote nation, all they could say was that the great river of that nation runs along westward and that the salt lake into which it falls is three hundred leagues in circumference and thirty in depth; its mouth stretching a great way to the southward."

The Baron continues: "I would have fain satisfied my curiosity in being an eye witness of the manners and customs of the Tahuglank but that being impracticable, I was forced to be instructed at second hand by these Mozemlek slaves, who assured me upon the faith of the savages that the Tahaglauk wear their beards two-fingers length long; that their garments reach down to their knees; that they cover their heads with a sharp pointed cap; that they always wear a long stick or cane in their hands which is tipped

not unlike what we use in Europe; that they wear a sort of boot upon their legs which reach up to their knees; that their women never show themselves, which perhaps proceeds from the same principle that prevails in Italy and Spain, and in fine that these people are always at war with the puissant nations that are seated in the neighborhood of the lake, but with all that, they never disquiet the strolling nations that fall in their way by reason of their weakness—an admirable lesson for some princes in the world, who are so much intent upon the making use of the strongest band. This was all I could gather upon the subject. My curiosity prompted me to desire a more particular account, but unluckily I wanted a good interpreter, and having to do with several persons that did not well understand themselves, I could making nothing of their incoherent fustian.”

The Long River that the Baron pretended to have ascended, he describes as follows: “You must know that the stream of the Long River is all along very slack and easy abating for about three leagues between the fourteenth and fifteenth village, for there indeed its current may be called rapid. The channel is straight; that it scarce winds at all from the head of the lake—’tis true ’tis not very pleasant, for most of its banks have a dismal prospect and the water itself has an ugly taste, but then its usefulness atones for such inconveniences, for ’tis navigable with the greatest ease and will bear barges of fifty tons till you come to that place that is marked with a flower de luce in the map, and where I put up the post that my soldiers christened “Lahontan’s Limit.” It is unnecessary at this day, when it is well known that no such stream empties into the Missouri above the mouth of the Wisconsin, to inform the reader, that this whole story of the Long River is sheer fabrication. At the time it was published however, the Baron’s book excited quite a sensation. In 1772 Daniel Cox, in his book “A description of the province of Carolina, by the Spaniards, called Florida, and by the French La Louisiane,” speaks of the Long River as Meschavney, as having been ascended by other parties “but not so far as the Baron la Houtan”, and in 1836 when Jean N. Nicollet, the eminent astronomer and geologist first ar-

rived in Minnesota, the examination of the Long River was one of the objects of his ambition. Had the Baron's journey been nine days down the Mississippi, and then up the Long River, it might be inferred that he meant the Missouri, but the "four Mozemlek savages" cannot be accepted upon any hypothesis. It is not improbable that the Lahoutan, like Charlevoix and Carver heard from the Indians of the fabled white nation of the west, and upon this slight foundation reared this senseless fiction about Mozemlek and Taguglauk.

About the year 1764 a Welshman named Griffith was made prisoner by the Shawnee Indians. He afterwards escaped and made his way to Virginia and related the story of his adventures to Judge Harry Faulmin, by whom they were published. Griffith gave the following account of adventures among the white Indians of the upper Missouri. Two years after his capture, five Shawnee warriors resolved to ascend the Missouri river to its source, and Griffith became one of the party. After a long laborous journey they reached the shining mountains, through which the Missouri forces its way and then met with three white men in Indian dress who they accompanied to their village located upon the Missouri river among the shining mountains.

The villagers were all whites, but Indians in costume and habits. They assembled in council to discuss the visit of the strangers and after a debate of three days, fearing that they were the spies of a war-like nation, seeking a new home, they decreed their death. To Griffith's great wonder these white savages spoke Welsh, he listened to the debate in silence until the death penalty was announced, when he arose and addressed their council. He spoke their tongue; they were amazed and gave ready ear to his words as he explained the real object of their journey and he sought a remission of the sentence. It was done and thenceforth, instead of being objects of suspicion, the visitors were treated throughout their stay with hospitality and kindness. The white savages could tell but little of their early history, their forefathers had ascended the Missouri from a very distant country and that was all that tradition had preserved to them. Griffith said that the tribe was populous and every individual he says

was white. His party finally bade good-bye to their generous entertainers and returned home, reaching their own country after an absence of two years and a half.

A Frenchman who had traded much in the country west of the Mississippi gave Governor Sevier (already mentioned), an account of a similar people. "He informed me", says the Governor, "that he had been high up the Missouri and had traded several months with the Welsh tribe; that they spoke much of the Welsh dialect; and although their customs were savage and until yet many of them, particularly the females were very fair and white and frequently told them they had sprung from a white nation of people; also stated they had yet some small scraps of books remaining among them, but in such tattered and destructive order that nothing intelligible remained. He observed that their settlement was in a very obscure part of the Missouri, surrounded with innumerable lofty mountains. The Frenchman's name has escaped my memory but I believe it was something like Duroqr."

Major Amos Stoddard, U. S. A., author of the "Sketches of Louisiana," already referred to, received in 1805 similar information from another Frenchman who had been a fur-trader in the Northwest. We extract this from his book: "His usual station was at the factory or trading house on the Assinnaboine, a few days travel from the Mandans on the Missouri." In ascending that river they were obliged to pass one or two cataracts or falls in the shining mountains, as also several rapids and much hard water. On the summit of these mountains they entered a large lake from which the Missouri flows and from the opposite extremity another river issues toward the west, down which the informant descended some distance and spent eleven days upon it. The publication of the narrative of Griffith suggested the propriety of some inquiry relative to the Indians about the head of the Missouri. The informant declared (and he sustains the character of a man of truth) that the Indians about the lake who were not in the least tawny but rather a yellowish complexion; that they wore their beards; that great numbers of them had red hair on their heads. This is almost literally the statement furnished by the Frenchman."

We have already presented an extract from Major Stoddard's book which shows that he is strongly inclined to the belief as late as 1812, that such a white nation existed at that time upon "one of the great branches of the Missouri." This it will be remembered was seven years subsequent to the exploration of that country by Lewis and Clarke, who had encountered no such nation, a circumstance that the author explains as follows. "These gentlemen found that the Missouri within the shining mountains and more than two hundred miles below its source was divided into three branches nearly of an equal size. They pursued their route up the most Northern one and returned the same way. It is therefore likely that two of the travelers we have already named ascended one of the other branches." „ ,

Before dismissing this subject we may state that probably not one of these travelers who claimed to have found a white race about the sources of the Missouri ever visited the country at all.

Falsus in reno, falsus in inimia, and since the story of the white race must be rejected and even the geography of the travelers is at fault, no reason remains why Griffith, Duroque and the Frenchman, whose name is not given, should be allowed a place in the honored list of first explorers of the land of the Blackfeet. Their names belong, not to the facts, but to the myths of Montana.

SKETCH OF THE FUR TRADE OF THE UPPER MISSOURI

A good history of the fur trade would be a fascinating work. Fur bearing animals only abound far beyond the campfire of civilization, in savage wilds, amid savage men, and they who go in quest of them must needs encounter toil, fatigue, privation, hardship, danger and often death. Cutting loose from civilized society the followers of the fur trade plunged into the wilderness with trap and rifle and the trinkets of trade, sleep in the open air, subsist upon the spoils of the chase, clothe themselves with the skins of animals, ascend long rivers, climb difficult mountains, traverse vast tracts of unknown country, carelessly contemplating enough natural wonders—of which science is yet

ignorant—to make the reputation of many a score of its devotees, the while manoeuvring to escape wild and unscrupulous enemies, as in battle contending desperately with them for existence; leading lives filled up with strange and thrilling experiences; becoming the heroes of many a deed of adventurous daring.

Here and there in favorable localities, where pleasant groves furnish the needed timber; where luxuriant meadows proffer their verdant stores for the subsistence of their cattle; where some considerable stream furnished convenient transport for their furs and merchandise to and from the mouth of civilization, they erect rude cabins and palisades, dignify the structures with the name of fort, invite the surrounding tribes to friendly traffic, take wives from among the fairest of their dusky women and rearing up families of mongrel blood, impart to their palisaded hovels some of the airs of domestic life.

At the time of this writing, but one perhaps of all the old time trading forts of the region, with which we deal, is in existence—Fort Benton; and that is hastening rapidly to decay. Those buildings of timber have fallen from rot or have found a more rapid destruction in the mad revel of devouring flames; those of earth have molded at the foundation and washed away amid the storms of years, until they have sunk in shapeless heaps of their mother earth; a few have been taken down and the material employed in other work, and even the site of many has disappeared in the wreck of falling banks, as the streams near which they stood encroched upon the land; in some instances the stumps of charred pickets or mounds of earth or heaps of stones, even now and then the remains of chimneys but partly fallen, mark their former seat; but in many cases nothing remains to indicate the spot they occupied and none may say with confidence that they were here or there. Often too, their history has perished with them, and even their names are forgotten.

Around these old forts cluster of world of romantic associations of hate and love; of fight and frolic; of war and peace. In winter evenings many a picturesque group has

gathered to smoke and doze and talk by the rude hearth embers, while the cheerful blaze flashed up the broad chimneys, casting a ruddy glow upon the bronzed faces of the hardy men who compose them; recounted tales of rare adventures, whose pictured scenes of strife and carnage compared well with the riot of the storm without. Where danger is, there is facination, and heroes of the fur trade needed not the embellishments of fancy to put this charm to their recitals. The scythe of death was busy among them and no one wondered when a loved comrade fell bleeding at his side, or went abroad in the pursuit of his calling and never returned. In all their walks peril was their companion and they speculated upon their chances of life or death as composedly as one in the other spheres might wonder what he was going to have for dinner. "Poor Tom is gone," they would say. "Well he was always reckless and bound to go under some day," and the next moment they would throw themselves in the way of a greater danger with even more recklessness than they had reprehended in their luckless comrade.

Man is a strange creature but never more incomprehensible than in his dealings with danger.

But they are gone—those strong, brave, hardy, generous trappers, a few venerable survivors still linger with us, but as a class they have ceased to be. A traffic in furs is still carried on, but it is as uninteresting in its present features, as unlike the fur trade of the olden time, as the traffic in cow hides in New York. Civilization has usurped much of the domain of the beaver, the flume of the miner and the irrigating ditch of the farmer have appropriated the limpid waters in which he disported, returning what they do not consume foul and dirty, the power of most of the formidable savage tribes is broken, and men now go and come in security where the trapper ventured only at the peril of his life. Even the Indian character that one may study at a modern fur trading post is a character distorted from the proud and haughty original, ere fear of the white man had put its seal upon it, but as for the trapper—they were vainly sought for in any phase upon the scenes of their former exploits.

His kind may henceforth be found but in the printed page, and even there only as solitary lingerers or in disconnected groups, unless shall some day come a literary wizard with power to charm them from their widely scattered graves and cause them to live and breathe and re-enact their deeds. But who shall rear anew the dingy walls, the roofs of earth, the low chimneys, the port-hole bastions with the protruding muzzles of their little cannons? Who shall re-people the old forts with the motly throng that played their several parts within their walls? Who shall restore to us the long lines of fanciful attired savages, some mounted, some on foot, hurrying over the plain to the fort with dogs and horses, laden with the equipment of the camp and the furs and peltries that they desired to traffic? Who shall show to us the picturesque lodges rearing fast in the valley around the fort, the eager groups succeeding each other at the little window, through which the trade is conducted and moving slowly off in delighted contemplation of their trifling purchases? The lounging groups of grim and listless warriors, the hurrying, bustling, laughing, scolding squaws, the scurrying, shouting children, the travailed, snarling dogs? And who, when peace ceases to hold in temporary subjection the fierce passions, and war comes in its too frequent turn, shall depict for us the demoniac fury of the contest where amid rattling arms, and fierce battle shouts, the hissing bullet and hurtling arrow speed past each other in the hot lust for human blood? Irving has related for us in words that glow a part of the episode of the fur trade and now we await a writer of equal genius who shall give us its whole fascinating history.

In the progress of the American settlement upon the Missouri river, the fur trade preceeded military occupation, but with the pioneers of the Missouri, the French settlers of Louisiana, the case was different—military occupation preceeding the fur trade. It is true that the first French establishment upon the Missouri made at the mouth of the Kansas river in 1705 was of a commercial character, but it amounted to nothing and was soon discontinued, leaving the Missouri for nearly twenty years after to its primeval wilder-

ness. Before turning our attention to the Missouri fur trade we will glance briefly at the sad story of its military occupation.

In the year 1720, the Spaniards, jealous of the growing French settlement of Illinois, resolved to occupy the Missouri river with establishments yet stronger and thus check the expansion of French power to the West. For this purpose a strong military expedition was dispatched from Sante Fe; its first object being the destruction of the powerful Indian tribes called the Missouris, from whom the river takes its name, and who were close allies of the French. As the Pawnee Indians were at war with the Missouris it was the plan of the Spanish commander to secure their co-operation in the intended campaign and with this object the expedition marched from their country. But unfortunately, being without competent guides, they arrived instead in the villages of the Missouris, and as these Indians spoke a language similar to that of the Pawnees, the Spaniards did not discover their mistake and made known to the Missouris their hostile designs and invited their alliance. The Missouris had received them with kindness but on learning the fate intended for them resolved to turn the tables by accomplishing the destruction of the Spanish force.

Exhibiting no surprise at the proposition of the Spaniards they asked time to deliberate and meanwhile made all haste to assemble their hundreds of scattered warriors. The Spaniards beheld without dismay this mustering of the savage horde and upon the fatal night appointed for the bloody work, as usual lay down to sleep in unsuspecting confidence that they were among their Pawnee friends. As midnight drew near hundreds of armed and eager warriors concealed by the darkness surrounded the sleeping camp, at the given signal with horrid yells, they sprang forward to the work of slaughter. Taken by surprise, the unprepared Spaniards made feeble resistance, while knife and arrow and tomahawk wrought swift destruction and in a few moments the miserable Spaniards had exchanged the sleep of life for the sleep of death. But one escaped, a Priest who had gone as a missionary, who succeeded in mounting a horse

and outstripped pursuit, making his sad way back to New Mexico, with the melancholy story of his companions fate.

Perhaps of all the tragedies enacted upon the stage of the Missouri river, in which white actors had borne a part, none equals in horror the massacre of the Spaniards by the Missouri Indians. When the news of the Spanish attempt reached the authorities of Louisiana, it was resolved to prevent similar attempts in the future by re-occupying the country with a French force. Accordingly a fort was built upon an island in the Missouri River, about two hundred and thirty-six miles above the mouth in the country of the Missouris, directly opposite their principal village. It was called Fort Orleans and continued to be occupied for some twenty years, when the entire garrison was cut off and the fort destroyed; but by whom and for what reason the deed was done is a mystery yet unraveled. The French also built another fort among the Kansas Indians about three hundred and seventy-seven miles above the mouth of the Missouri, but this garrison too was mysteriously destroyed and its fate has never transpired. This seems to have been the last of French military occupation of the Missouri, and when the Spaniards subsequently came into possession of the country, they too left the river to the conquering enterprise of the fur trader.

The French settlers of Louisiana like their brethren of Canada were not long in finding out how much more easily and rapidly a confidence could be acquired by the attractive methods of the fur trade, than by the laboring and plodding pursuit of agriculture. In casting about for new fields of enterprise, the vast fur bearing resources of the region drained by the Missouri and its tributaries did not remain long undiscovered; and freighting expeditions began timidly to ascend the stream and frequent the Indian villages upon its banks. Gathering boldness with each new effort, they pressed higher and higher until ere long it was made evident to the more sagacious merchants that it would soon become the principal highway to the fur trade of Louisiana, which included that all the vast regions drained by the Missouri river and its tributaries.

At length in February 1764, the celebrated firm of Leclède, Maxan and Company seeking a suitable site at the basis of trade hit upon the place now occupied by the city of St. Louis, till then without an inhabitant. It was a fortunate selection controlling the trade of a vast region and ere long the place received such accessions of population that from a mere trading station it began to assume the appearance of a town, its entire population of over one thousand souls being almost exclusively engaged in or depending upon the fur trade.

From this convenient base the fur trade of the Missouri river was pursued with renewed ardor and increased profit. Step by step the traders with their goods laden barks overcame its powerful current, tribe after tribe was added to the consumers of their merchandise and became contributors of the coveted peltries until at before the close of the last century, they arrived in the territories of the powerful Sioux, a few of the more venturesome of their followers almost reaching the mouth of the Yellowstone.

The manner of this early trade was very different than that of later years. No permanent establishments were formed but the traders would ascend the river with their goods in the fall, pass the winter in temporary habitation, and return the next spring with the proceeds of the traffic.

When Lewis and Clark ascended the river in 1804, they found numerous traces of these temporary establishments, met several trading outfits returning with rafts and canoes, laden with peltries and buffalo tallow, but saw not a single occupied station after leaving La Charette, a little village of seven small houses, 68 miles from the mouth of the Missouri. So inadequate a system of trade rendered still further ineffective by the practice indulged in by the Spanish government of granting monopolies of certain districts to its favorites, could scarcely more than sample the resources of the river, but yet by reliable figures kept at St. Louis from the years 1789-1804, it appears that the field was so prolific that the annual trade of the river at that period was about \$78,000 of which nearly \$17,000 was reckoned as a trading profit.

But the time was at hand when the fur trade of the Missouri was to receive a new impulse. In May, 1804, the celebrated expedition of Lewis and Clark entered the mouth of the Missouri and began the exploration that has given their names for three quarters of a century a world wide celebrity.

They, that year ascended as high as the Mandan villages, where they wintered, set forth in the spring of 1805, discovered the Great Falls of the Missouri in June, crossed the Rocky Mountains and in November reached the Pacific Ocean where they passed the winter. In the spring of 1806 they commenced their return, recrossed the mountains, dividing into two detachments, one descending the Missouri and the other the Yellowstone, and once more meeting returned together to St. Louis, where they arrived on the 23rd of Sept., after an absence of two years, four months and nine days.

The immense resources brought to view by this exploration were not to remain long in neglect. Mr. Manuel Lisa, a gentleman of Spanish birth, who had been for some time a fur trader upon the Lower Missouri, was the first to take active steps toward extended trade. In the spring after the return of Captain Lewis and Clark, he set out from St. Louis with a numerous party, with several boats and again ascended the Missouri. He had several difficulties with evil disposed Indians before reaching the mouth of the Yellowstone, but by his thorough knowledge of Indian character and his coolness and courage, he overcame them all and arrived safely at the mouth of the Big Horn river, a large tributary of the Yellowstone, where he built a trading fort. This was the first establishment on the Yellowstone river and was some 850 miles nearer the mountains than any previous establishment on the upper Missouri. It was from this fort that Colter went and to which he returned upon the occasion of the celebrated escape from the Blackfeet, which as it is our purpose to embellish and illustrate our narrative with incidents of personal adventure, we will here pause to relate.

Colter was one of Lewis and Clark's men, who while the expedition was stopping near the Mandan villages, upon its return, requested and obtained permission to remain with

two trappers they had met, who proposed to ascend the river on a trapping expedition. He remained in the country until the next year when he set out on his return down the river. At the mouth of the Platte river, he met Lisa's expedition, and that gentleman induced him to enter his service. On the arrival of the party at the Big Horn he was sent out to bring in the Crow Indians to trade and made the journey of 500 miles to their camp alone at infinite peril to his life from the infuriated Blackfeet, who in consequence of the killing of one of their nation by Captain Lewis on his return in 1806 had sworn implacable vengeance upon all Americans who might fall into their power. Subsequently Colter trapped in the country with Potts who also had been one of Lewis and Clark's men, but having been discharged at St. Louis had entered the service of Mr. Lisa.

These men had boldly penetrated to the Jefferson fork of the Missouri river, into the very heart of the region occupied by the Piegan branch of the Blackfoot nation, the very land, that according to their traditions had lost the savage killed by Capt. Lewis, knowing their danger they would lie in concealment during the day, setting their traps at night fall and taking them up at the approach of day. On one occasion they were examining their traps at a later hour than usual, ascending in a canoe from point to point where they had been set. Suddenly from the high perpendicular bluffs that bordered the creek they heard the sounds of hundreds of tramping feet. "Indians", pronounced Colter and advised immediate retreat. Potts bantered him with cowardice, insisted that they were buffalos, so they paddled on. But Colter was right, it was Indians he had heard, and in a few moments to the number of five or six hundred, they appeared on both banks. Escape was impossible and they obeyed the signals to come ashore. The instant the canoe reached an Indian siezed the rifle belonging to Potts. Colter spring ashore, retook the rifle and gave it back to its owner. The latter had remained in the canoe and upon receiving his rifle pushed off into the stream. An arrow sped from the shore and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded." Colter urged him to return as his only hope of escape, but

Potts appeared to have been impressed with the certainty of death in any event and resolved to die like a brave man. Leveling his rifle at an Indian he shot him dead on the spot. In an instant he himself fell riddled with arrows.

Indians now turned their attention to Colter. The first step was to strip him entirely naked; and then they deliberated upon the best manner of putting him to death. It was proposed by some to set him up as a target for a trial of markmanship, but the chief had a better plan. Seizing Colter by the shoulder, he demanded whether he could run fast. Colter understood this meaning and knew that he was to run for his life. Notwithstanding the terrible odds against him, he now experienced a gleam of hope, for he was considered very swift of foot and possessed a wonderful endurance. To deceive the Chief in the hopes of securing a better start he answered, a very poor runner indeed. The chief then let him have three or four hundred yards advance of the party and told him to save himself if he could. The Blackfeet in those days prided themselves greatly on their fleetness of foot, boasting themselves as the best legs in the country. Singing the war hoop they dashed in pursuit confident of an easy triumph. Colter fled with a speed that astonished himself, the hopes of life seemed to have given him wings and he cleared the prairie with tremendous bounds. A plain six miles in breadth strewn thickly with the million needles of the prickly pear, spread between him and Jefferson river, toward which went his way. Its valley was filled with a dense growth of timber and could he reach this he might conceal himself from his pursuers and escape.

When half way across the plains he ventured to look back to his great joy the main body of the savages was well behind, and only one had gained upon him. This savage was but one hundred yards behind him and carried a spear. Animated with new hope, Colter put forth his utmost power. It was a terrible effort and the blood rushed from his nostrils and crimsoned his breast. For two miles more he ran, his feet lacerated with prickly pear, his face and breast stained with blood, and his strength fast giving out. He was but a mile from the river now, but to his horror, he heard the sound of

footsteps close at hand. They gained upon him and he expected every moment to be transfixed with his pursuers spear. The apprehension was terrible and induced him to glance once more to the rear. The swift footed savage was but twenty yards behind him. With the courage of desperation Colter turned suddenly and confronted him with outstretched arms. The suddenness of the movement or Colter's bloody appearance, or both startled the Indian and he tried to stop and cast his spear but overcome with exhaustion he fell upon his face, breaking his spear in his hand. Before he could arrive Colter seized the pointed part and pinning him to the earth, continued his flight.

As the leading savages successfully arrived at the dead body of their companion, they halted and gave vent to yells of rage and grief. Colter pressed on, staggering from exhaustion, and presently gained the shelter of the cottonwood trees in the valley, without pausing he passed through the thicket and he plunged into the water, swimming with the current he came to a little island, at whose upper point a raft of driftwood had been formed. He dived under the raft and found a place where between the logs he could keep his head above water, being screened from view by the debris above. Ere long the Indians arrived upon the banks, and with yells of rage began a search for him. Colter listened from his hiding place and found that they were drawing near the raft, presently their footsteps were heard above his head, and glancing through the openings in the drift he could see them passing above so near that he might almost have touched them. They returned to the raft several times during the day, apparently having a suspicion of the place and Colter began to fear they would set it on fire. This idea filled him with new horror and in dread suspense he awaited the coming of night. When at last darkness fell, hearing nothing to indicate the presence of his foes, he dived from under the raft, swam down the stream a considerable distance and ventured to the land. The Indians were gone, he had escaped from them, but his situation was still full of peril. He was naked, unarmed and alone. The burning sun would scorch his flesh, the sharp stones and the thorny

point of the prickly pear would lacerate his feet, and the game he might encounter, he would be unable to kill. So he was threatened with starvation in the dreary wastes he must traverse. But with unshaken fortitude he commenced his journey to Lisa's fort, traveling at first only by night, for seven days he pressed on in his forlorn flight, subsisting upon esculent roots, and at last with supreme delight saw the walls of the fort before him, and soon after received the greetings of his amazed and bewildered comrades.

Lisa remained nine months at the mouth of the Big Horn, when he broke up his post and returned to St. Louis, having made a remunerative trade. His favorable representations induced a number of gentlemen of St. Louis to unite with him in the formation of an association which took the name of the Missouri Fur Company, the first organized fur trade upon the Missouri river. There were twelve partners with a united capital of about forty thousand dollars, a sum by no means adequate to the vast plans of the company, tho larger than that with which the famous Hudson Bay Co. began its existence, which spread its posts over half of the continent. It was the design of the company to abandon the timid methods of the former trade, plunge at once deep into the wilderness, ascend the streams to its utmost navigable waters and by establishing posts at the most available points, monopolize the trade of the entire region. It had in its employ about 250 men, partly American hunters and partly Creoles and Canadian voyagers, who in various flotillas, conducted by some of the partners, were put in motion and before the close of the year 1808, posts had been established among the Sioux, Arickarees, and Mandans and a principle one whose garrison comprised the larger part of the companies employees at the junction of the Three Forks of the Missouri, near the present site of Gallatin City.

This post was in the heart of the country then possessed by the Piegan tribes of the Blackfeet, whose hostility it was hoped might be appeased both for the sake of their trade and because the hundreds of small streams which rise in that region and unite to form the Missouri abounded with beaver, which the company's servants were to be employed

in trapping. But the Blackfeet were in communication with the posts of the British traders to the North from which they obtained arms, ammunition and all the commodities of civilization required in their wild life, so that they were independent of their fort, and besides they had declared that they would rather hang the scalps of an American to their girdle than to kill a buffalo to keep from starving. Animated by such implacable and vindictive resentment, they not only failed to become the customers of the fort, but set themselves at work to effect the destruction of its garrison. They lurked incessantly in the vicinity of the post, sought to ambuscade the hunters, attacked every party everywhere they could gain any advantage, and almost completely frustrated the trapping system that had been inaugurated. It became dangerous to go any distance from the fort except in large parties and in one case a party of thirty men were assailed and nine killed. Not less than twenty of the garrison lost their lives in the various conflicts and it was estimated that double that number of Indians were killed.

It had been expected that three hundred packs of beaver would be secured the first year and but for the hostility of the Blackfeet the expectation would probably have been realized, but as it was, there were scarcely twenty packs. With this meager return the greater portion of the party descended the river the next spring (1809) while the remainder continued to be cooped up in the fort, not daring to hunt and suffering for want of provisions.

At last, finding the situation so irksome and unprofitable and fearing the destruction of the party, Mr. Henry, the partner who had been left in charge, determined in the fall to move over into the country of the more pacific Shoshones and winter upon one of the head branches of the Columbia. Crossing the mountains with difficulty and suffering, for winter overtook them and game was scarce, he found a pleasant location, where timber was plentiful upon the north of Henry's fork of the Snake River, at that point a handsome stream of clear water upwards of a hundred yards wide. Here he established himself and built a new fort, the first American establishment west of the Rocky Mountains.

Meanwhile no tidings of him were received at St. Louis and the company, ignorant of his movements, were apprehensive that he had been cut off by hostile Indians. At length unable longer to control their anxiety, early in 1811, an expedition was set on foot to go in quest of him. It started about the beginning of February under the command of Mr. Lisa, in a swift barge, propelled by twenty oars and armed with a swivel mounted at the bow, the whole number of persons on board being 26. In the meantime his location and the poverty of his Snake customers induced Mr. Henry to recross the mountains with the design of proceeding to the east. Arriving at the Missouri they built boats upon which his party embarked, and thus it happened that Lisa, sweeping in his light barge easily and pleasantly up stream and Henry with his little fleet dropping down with the current met each other at the Arickarees village about the middle of June.

Mr. Henry's stay beyond the mountains had not been unprofitable and he took down with him forty packs of beaver, a far better return than could reasonably have been anticipated. The hostility of the Blackfeet and the ruin of their prospects in that quarter was not the only misfortune that had been sustained by the company. The establishment among the Mandans and Arickarees had proved unprofitable as yet and besides one of the factories had accidentally burned occasioning an estimated loss of \$15,000. The term of the association expired in 1811, but notwithstanding the unforeseen difficulties and disasters that had beset its efforts, it was found on balancing accounts, that the company had its capital of \$40,000 yet intact and in addition the three establishments below the Yellowstone.

A reorganization was effected and tho no further attempt was made to trade in the Blackfeet country, the business of the company elsewhere was extensive and the profit large. It enjoyed a deserved prosperity, until the business prostration occasioned by the war of 1812, when it was forced to suspend operations and finally dissolved.

In 1807 about the time that Lisa's first expedition left St. Louis by river, another and entirely independent expedi-

tion started at the same place and same region overland. This unfortunate party has become known in story as "The Lost Trappers" and its melancholy history we will now relate. It consisted of twenty men led by Captain Ezekiel Williams, and its primary object was to escort back to his country, the Mandan chief, Big White, who at the solicitation of Lewis and Clark had accompanied them on their return to visit the seat of government at Washington, but this duty performed Capt. Williams and his men designed to launch forth for a protracted hunting, trapping and exploring tour about the headwaters of the Missouri river and even beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Each man was well armed and mounted upon a good horse, and provided with a pack horse upon which he carried six traps, a two years supply of powder and lead, his clothing and blankets and such other articles as was deemed essential in their proposed remote and protracted wanderings.

The leader, Capt. Williams, is described as "a man of great perserverance, patience and such unflinching determination of character" while his men "were all accustomed to the privations and hardships of a frontier life, fond of adventures and darings enterprises, well skilled in the use of the rifle, and entertaining a strong partiality for those exploits that are peculiar to a frontier and savage life."

The party set forth on the 25th of April in great glee, not doubting that in braving the wrath of savage tribes they would pass through many scenes of violence and bloodshed and having no fear of the consequences, confident of their ability to overcome all difficulties and looking forward to their ultimate return, with a sufficient competence to remunerate them amply for the toils and dangers incident to its accumulation. Besides as they were the first party to attempt an overland trip to those distant regions where the Missouri and Columbia issue in hundreds of sparkling streamlets from the Rocky Mountains they were animated with all the joy and anticipation of first explorers. We will skip over the incidents of their journey to the Mandan villages where they arrived on the 1st day of July, having lost one of their number by disease on the Platte river. Captain Williams re-

mained a week at the village of the Big White to refresh his men and accord to his much jaded animals a much needed rest. But the end of that period found all anxious to push forward to new fields of enterprise. We had well nigh said new fields of adventure, but that phrase would inamplly express the expectations of the party with reference to their future wanderings. They imagined that in safely traversing the country of the Sioux, and leaving these formidable enemies who were behind them they had escaped all probable dangers and would now enter upon a probable course of roaming among inoffensive and peaceable tribes, where they might hunt and trap in security, undisturbed by savage onslaught and alarms. They were seemingly entirely ignorant of the hostility of the Blackfeet else they would not have trespassed with such careless confidence upon the domains of their war-like and powerful bands.

Upon leaving the Mandan villages early in July, Capt. Williams pushed westward, following the general direction of the Missouri until he arrived at the mouth of the Yellowstone river. Turning then to the southwest he followed this stream toward its source, seeking a suitable place to begin his trapping operations and at last near the mountains found a region where beaver were abundant. Here they halted and soon their traps were scattered upon the numerous mountain streams. Rifle in hand, the hunters ranged the prairies and foothills in pursuit of buffalo, elk, deer, antelope and big horn, which everywhere abounded, while those of piscatorial leanings found the streams filled with fish easy to catch and of excellent flavor. The trapping was attended with the most gratifying success, and the party free from alarms and unapprehensive of danger reveled in the sports they had come so far to enjoy, while wealth was gathering upon their hands in skins and furs.

But the summer haunts of one of the most powerful bands of Blackfeet were near at hand. These Indians were not long in discovering the presence of the trappers and put a watch upon their movements. Casting their eyes to the summit of the mountain adjacent to their camp the trappers often discovered dark forms peering out from among the rocks upon

the country below, but they had not thought it worth while to inquire into the matter, calling them wolves, when in point of fact they were undergoing daily inspection by the basilisk eyes of the Blackfoot scouts. One morning it was discovered that an Indian had been caught in one of the traps, though he had succeeded in freeing himself and making off, leaving the trap near the scene of his misadventure. This circumstance ought to have taught the trappers caution, but it did not. A day or two afterward nine of the men rode out from the camp for a buffalo hunt. At the distance of four or five miles, while dispersed over the plain in pursuit of the buffalo, a hundred Blackfeet suddenly emerged from the adjacent timber and dashed upon them. The trappers had no thought of resistance, in their scattered condition resistance would have availed little, and all sped away in desperate flight for the camp. Five of the best mounted effected their escape, but four were cut off from the camp, surrounded and taken. They were never seen again and were undoubtedly killed, being probably the first Americans who fell victims to the Blackfeet thirst for vengeance. A number of the Blackfeet pursued the five fleeing trappers to within half a mile of the camp, and one reckless fellow with the reckless daring an Indian sometimes exhibits pursued on still nearer alone seemingly determined to penetrate even into camp. But his temerity cost him dear for one of the men whose gun was loaded, paused in his flight, leveled his rifle and fired and the rash Blackfeet tumbled from his horse a corpse.

Within the camp all was now consternation. It was momentarily expected that the whole force of the Blackfeet encouraged by their easy triumph would be upon them with the odds of a hundred to sixteen, all that now remained of the trappers. But the attack had taken place late in the afternoon, and ere long they were under cover of night. The Indians had made no further demonstration but it was decided to abandon the country with all possible expedition. Large fires were lighted to deceive the Indians, from which the trappers withdrew about a mile and hastened their preparations for departure. About midnight all were ready and leaping into their saddles they turned their faces toward the

south. For twenty-four hours they pushed on without pause, when believing themselves safe they traveled more leisurely and were soon well advanced into the country of the Crows.

They rested a week at the Crow village, whose inhabitants treated them with great kindness, and then anxious to resume their trapping, they journeyed on to the North Platte. Upon leaving the Crow village, one of the number, Edward Rose chose to quit the party and remain behind; he took up his residence among the Crows, acquired the dignity of a Chief, and became a noted character in the subsequent history of this region of the west.

It is the common belief that the man of the frontier and his savage foeman, well comprehend the penalties of relaxed vigilance in the presence of a wily and watchful antagonist, are ever upon the alert taking every precaution against surprise, so that it is well nigh impossible that a march should be stolen upon either. To the savage in particular is this remitted wariness attributed, but it is an error to credit it to savage or frontiersman, and the disasters teeming in the records of the border, whether the victims are of a white or a dusky hue, are usually the result of a neglect of those common precautions that it would seem men of ordinary prudence would never fail to practice in such situations. It is true of danger that familiarity breeds contempt, as of anything else, and only when it assumes some new phase or an unexpected magnitude does it inspire in those accustomed to face it that prudence and watchfulness, that alone insure safety. But even then by continued immunity apprehension is soon set at rest and ere long the precautions one by one disregarded and then lethargy usurps the domain when vigilance should rule, and lulls the victim to a fatal security whose end is death.

It is thus with Captain William's reduced command and while yet fleeing from the scene of one disaster, another befell them, of yet greater magnitude, brought on by carelessness, even more palpable than in the former instance.

While journeying upon the upper part of the North Platte, they one night hobbled their horses, turned them out to graze, and then seeking the shelter of a grove of timber near at hand, laid down to sleep. The next morning the

horses were gone. Captain Williams took six men and started in pursuit, the trail being easily distinguished in the long wet grass. Presently they found some of the cords, with which the horses had been hobbled, not broken as they would have been, had the horses forced themselves, but evidently taken off by human hands. Indians! was the simultaneous thought of every man of the party, but they pushed on to a ridge in front from which they could obtain a good view of the surrounding country. Suddenly from its summit they discerned their horses in the possession of about 60 Indians. The discovery was mutual and in a moment, the Indians with hideous yells dashed up the hill to the attack. A resolute front, and a well directed volley would probably have driven them back, but unfortunately Capt. Williams made the mistake of ordering a retreat to the timber. Before they could reach it, five of them were overtaken and killed, only Capt. Williams and one man succeeded in reaching its protection.

The men in camp seeing the Indians approach, seized their arms, took cover behind the trees and opened fire with such effect that several of the Indians were killed and wounded and the remainder forced to withdraw out of range of their rifles, but encouraged by their first success to believe that a bold front would intimidate the whites they soon galloped again to the charge in fine style, yelling terrifically, and discharging a heavy flight of arrows into the timber, but again the rifles of the trappers, told upon them, with fatal effect and drove them speedily back. Four times the charge was repeated, the Indians showing unusual determination and pressing close up to the timber, but calmly awaiting their approach within easy range the trappers fired with deliberate aim and fatal execution emptying several saddles with every charge. Disheartened by defense so obstinate the Indians finally gave over the attack and withdrew, carrying with them two or three wounded, and leaving nineteen of their number dead upon the field. Capt. Williams was ignorant of the tribe to which these Indians belonged, but it has been stated that they were Crows. This is improbable as the party had been so long in the Crow village, that they would

have recognized the red bodies by their dress had they belonged to that tribe. It is more likely that they were Blackfeet, for whom it was no uncommon thing to penetrate to the waters of the Platte.

BRADLEY MANUSCRIPT—BOOK "F"

COPY OF A MANUSCRIPT PREPARED BY A. M. QUIVEY. DESIGNED TO
BE PRESENTED TO THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE

The Crows occupy as a reservation all that part of Montana lying south of the Yellowstone River and west of the line running south from a point on the Yellowstone about 25 miles below the mouth of the Big Horn River. They also occupy as a hunting ground that part of Montana lying between the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, going as far east as their enemies the Sioux (with whom they are constantly at war) will permit. They seldom or never hunt or camp farther south or east than the Big Horn River, although as late as 20 years ago they lived at least a portion of the year upon the Platte River and some of their traditions seem to indicate that they at one time lived much farther south than that but have been gradually moving northwest by voluntary emigration or by encroachment of their enemies.

They now number about 400 lodges, but they have traditions among them that at one time they numbered over a thousand lodges, but that at a time long before the white people came among them a famine reduced their numbers more than half, and that they nearly recovered their former number, when at a later period the small pox broke out among them and over one half of them died, since which time their number had remained about the same; but they have increased somewhat within the last five years.

The Crows were a tall athletic race, being larger men and women than the average white people, in color much lighter than the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains. Their power of endurance, of fatigue, etc., is not at all superior to that of the white men of the frontier. Their hair and eyes are usually black in color, although in many of them their hair is a shade of brown and some of them have blue or grey eyes, but exhibit no other traces of white blood. Many of them become grey when quite young, but never bald. All, or nearly all, have fine teeth which seldom decay, even in old age.

Child bearing is attended with but little inconvenience, the mother being usually able to travel or attend to her usual duties within a few hours after the birth of a child. Their reproduction is equal to that of any race of people, and natural sterility is not common; but criminal abortion is so common among them that the number of living children is not large. Perhaps there are as many abortions as living births, but it is not easy to form a correct estimate, and abortion is attended with but little danger or inconvenience. The women arrive at puberty at about sixteen years of age, but usually have intercourse with men a year or two earlier than that. Many of both sexes live to a great age, but it is impossible to learn the ages, even if they are comparatively young, for they do not know themselves.

The most common diseases among them are consumption and rheumatism; also scrofula, but at the present time the health of the tribe is improving.

It is difficult to tell as to the effects of diets among them; as in their native state their diet is meat alone (with a few roots and berries in season) and it is but a few years since they began to eat bread, vegetables, etc., but no ill effects are observed from their use. They are either less sensitive to pain or bear it with more fortitude than the white race—very few are naturally deformed, and quite a number are deaf and dumb. Many small children are cross-eyed, but many of them seem to outgrow this peculiarity, and obliquity of vision is noticed in but few of those of mature years. They usually have well formed heads and their intellectual faculties are naturally good, but they are slow to acquire the language of white men, or to abandon their own habits of thought and action. All of their ideas, principles or rules of action are so radically different from those of white men that a change in that respect must be very slow. Memory of places is good, but having no system of notation or names of months, days, etc., their memory of time is usually confused and uncertain.

Accustomed to living upon the products of the chase, they are all good hunters, but usually hunt upon horseback and exhibit much sagacity in finding game, but seldom track game of any kind.

As to moral ideas, theirs differ so materially from those of civilized races that it is very hard to define them. It may perhaps be said that they have none.

As to their emotions, they do not exhibit the stoicism usually attributed to Indians. Their grief at the death of their friends is usually of very demonstrative kind, and much of this may be attributed to custom which demands that it should be so. Their passions are generally strong.

They call themselves Up-sah-ro-ku, which interpreted is Crow. They do not seem to know why they are so called but that has always been the name of the tribe. The Gros Ventres, of the Fort Berthold reservation, are a kindred people, having the same traditions, etc., and are in fact a branch of the Crow tribe, and speak substantially the same language. There are about 4000 Crow Indians, the females outnumbering the males, perhaps in the ratio of five of the former to four of the latter. This disparity in numbers may be attributed to the casualties of war, etc.

They seem to have no inventive genius; all their native implements, arms, etc., they made from time immemorable in the same form as now, and although their native arms of offence, and defense—such as shields, bows, etc., are now but little used, they are still retained as articles of a kind of heraldry, and no warrior is fully equipped on occasions of festivity, without them. Yet they seldom carry them when they go to war, preferring fire arms procured from the whites.

The Crow reservation south of the Yellowstone River, consists of a strip of excellent grazing country from ten to fifty miles wide, backed by high mountains. It abounds in game, and contains a large amount of good agricultural land. In the mountains, are mines of silver, lead, copper, etc. and this will in course of time be a rich country. In the valley, the rocks are mostly sandstone of sedimentary formation, with some good mines of coal in the mountains, granite, limestone, etc. The mountains are covered with a dense growth of pine, fir and other coniferous trees, and in them are the sources of many streams, such as the Big Horn, Clark's

Fork, Rosebud, Stillwater, Boulder, etc., also many smaller streams—all having valleys of greater or less expanse.

The climate is hot in summer and quite cold in winter and so little snow falls along the Yellowstone that horses, and other stock winter well without other feed, than the natural grasses of the country. There are few plants of which the Indians make any economic use.

They have no domestic animals except horses and dogs. The former they have in great numbers, and use them for riding and moving their lodges, etc. Of the latter they have also a great many, which are of no economic use, whatever, and more nearly resemble wolves and other wild animals than dogs. Of wild animals which are of use to them, buffalo ranks first in importance, and which they principally subsist upon when away from the agency. They were at one time very numerous and are yet found in sufficient numbers, to form their food during a portion of the year, but their number is rapidly decreasing and in a few years they will be extinct, in all the country occupied by the Crows, besides buffalo, elk, antelope and mountain sheep abound in all parts of the country. Of our fur bearing animals there are beaver, otter, wolf, etc., but the Indians do but little trapping, not being at all skillful in that line. Grouse of all kinds, geese, ducks and other edible birds, are found in great numbers, but the Indians never eat them, but use the feathers of many kinds to ornament.

When they can procure them they use many kinds of berries for food, also roots, one of which resembles the small sweet potato, and is very nutritious. Fish are very plentiful in all the streams.

The country between the Yellowstone and the Missouri River in which the Crows hunt, is much of it low marine formation, abounding in fossils of an early period. Amnites and fossils of that character are common, and in some places, beds of oyster shells in good preservation are found; beds of fossil shell are also found in the south side of the Yellowstone between Pryor's Creek and the Big Horn.

There are few or no relics of extinct tribes, found in this part of the country. The Crows have for years been at war

with their hereditary enemies, the Sioux, also with the Assinaboines, north of the Missouri River, also with the Flatheads, who come from the West to hunt buffalo. With the latter tribe they have now made peace. They are friends and allies of the Gros Ventres, of the Fort Blecknap reservation on the Milk River (who are related to the Arrapahoes, speaking the same language) also the Bannacks, and Nez Perces, who yearly come from the west to hunt with them, and join them in going to war against the Sioux. The Cheyennes and Arrapahoes also make hostile raids into the country of the Crows, sometimes reaching the white settlements in Montana. The Flatheads and Nez Perces are somewhat advanced in civilization at home, but (are restrained by) little of its influence when hunting with the Crows.

Their food usually consists of the flesh of various animals, as buffalo, elk, deer, etc., although they are fond of bread, rice, beans, etc., which they procure at their agency. Buffalo is the favorite game, being usually found in large herds, and is usually hunted on horseback, the hunters approaching as near as possible without attracting the notice of the game, and dashing among them, selecting the fattest cows and shooting them down as fast as they run. In this way several hundred are frequently killed in a few hours. The skins are stripped off either for robes or lodge skins, the fat and favorite part are selected for food and the rest left for the ravens and wolves. Under this system of hunting the buffalo are rapidly disappearing, and will in a few years become extinct. Elk, deer, etc. are usually hunted by approaching them on foot, and much skill is often displayed in hunting them. They also to some extent eat herbs and berries when in season, and some times preserve them for winter use by drying.

The men usually, in addition to killing the game, dress it and bring it to the lodge. All other labor connected with it, such as cooking, bringing wood and water, and drying the surplus meat for future use, being performed by the women. They usually boil their meat (although they sometimes broil it on coals) in a large kettle hung on a tripod in the center of the lodge, seldom permitting it to boil more than a few min-

utes, just so the blood will not run. The meat thus contains all its juicy sweetness and is perhaps more digestible and nutritious than if boiled a longer time. In cooking berries, they boil them, adding the fat of the buffalo or other animals, adding (if they have them) flour, sugar, etc. forming a mass as disgusting to the educated palate as castor oil, yet wholesome, and one soon learns to relish it. The Crows never eat birds of any kind, neither do they eat dogs or wolves as do some of the prairie Indians.

At the agency they receive rations of flour, beef, sugar, coffee, etc. They bake their bread in frying pans or fry it in grease when they have it; their coffee they prepare as they have learned from white people. When living upon meat alone, they eat a large amount, perhaps an average of six or seven pounds per day for an individual. When traveling they usually start early, often before eating anything, and by noon are in camp and often remain until evening. They eat the last meal just before going to bed. They have no peculiar custom in eating, except that food is never passed between the master of the lodge and the fire, even if to avoid doing so, it has to make nearly the whole circuit of the lodge, although this is sometimes avoided by passing it behind them. In regard to drink this rule is not so imperative. For drink with their meals they use coffee, (which they prefer very sweet) if they can get it. If they have sugar and no coffee, they use tea made of mint, or the bark of wild cherry, etc. Many of them, especially the River Crows (a portion of the tribe, who have for many years lived along the Missouri River) are very fond of whiskey, which they sometimes procure from lawless white men, and it has about the same effect upon them as upon white men, only in a greater degree, and if no measures were taken to prevent a free trade in whiskey among them, it would effect their destruction in a few years. I know of no narcotics in use among them.

Their medical practice is so mixed with incantations, that it is hard for anyone, even after a long residence among them, to describe their native medicine, and their methods of preparing them, etc. The use of the sweat bath is universal among them. This is made by setting willows in the ground

in a circle, and weaving the tops together to form a frame which is covered with skins or blankets. A small hole is dug in the middle and filled with heated stones, upon which water is poured. The hot steam induces intense perspiration, which is often followed by a plunge into cold water, or having cold water dashed upon the person. A few roots and herbs are also used for medicine.

The principal diseases sought to be cured are the various venereal diseases, rheumatism, colds, etc., and in many cases their treatment is successful; at least the patients recover.

Their habitations are common to all the prairie Indians, usually covered with dressed skins of the buffalo, although some of them are now made of cotton cloth procured at the agencies or from traders. Their lodges are usually from 14 to 25 feet in diameter at the base and almost the same in height and circular in form. The fire is made in the middle of the lodge, the smoke escaping through an aperture at the top, each person living in the lodge, having their appointed place to sleep and which they usually occupy during the day when in the lodge; the master or owner occupying a place either in the right or left of the entrance. A guest is usually placed opposite the entrance, or at the head of the lodge as it is called.

The camp seldom remains longer than a few days in one place, as grass for their horses soon becomes exhausted and game becomes scarce, and they move to another camping ground, not often moving more than eight or ten miles per day, and when danger from enemies is apprehended, they usually camp in a circle, inside of which their horses are picketed at night.

They have but few vessels and utensils other than those procured from the whites. They sometimes make spoons and ladles out of the horns of the buffalo or mountain sheep.

They have no system of notation, but count up to thousands the same as do white people, by units, tens, hundreds, etc. They have no names of days or months but measure time by moons or snows, and in reciting events which occurred in the distant past, they seldom try to be exact as to the number of years or snows since the related event occurred, and but few if any of them know their own ages.

They have no standard of values or means of estimating the same, except that a certain article is worth a certain number of robes or skins—neither have they any system of credit or obligations, and nothing seems to them more foolish than paying for an article after it is consumed.

They are inveterate gamblers. Horse racing is very common among them also. Both men and women gamble with cards, the only game which they play is one somewhat resembling casino, both men and women playing the game. They also have a game which is played by two parties sitting opposite each other, one man rapidly passing a shell, elk tooth or other small object from one hand to the other, at the same time swinging the hands over the head or behind the back in order to mislead the opposite party. At a given signal he presents his closed hands in front, and if the opposite party, is able to guess which hand contains the article, a forfeit is lost, if not, it is won. This is usually accompanied by a monotonous chant or beating a drum. Another game played by women consists of tossing a number of plum stones or buttons in a small wooden bowl and the manner in which they fall in the bowl or out of it determines the result of the game. The amount staked in the above game ranges from a horse to a string of beads, but such is their passion for gambling, that they will stake their last blanket on the result. They play two different games of ball—one of which is played with a ball a little larger than what is used in the game of baseball by two parties on opposite sides of the field armed with peculiar shaped bats. Each party tries to drive the ball beyond the line of the opponents. The other, is a kind of foot ball played with a larger ball, stuffed with hair of some kind. The number of players in the above games is not fixed and may be played by few or many.

The sports of children consist largely in imitating the occupations or pastimes of their seniors, the same as white children. The boy prefers his pony, whip, bow and arrows or toy gun; the little girl her doll; and all children spend much of their time erecting miniature tepees out of small sticks and pieces of cloth or skin. Many of the little girls have a set of toys representing the outfit an Indian woman usually

carries on her horse when travelling, consisting of her husband's medicines and shield, numerous parcels, etc., which they tie upon a stick in the same manner that the above articles are arranged upon the horse in the midst of which is a doll seated in the toy saddle. Many of them are elaborately beaded and neatly arranged.

Their music, both vocal and instrumental is common to all occasions of festivity and social gatherings. Their only native musical instrument (if we except a kind of rattle) is the drum, which consists of a skin stretched over a hoop upon which they beat with a stick, usually accompanied by singing. Nearly every lodge has a drum and all are musicians; though some excel, yet it is impossible for an uneducated ear to tell the difference. On many occasions, in ceremony or festivities both men and women sing, generally in a monotonous manner—sometimes one of the number improvising a song for the occasion.

There is no class of men especially designated as artists and their art ideas are extremely rude, generally consisting of rough drawing on their robes or on the linings of their lodge representing their exploits in war or in rude drawings of the new moon or some animal, often mythical or fabulous, on their shield. The women use vast quantities of beads in garnishing moccasins, etc., but display but little taste or ingenuity in their work.

Their theories of natural phenomena are rather indefinite. They believe that the sun, moon and stars and spirits are beings of sense; that the sun when it looks upon the earth gives warmth, and some believe that the thunder is the voice of the Great Spirit in anger but many seem to have no definite belief in regard to these things.

Many of them are great story tellers and while away many long winter evenings relating or listening to tales of the past and one may learn more of their mythology and traditional history listening to those stories than in any other way.

Their songs seem to be improvised for the occasion and generally, when at all intelligibly, related to war exploits, etc.

Courtship and marriage is attended with but little ceremony. Sometimes a young man meets a maiden and throwing his robe around her, pours into her willing or unwilling ear his tale of love or riding through camp in gala costume proclaims his purpose of seeking a wife. But generally a father or mother having a marriageable daughter offers her to some man who is known to be looking for a wife, (inclinations of the parties being frequently known). In return the bridegroom generally gives the father one or more horses, and the marriage is complete without further ceremony. Blood relations as near as first cousins never intermarry. Polygamy is common among them—some men having as many as four wives, who rank according to the caprice of the husband, each wife usually having a separate lodge—the husband staying with each by turns. No woman ever has more than one husband. They sometimes intermarry with other tribes, but not often. The marriage relation is far from being sacred or permanent. The ceremony of divorce is as simple as the marriage, and is very common, each party being at liberty to contract a new marriage at will. There is no seclusion of the mother on the birth of a child and it is attended with little pain and inconvenience—the mother usually pursuing her ordinary avocations on the following day.

The child is usually given some such name after birth as the fancy of the woman may choose, but which is frequently changed in after years. The child is soon after birth placed in a kind of receptacle often having a board for the back in which it is firmly wrapped and bound—its head only being visible. In this it is kept most of the time until able to walk. The child is never artificially deformed and seldom naturally so. They frequently give their children to their friends or relatives to raise and most of their children have one or more mothers by adoption. They are very indulgent to their children and they are only educated by the example of those around them.

The standing of the woman in the family and society is that of an inferior being—almost that of a slave. She does all the camp work, packs the horses, and drives them when

hauling, dresses the robes and skins, makes the clothing, etc. Many of them when young are rather pretty and bright in appearance but soon look old. Some of them live to a great age and for years are the most repulsive looking objects imaginable.

Of chastity or morals as understood among civilized people, there is none. Celibacy is not common among them although a marriage is often only temporary.

A widow inherits nothing from the husband on his death. His lodge is usually destroyed and distributed among his mourning male friends or relatives, in whose lodges his widows and children generally find refuge. The parent or guardian claims complete control over the child such as giving in marriage, although a brother as head of the family often holds priory over a widowed mother.

The medicine men or doctors assume something the rank of a class or profession but no distinction such as Chief or Medicine Man is hereditary, neither is there such a thing as secret orders or slavery.

In their personal habits there are some strange contradictions. While one who did not bathe every day, especially in warm weather would be an object of ridicule, they never wash their clothes and while many spend much time combing and arranging their hair, it, as well as the clothes is usually full of vermin.

Among them they have no special form of salutation. Even intimate friends when long separated meet without saluting each other or rather as if they had been parted but an hour. There are certain rules of etiquette that are strictly observed. It is considered an insult to pass between the master of the lodge and the fire or fire-place in the center of the lodge or to pass food between him and the fire, although to avoid it it may be necessary to make almost a whole circuit of the lodge, though for convenience they will sometimes pass food or drink behind the back.

Their hospitality is unbounded. A guest is always welcome to the best they have to eat and drink, but they are such inveterate beggars that to a white man their hospitality is rather expensive.

In eating and drinking their customs are very simple, usually preparing one kind of food at a time. The guests of which there are generally some present, and men in the lodge are served first, then the women and children. When traveling they often start without eating anything until they camp in the afternoon. When in camp they eat often and when living on meat alone they eat an amount that would astonish a white man. When they kill game, they generally eat the tripe, kidneys, liver, etc. raw and often warm from the animals.

They have no stated festivals, but generally when an Indian invites friends to his lodge to dance, food is prepared for the guests and coffee if they have it. Also when a Medicine Dance, which is held in a large lodge, prepared for the occasion, a feast accompanies it, food being contributed by all who are inclined to do so. They have no special sleeping customs, except that each person has his appointed place in the lodge. They are no public charities and the aged and infirm are often neglected and have a hard time of it. There are no special forms of initiation into manhood or into the tribe, but a young man's return from his first successful expedition to war is an occasion of rejoicing with his family and friends, and he is thenceforth counted among the braves of the tribe.

Among their vices may be mentioned prostitution, stealing and lying; these may be said to be universal, there are some exceptions but most men acquainted with them would object to any being made. Abortion is very common and attended with so little danger and inconvenience as to be hardly noticable. They make use of some roots and herbs in their medical practice; also the sweat baths, but seem to depend most on incantations and exorcism. Bleeding is common, the operation being frequently performed by the patient upon himself; the veins of the arm being opened as among white people. I have never seen teeth extracted or amputation performed except that when one of the family dies (especially the women) frequently cut off one or more fingers.

They have no special customs when about to make a new lodge or when about to go upon an expedition except

that the chiefs may hold a council and determine their course, appoint a leader of the camp, etc. When about to go to war, they frequently have a war dance or the young men who are going ride through the camp calling for volunteers, etc.

In war they seldom take prisoners. Those taken are usually women and children who in the course of time are adopted into the tribe. The wounded enemies who fall into their hands are slain without mercy. When one dies the camp resounds with the lamentation of the family and friends; the degree or generality of the mourning depending much upon the importance of the individual. The body is wrapped in blankets or robes and deposited in a tree or on a scaffold erected for the purpose. Sometimes when a Chief dies his body is laid upon a scaffold erected within the lodge, which is left standing when the camp moves. Often when a man dies everything that the lodge contains, such as robes, etc. is carried away by mourning friends, leaving the family destitute.

There are no hereditary chiefs, but those in authority acquire their influence by their prowess in war and general usefulness to the tribe and their influence may be said to be only temporary as a reverse in war greatly diminishes the number of their followers. The real authority rests in the soldiers who band together to enforce order in the camp and preserve unity of action, etc. There are no chiefs especially designated as war chiefs, although when going to war (which they usually do in small parties) someone is selected as a leader and in his judgment the good or ill fortune depends to a great degree. All movements are usually determined by a council of chiefs and principal men and some one rides through camp proclaiming their decision. When traveling this is usually done every evening or morning, in this way all know in which way they are to travel, where to camp, etc. Sometimes the camp or principal chiefs are divided in opinion as to the best course to pursue and the chief of each faction rides through the camp, proclaiming in a loud voice the advantages of this or that course of action and each starts his

own way; their respective faction following. Frequently the party in the minority changes its course and follows the other.

There are no privileged classes. All have an equal chance to arrive at distinction and several of the principal chiefs were born of a different tribe and are only Crows by adoption. There are no laws concerning labor, trade, personal possessions, etc. and the usual form of oath is for the party testifying to touch the point of a knife with the index finger of the right hand. There is no such thing as public property, etc.

In religious matters they believe in one great invisible spirit who is omnipotent, and omnipresent, the creator of all things, who is their principal object of reverence. They also believe that the sun, moon and stars are all beings possessed with intelligence and are, especially the sun, to a certain degree, objects of sacrifice and worship. They believe in the immortality of the soul and that the spirits of their departed friends are constantly with them—many of them carrying the skull or some other relic of the dead with them in their journeys believing that so long as they preserve this the spirit of the departed will dwell in their lodges and preserve them from evil; and in their mourning they often in their lamentations call upon the spirit of the departed to remain with them, to watch over them, to preserve them from hunger, sickness, etc. Every time they sit down to smoke, they make it an act of devotion, someone in the circle pointing the stem of the pipe, as offering it to the sun, earth, etc., many at the same time reverently bowing their heads. They also have an annual custom of planting tobacco, which is their religious ceremony; and they imagine that their good or ill fortune, health, etc. during the year depends upon this ceremony. All sacrifices are offered to the sun. These (at the present time at least) consist of blankets, scarlet cloth, etc. and sometimes the skin of the buffalo or other animal placed in a tree or upon a pole erected for the purpose and left until the elements destroy it. They call this giving to the sun.

Their ideas of the future state are rather indistinct. They, or at least many of them, believe that they will be rewarded hereafter according to their deserts and their pursuits in the spirit lands will resemble those they follow in this.

In mourning they are very demonstrative in their manifestations of grief, the women and sometimes men cutting off their hair and often one or more fingers, and cutting their faces and other parts of the person, and letting the blood dry on them, giving them a hideous appearance and during a period the afflicted family, when traveling go on foot and from daylight until dark remain apart from the camp and often during the evening the women make night hideous with their wailing for the dead, calling upon the Great Spirit to be good to them in their affliction, and beseeching the Spirit, that their lost friend remain with them, to watch over them.

Their traditions regarding the creation are vague and indistinct. One is to the effect that when the Great Spirit created the world, it was covered with water and that he first created fishes and birds living upon the water, but wishing to create a higher order of animals he sent a great bird to the bottom, and brought the earth out of the sea; that he then made the trees, grass, etc. after which the animals living upon the land were made. But still the Great Spirit was not satisfied. So he took clay and of it made images of men and women and put them under his robe and breathed upon them and they were active men and women; afterwards the Great Spirit became angry with the people and caused a great flood of water to come upon the earth which drowned them, all but a few, who were saved by climbing to the top of a high mountain. After the water subsided they multiplied upon the earth. Finally the Great Spirit divided them into different tribes, put bows and arrows into their hands and permitted them to go to war with each other, placing the Crows in the midst of their enemies, because their hearts were strong.

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES

INFORMATION OBTAINED FROM LITTLE FACE, ONE OF MY CROW SCOUTS ABOUT SIXTY YEARS OF AGE, CONCERNING THE GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES OF A COUNTRY OCCUPIED BY THE CROW TRIBE

Crow-land divided into Prairie-land and Mountain-land, the first called Ah-rah-soo-ku, the second Ah-makh-kah-wa. Yellowstone River—Et-tse-di-kahsh.

Elk River—Ahsh-ah.

Emigrant Gulch, no name originally, now called Mu-ni-ah-noot-su, where they get their money.

The next large creek below the above, Bah-se-u-sut-chu, the Big Pine.

The Spaniards Canyon—Oo-ku-shu. (Spaniard) Ah-naht-si, (Stop) Ah-rah-sah-ti (Canon), the canyon where the Spaniards stop, so called because about 40 years ago the Crows found the camp of 6 Spanish trappers there.

Skull Creek—Bah-re-ah-shoo-ah. Ahsh-ke-aht, Skull Creek, so called from time immorial on account of the great number of human skulls once found there.

A Creek just below the Canon—A-da (Belly) Un-u-pe-o, kicked in the belly. A great many years ago while the Crows were camped there, two engaged in a fight which gave rise to the name.

The next creek below is called—Ahsh-ke-ah-tish. Mu-nu- pookh- pe-shish, Snap wood Creek, on account of the Snapping of the Willow wood when burnt.

The next—Ah-rah-pahts-cu-pooa. Ahsh-ke-ahtish, the Creek from the Bend, (From its position).

The Big Boulder—Me-haj-Ot-se-pa, the Sinking or Diving Water, so called on account of a natural bridge under which it flows thirty miles above the mouth on the Middle Fork. The bridge appears from accounts of it to be a remarkable place.

The two Deer Creeks—Ah-rah-sah-bah-noopa, two Canon Creek, both of these creeks are called by this name.

Bridger Creek—Bah-tsa- dahkh- pah-ish, siezed the man, so called because during a fight between the Crows and their enemies, a Crow siezed one of the enemies around the body. A more modern name is—Ah-ma (land). Coor-r (center).

Ah-mahch, (set down), Ah-soo-ah (house), Ar-r-okh-too-u (shot). This word means that the house was shot into of Ahma Coor Ahmaeh (Set in the Center of the Land). The real name of the Chief, nicknamed Blackfoot

Still water Fork—Ahr- nah-pu-mu-ta, When the Buffalo Jumped off, so called because in ancient times when the Crows had only bows and arrows, they made a big kill, by driving the buffalo over the rocks in the canon.

The next branch of this stream, Boo-u-eb-ka-tish-fish tail Creek, so called from a ridge of rocks in the valley, 15 miles above the mouth, which resembles the back and tail of a fish.

The next branch (Agency situated on it), Ah-shah Dahsh-da-tu, No name Creek. Nothing ever happened on the Creek to distinguish it, and no name was ever conferred upon it.

After these three streams unite, they take the name first given, When the Buffalo Jumped off.

The branch on which the Agency is situated forks some 12 miles above the Agency, and the most southern branch takes the name of, Mu-ne-e-nu-tuh—Still Water, so called on account of the flow of the water being checked by numerous Beaver dams.

LEGEND OF THE SUN

A great many years ago when the Crows were a very numerous people and the favorites of the Sun, the Sun came among them and took a Crow woman as a wife. They had a splendid lodge where the woman lived respected by the tribe and occasionally the Sun came down and dwelt with her for a time. The Sun favored the Crows because of his love for his wife and blessed them with abundance of food, corn, and buffalo and success over their enemies.

But there was a fool-dog among the Crows, a man who was supposed to be possessed with an evil spirit and not responsible for his conduct. He roamed about the village, doing hurt to whom he would and no one took him to task because he was a fool-dog and couldn't help it. Once when the Sun was absent from his lodge the fool-dog visited it and in

spite of the tears and entreaties of the wife of the Sun, ravished her. She bore her shame in silence, but prepared herself for death. When the Sun came she confessed to him what the fool-dog had done and put herself to death before his eyes.

Then was the Sun angry with the Crows for the wrong that had been done him and the loss of his beloved wife and determined to destroy them. He caused their corn to fail, prevented the buffalo from coming to their country and gave their enemies power over them. Then were the Crows forced to become wanderers on the earth, seeking a new home where they might have food and rest. A long time they wandered, suffered briefly from famine and in danger of total destruction, when the White Wolf who was the servant of the Sun took pity upon them and resolved to save them. Coming among them he told them to make a pile of rice stalk and other fuel. They were then to make little pellets of meat and corn meal and throw them one by one upon the pile until the pile burst into flames when ten buffalo would arise from the midst of the flame, all of which the Crows must destroy; should one escape, he would go to the Sun and tell him what the Crows were doing, then there would be no hope for them.

The Crows were in distress at this, for though they could find enough meat for the sacrifice, they did not believe there was so much as a kernel of corn among them all, but at last it was ascertained that an old woman had preserved a small quantity for seed which she gladly contributed since it was to save them from starvation. Ten pellets were made, the pile of rice stalks and other fuel was gathered and while the assembled warriors stood ready with drawn bows to kill the expected buffalo, the pellets were thrown one by one upon the pile. The first produced no result, the second, the third and so on to ninth followed but no sign of flames appeared and the Crows began to despond when the tenth was tossed into the pile a bright flame burst forth, and ten well favored buffalo galloped out of the midst of the pile. The Crows let fly a shower of arrows and the ten buffalo fell dead in their midst.

Then there was a feast and joy pervaded the camp. At the suggestion of White Wolf, the charm was repeated, the next flame producing twenty buffalo, the next thirty and so on, ten more each time till the number reached ninety, all of which the Crows destroyed, and had food in abundance. In these days the Crows did not possess either fire arms, or horses and it became difficult for them on foot and with only bows and arrows to kill the multitude of buffalo that now appeared, so that their very abundance was a source of disquiet, lest one should escape and letting the Sun kindle afresh his anger against the Crows. When the number of buffalo reached one hundred; this misfortune happened, they killed only 99, and the one that escaped fled direct to the Sun and told him the whole story.

Then was the Sun indeed angry, but rather with the White Wolf because he had not been a faithful servant, than with the Crows, who had showed themselves a brave people in adversity. He told White Wolf to go with the Crows and tell them that he should no more endeavor to destroy them and then condemned him to be forever a vagabond and out-cast among the animals of the earth. This the Wolf has been to this day; and the Sun has never since taken a wife from among the Crows.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BAHTSAHSTAHTISH

In the winter of 1875-'76 there died among the Mountain Crows an old woman of the band whose age was supposed to be between 115 and 130 years. The oldest men and women of the tribe remembered her, as already an old woman in their youth and there is little doubt that her age was nearly or quite what it was reputed. Her name was Bah-tsah-stah-tish, or the Poorest, and she used to tell the following story of the movements of the Crows and other things that I have not been able to gather.

The earliest recollection of the Poorest were of the tribes as dwellers upon the waters of the Little Blue River in the State of Kansas, the tribe had journeyed hither from the Southeast and were then moving slowly on to the Northwest, sometimes pausing a year or two in some good country but

continuing the migration, erecting piles of stone, at intervals, to mark the route, until they arrived at the North Platte, where they found the buffalo numerous and remained a considerable time. During this migration the Crows were very poor having neither fire arms nor horses nor implements nor vessels of metal. They were enabled to cut and fashion lodge pins but with great labor and so kept the bottom of their lodges in place by piling stones upon the skin when it touched the ground. They butchered buffalo with pieces of sharp stone, in which they acquired considerable skill in splitting off in sharp thin scales.

While the Crows were camped upon the North Platte, they once suffered severely from famine; they were separated in two bands which camped near each other and it chanced one day that a few buffalo appeared which escaped the pursuit of the hunters of one camp but were killed by hunters from the other. The camp whose hunters had made the unsuccessful chase demanded a portion of the meat but were refused. This caused a dissention between them, the one camp accusing the other of stinginess in keeping all their meat, the other replying, "Go and eat the corn you are so fond of." They agreed to separate, those who had kept the buffalo continuing toward the northwest, while the other band turned toward the northeast. This was the origin of the separate tribes of the Crows and the Gros Ventres of the Missouri. Though they had quarrelled and agreed to separate they never made war upon each other and were accustomed in after years to make visits of friendship to each other.

The Crows continued to travel toward the northwest till they had reached and crossed the mountains and arrived in the country of the Nez Perces. These Indians received them kindly and when informed that the Crows were seeking a new country told them that the country farther on was mountains and desolate and advised them to turn back. This the Crows did and occupied the country at the foot of the mountains from the Yellowstone to the North Platte River, all of which they continued to possess till the Sioux expelled them from the southern part of it.

As in 1874, the Poorest was the only living person who could remember the separation of the Crows and Gros Ventres, though there were some in the neighborhood of 80 years old, this separation must have taken place prior to 1796, and probably as far back as 1775 or 1780 as the Poorest was very young when it happened, and a later date would leave too long a period for the migration from the Little Blue. The Crow called the Gros Ventres, Ah-mah-sha, the ground houses.

The Crows call themselves Up-sah-ro-ku, but the meaning of the word is lost. They say that the Great Spirit gave the name to them when he created them. A part of them at least, as some that I have questioned, say they do not know how they got the name. The word was translated for me by Bridger in 1866, as Powerful Eagle, but he was not a good authority upon the Crow tongue, speaking it poorly. Beckworth translates it Sparrow Hawk. He was a good Crow talker and spent many years of his life among them as warrior and chief. My present impression is, that it is the name of some kind of bird, that was known to the Crows, when they dwelt further to the southeast, but then they migrated to a country where the bird was not found. It is to be remarked that I have seen the tribe symbolized in a few instances by a figure that bears a rude resemblance to a bird with expanded wings, the tail being bi-furcated with rounded points. At present the customary symbol is a quadruped. It is nearly fifty years since Beckworth went among the Crows and at that time there might have been old men living who could describe the bird indicated by the name from which he got his idea of the Sparrow Hawk.*

The name Crows by which the tribe is designated by the whites, they know nothing about. They never call themselves Crows though that is the name by which all the surrounding Indian tribes call them in their several tongues. The whites probably obtained the name by translation from some of the Indian languages through which the Crows were first heard of. Major Brisbin in his book adopts Mrs. Carrington's false interpretation of Upsahroqu.

*Refer to Mrs. Carrington's book, to see if she does not translate this word Home of the Crows.

LITTLE FACE SPEAKS

SUBSTANCE OF A CONVERSATION WITH LITTLE FACE, ONE OF MY SCOUTS, AGED
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF SIXTY YEARS

There was a legend in his family handed down through many generations that the first white men seen by the Crows were upon the shores of a great water, so great that the further shores could not be seen and the Crows did not know how far the water extended. This was in some distant country, but where it was or what was the name of the water, Little Face could not tell. The men were white, had beards and dressed as the white men that the Crows have seen since. There were only two in number and were traveling along the shore in a boat. There is no account of what became of them nor does the legend state how many of these men were subsequently seen. I compute from the number of generations given by Little Face that this must have occurred at least one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred years ago. From the circumstances of the first white man being seen upon the water, the Crows call them the People who live upon the Water, but afterwards they gave them the name of Mahr-stah-she-dah, or the Yellow-eyed People, by which they are still called.

According to the oldest traditions with which Little Face is familiar, that mention their place of residence so as to identify the locality, the Crows dwelt upon the Kansas River, or Flint River as it is termed by them.

They know that in still earlier times, they dwelt somewhere else, at one time on the shore of a large body of water, whose extent they did not know, but it is impossible to identify this earlier home from their traditions; indeed I cannot learn that they call it by any name at the present time. From the Arkansas they journeyed northward by degrees, pausing a long time about the two branches of the Platte, particularly toward the South Pass. Little Face said that all the old people of his age were born about the North Platte, but those of less age were born in the land they at present occupy.

Little Face said he understood well the tradition of the separation of the Crows and Minnetarees, having heard it many times. He said he knew the truth of it, though all Crows do not. It happened before his time, I think he said in the time of his grandfather. There had been some previous dissention among the Crows that had lasted a long time, causing them to divide into two camps, which always pitched a little apart, though they migrated together and were never far asunder. They were once camped in this manner, just where Little Face cannot tell, separated by a ravine of some depth. It was a time of great scarcity of food and all were suffering grievously when a Buffalo bull appeared that was killed by one of the camp. The other camp sent for a part of it asking for an equal division which was refused, only the paunch being offered. This was rejected with disdain, when the hind quarters were added, but these two were refused. The owners of the buffalo then told the other camp to go and hunt for themselves and so much ill feeling resulted that one camp went one way and the other went the other way and they were never reunited. The party that refused the paunch went to the Missouri and took their residence near the Mandans, and are now known as Minnetarries or Gros Ventres. The other camp became the Crows of the present time. The Crows continued to call their brethern who had separated from them by the common name of Ap-sah-ro-ku, until finally visiting them and discovering the sort of houses they were dwelling in, in place of the former lodges of skin, they gave them the name of Ah-mah-sha, or House of Earth. Little Face does not know how the Minnetaries obtained corn and does not remember to have heard whether the Crows ever cultivated it themselves, neither does he remember to have heard that the Crows once used boats. He says he has often wondered what the word Up-sar-ro-ku, means and often talked about it but he could never learn. The Crows had forgotten it.

The Little Face tells the story of the destruction of the camp by small pox at the Place of Skulls somewhat different from Buffalo Talk, at least as to its termination. It occurred before his time, he says, which proves that the Crows

dwelt high up the Yellowstone at an earlier period, that would be inferred from his previous statement that all the Crows of his age were born on or about the North Platte. He does not know that any of the Crows fled to the camp on the Powder River but closes the tragedy in the following manner. There were two men in the diseased camp who escaped the contagion, when they looked around them and saw their friends and relatives lying by hundreds lifeless over the Plains, the lodges, desolate, one said to the other, "It is better to destroy ourselves than die in this manner. We cannot escape, the Great Spirit is angry with the Crows, and determined to remove them from the earth. Let us ascend the cliff and throwing ourselves over die like brave men." The other consented and leaping over the precipice, they were dashed to pieces.

Little Face said that the first horses that the Crows ever saw came to them out of the water. How it was done or how long the Crows possessed them he does not know, but afterwards they were a long time without them. They had none when they journeyed northward but when they reached the country of the Nez Perces found them provided with horses and obtained some by barter. Since then they have never been without them. Does not this vague notion that the horses first came to them out of the water have some connection with the first Spanish expedition which brought horses with them in their ships? Little Face says there is a place on the Yellowstone somewhere below the Big Horn where a horse lives under the water now but occasionally comes forth. He promised to show me the place when we reached it and said if we did not see the horse he could point out his tracks and manure under the water.

The first fire arms ever seen by the Crows was brought into this camp by two white men; the Crows saw the flint and the lock and judged from that it was some sort of weapon as they use flint as arrowheads. Afterwards one of the white men killed a deer with it in their presence which much amazed them for the noise it made and because no arrow or other missile leave the gun. They thought it a wonderful weapon and purchased one, and learned

from the men how to load and fire it. They were so afraid of it for a time, that they shut their eyes and dodged when pulling the trigger, and so never killed anything with it for a long time. But one man persisted in practice with it and finally became a good shot. It became a favorite and when sometime afterward they visited the Minnetarees and found a trader there with some to sell, they obtained several. Ever since the gun has been their favorite weapon and they armed themselves with them as rapidly as their means would allow and opportunity offered.

Little Face says the Sun once took a wife among the Crows. She was a very beautiful woman and had abundant offers of marriage all of which she refused, till a stranger of great personal attraction appeared whom she accepted and became his wife. This stranger was the Sun. He abode with his wife at night, but when she arose in the morning and prepared his breakfast he was no where to be found and went to call him to eat. He appeared again at night and when questioned as to his strange departure and absence he said he must leave in the morning to kindle the light that made day. From this it was known that he was the Sun. So he abode with her only by night, and at last she bore him a son. When the Sun was on high and his beams, shining through the aperture in the lodge, sloped to the ground in a band of light, his mother would place a robe upon the band and the child upon the robe when he would ride down upon the light as upon a horse.

When the Sun would take his departure in the morning it became his custom to charge his wife to be true to him while absent. She was for a long time, but at last she was forced to confess to the Sun that she had failed in her obligations and immediately after the confession disappeared and no one ever knew what became of her.

Away, away, away back so far that the Crows have no way to express the lapse of time, there dwelt upon the earth, two being who spoke the Crow language. One of them carried upon his breast a sack of elk skin which hung down from his throat and appeared rather like a protuberance upon his throat than anything else. He never parted with this sack

and at last the curiosity of the other was aroused as to his purpose in always wearing this skin. The bearer of this skin then opened its mouth, when out jumped a being in the form of a man, and another, and another, and another, and another, and so on until they spread themselves over the land. "Now," said the bearer of the skin, you see what it is for, would you like to have one?" The other replied, that he would; when he gave him a fine dust like the dust of the earth.

The above is what Little Face said when I asked him about the tobacco, which the Crows yearly plant. It was this tobacco that was carried in the Elk skin sack. Its bearer was the first person who ever carried it. It was the gift of the Great Spirit, who accompanied it with injunctions to be sacredly observed by the Crows as long as they would remain a happy and prosperous people. Said Little Face, "The Sun is great, the White Man is great, the Indian is great, and so are the horse, buffalo, the elk, the deer, the bear, the earth, the river, fire and water, but the tobacco, which the Great Spirit has given to the Crows is above them all."

The tobacco is planted every year with great pomp and ceremony and with reverend trust in its efficacy for good. If the person planting it does not believe in it, it will never benefit him, and the same is true of those who bear it after it is gathered. It may be very powerful for good in the hands of a certain person but the same tobacco transferred to another would not profit him in the least by reason of his doubt or unbelief. It may be given or bartered but its value is very great, a small quantity bringing a high price. It may be without effect in the hands of an unbeliever, but its transfer to a believer restores all its functions.

It is said to bear a small round black seed. The stalks grow some eight to nine inches high and only some half dozen small rows are yearly planted. No mystery is made of the planting place and no particular ground is held sacred to its growth but it may be planted in any suitable soil. It is sown in drills; the tobacco when grown cannot be gathered with the bare hand as it will cause a swelling that will produce death.

WHAT YELLOW FACE KNOWS ABOUT THE PHIL. KEARNEY MASSACRE

~~Half~~-Yellow Face says that at the time of the Phil Kearney massacre the Crow nation had camped near the Sioux or Tongue River and had been earnestly urged by the Sioux to join them in a war of extermination upon the whites. But three Crow warriors consented to do so, and so these three and one Crow woman were the only representatives of the Crows who aided the Sioux in the fight. This blow had been meditated for some time and for weeks the Sioux had been gathering on Tongue River, well up the stream between the the two Forts, Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith, until their lodges stretched in close array along the valley of that stream for nearly forty miles. Half-Yellow Face says he traveled through the camp and it took him two days to do so and all the time he was surrounded by Sioux lodges. Before the fight the Sioux made presents to all the Crow warriors of horses, arms, etc. When asked what it meant, the Sioux replied, "We want you to aid us in destroying the whites," but the Crows could not be persuaded to do so and after the massacre moved their camp, took five Sioux scalps and then sent word to the Sioux by an old man, whom they had taken prisoner, that they would hold no farther communication with them, that the Crows should destroy every Sioux who fell into their hands, and that they expected the Sioux to do the same by them. Since then the Sioux and Crows have been continually at war.

When the Sioux proceeded against the Fort from Tongue River, they took no more than half the warriors they had then assembled. When they came back they brought with them, nearly or quite one hundred of their number killed and a great many wounded. Half-Yellow Face saw a great number of rude litters, some of them holding four bodies and he is sure that the Sioux had about 100 slain. They said that they had charged up on the soldiers, siezed them by the arms and scalped them while yet alive and wounded. A considerable number were thus taken alive and killed with bludgeons, hatchets, etc. The Sioux remained on Tongue River for a considerable time after the massacre expecting retalia-

tory movements by the troops and made new efforts to get the Crows to aid them in the war. (I think, on reflection, it was after the fight that the presents of horses, etc. were made to the Crows.)

STORY OF LONG HAIR AS TOLD BY LITTLE FACE

A great many years ago as many that he was a very old man when Little Face was a boy there lived among the Crows a youth of the tribe whom they used to laugh at and call the Fool-boy. He had never done anything to distinguish himself above other boys of his age but yet he was constantly predicting that he was to be a great chief and medicine man of the Crows, at which the people only laughed the more and called him by many derisive names. As he approached manhood, he began to absent himself for long periods in the mountains to learn of the Great Spirit by dreams what his medicine was to be, and after a time he told the people that the Great Spirit had given him a perfect medicine and at the same time informed him that it would guide him to victory in battle, prudence in council, and ere long render him foremost among his tribe. In proof of this, a sign should presently be given him which would be seen by all his people, by which they would know that what he had spoken of was true. At all this people only laughed the more and asked him tauntingly, "If your medicine is so strong why don't you take the pipe and lead a party to war. Bring home scalps and horses and captives, for these are signs of the valiant warrior." "I shall go to war," said the boy, "but I am told in my dreams to regard only the Sioux and Blackfeet as enemies; all other tribes are to be my friends. I go now against the Sioux, and when I return I shall return successful and bring something back to prove to you who laugh at me that my medicine is strong."

Then he made up a party and left the village. Good fortune attended him and in a few days upon the banks of the North Platte he surprised several lodges of Sioux and killed all they contained except a boy and girl. So his party returned in triumph with many scalps and bringing back as captives the boy and girl. He soon made a second expedition defeating his foes and bringing home another captive

lad. Great was the wonder in the village that the Fool-boy had done so well and while people were speaking his praises the sign appeared which the Great Spirit had promised him and of which he had spoken to his people. Heretofore his hair had been very short, so short that he could scarcely be said to have any hair at all, which was one of the things for which he had been compelled to bear so much ridicule; but now suddenly his hair began to grow and ere long hung around his shoulders in a heavy brown cloud. "This, said he, " is the sign I told you of, but it has only begun to grow." and while the people wondered and began to say to themselves, "Truly, the Great Spirit has chosen him as he has told us," his hair continued to grow and presently hung down to the waist. In a brief season it had almost reached his feet. Till then the Fool-boy had been called by the names Nah-ah-kum-u-tahsh, First-born Calf and Its-soo-wah-osh-bu-shu, Feather-on-the-side-of-the-head. But now people called him, on account of the wonderful growth of his hair Is-she-u-huts-ki-tu, Long Hair, by which name he was known for the rest of his life.

When the hair began to touch the ground, Long Hair did it up on a bundle, but still it grew and every little while he had to roll it again, and it did not cease growing until it was 101 hand breadths long, and this length it remained as long as lived. People were now convinced that the Great Spirit was with him, but were there any doubters they too were soon converted from their unbelief by the many successes achieved in battle. His next expedition was against the Piegan. "I have now," said he, "two captive lads to herd my own and my fathers horses; I will now go and secure a girl to aid my mother in her toil." Many young warriors flocked to join him and with a numerous party, he surprised the Piegan camp near the Three Buttes, and besides routing them completely and taking many scouts, he secured the girl he had sought as a servant for his mother. From this time forward Long Hair was foremost in war and never failed to triumph over his enemies. His expeditions were without number and such a warrior was never seen among the Crows before.

As a medicine man he was equally famous. He would never tell the Crows of what his charm consisted but it was so strong that whatever he said came true and whatever he attempted he accomplished. Once a party of unknown Indians drove off some of the horses of the Crows. Then Long Hair gathered some of the earth from a mole hill and with it formed a circle on the ground in which he piled a quantity of dry buffalo dung (buffalo chips) which he set on fire. Placing his pipe in his mouth he swept the bowl around in a circular direction and then lightening it at the pile in the magic circle took several whiffs, "Now go," said he, in that direction and you will find your enemies sitting down for I have charmed them and they can go no further until our horses are secured." The Crows did as he directed and found the Piegans sitting down as he had told them, when they secured all the horses and killed two of the Piegans before they could escape. Many such deeds as this were performed by him and if Long Hair could only obtain some article dropped by his enemies in their flight he could place a charm upon them from which they could not escape.

Long Hair once made a lodge so large that such a lodge was never before seen among the Crows. The upper half was painted red and the lower half had alternative red and white stripes two feet wide running to the ground. The two poles that held the smoke wings were painted red except the part that touched the wings. At the bottom of each of these poles was placed a large bundle of sweet grass and the whole lodge scented with beaver bait. The first time that it was pitched a large crowd was assembled around it and all were amazed at its great size. When all was ready Long Hair told the people to watch the lodge, and they would witness something. He then went into the lodge and soon after smoke was seen to issue from the bottom of each of the poles that held the smoke wings, that ascended in two long spiral lines till it touched the clouds, the lower end still resting upon the lodge. At the same time the two bunches of sweet grass arose into the air and ascended slowly in plain sight of all the people, till they were lost in the clouds. By many such tokens did Long Hair establish his power as a medicine man.

When Long Hair had grown old and was about to die he made a prophecy to his people. "There are three things," said he, "that will come to pass. First, there will come a night longer than ever was known upon the earth before. Next, the wolves will become so numerous that they will fill the villages of the Crows, and devour their horses before the eyes of the owners, and lastly, the white man whom you have seen but in small numbers, will swarm over the land of the Crows in such numbers as the Crows never imagined of any people. Afterward the Crows shall decay and never again be as powerful as in the past."

Long Hair died and was buried, and only a few remember the prophecy he had made. One morning the sun arose in great splendor, the squaws busied themselves in cooking breakfast, the lads loosened the horses, and drove them out to graze, when suddenly the sun began to disappear in the sky and ere long it was night again over the land. Great was the consternation among the Crows and many began to cry out that the end was at hand, that all would perish. But some who remembered the words of Long Hair said, "This is the long night that he predicted would come. We shall not die, for now we know that his words were true and that there are yet two things to come to pass, which we are to see before we perish." And after a time the sun appeared again and all was as before their alarm. Thus the first prophecy of Long Hair had come true.

Many snows afterward the Crows were camped in several villages on Big Horn, Bitter Grass, and Tongue River. It was a severe winter and presently the Crows discovered the wolves gathering around them in such numbers as had never before been witnessed. They covered the country all around and presently began to attack and devour their horses while grazing on the prairie. When the Crows went out of their lodges in the morning they found the wolves lying around their doors and scattered through the villages as tame as dogs and they were compelled to keep their horses tied near at hand and then stand by with clubs to beat off the wolves but in spite of all they could do, so numerous were the wolves that they devoured nearly all the

horses in every village. But few horses were left when spring came and thus the second prophecy of Long Hair had found fulfillment.

Again after many years the Crows one day discovered an immense wagon train, accompanied by numerous people, men, women and children crossing through their country along the eastern slope of the mountain. Soon afterward another party of Crows found similar trains coming from the southeast of the mountains. Then the steamboats thronged up the Missouri loaded with white people and presently they found the country to the north full of them so that they numbered thousands and were far more numerous than the Crows. Gold had been found in Montana and towns and villages sprang up and this prophecy of Long Hair was fulfilled. All that he had foretold had come true and thus in death as well as in life he had given proof of his wonderful powers. The Crow now reverence him as being the greatest man ever produced by their nation.

INFORMATION GLEANED FROM JACK RABBIT BULL

The first knowledge of whiskey gained by the Crows was at the trading fort built at the mouth of the Big Horn. The Crows observed the white men drinking it and observed that it was different from any water they had ever seen, wished to smell it. Finding the flavor pleasant they desired to taste it and were permitted to do so by the whites, who appear to have been on a spree as they danced and sang and laughed uproariously. Presently the Crows found themselves similarly affected some finding their good humor increased and others sitting more sullen than usual and feeling disposed to quarrel. One Crow liked the effect so well that he got leave to repeat the dose and afterward fell to vomiting violently. All the rest fully recovered from the effect of the debauch, except this one who died. From this circumstance the Crows gave the liquor the name of "Bad Water," by which it has been ever since known to them. The Mountain Crows have always discouraged the introduction of whiskey among them.

THE PIPE-STONE QUARRIES

Jack Rabbit Bull had lived among the Sioux and had heard from them of the red pipe stone quarry beyond the Missouri. It was regarded as sacred ground where no fighting was allowed. The Crows formerly obtained their pipes, mainly by trade from the Sioux, though when unable to own one of red stone they made them of wood and clay. At last they discovered the red stone quarry on Powder River, which though inferior to that in the Sioux country, makes good pipes. They also tried to make cups and kettles of the stone but it did not answer for that use. Afterward they found a better quality of red stone almost as good as the Sioux red stone on Stinking Water. From this stone they not only make good pipes but also utensils for cooking and eating and drinking. They also found a blue stone quarry on Rock Creek (tributary of Clark's Fork) which makes excellent pipes, through which the light shines when the pipe is smoked. The Crows have smoked as far back as they can remember but formerly when they dwelt on some big water had a different kind of tobacco from any they now use. It grew about two feet high, had long slender grass-like leaves that formed a cluster at the top of the stalk and turned yellow when dry. When they journeyed away from the country where this tobacco grew, they learned to use the herb from the Snake Indians.

MEDICINE

The Crows obtain their medicine by going off alone in the secluded places, usually the top of a hill or mountain where they remain till they dream of some object two or three times in succession, when they consider that this has been appointed their medicine by the Great Spirit. This object is some part of it or an image representing it. They then obtain it and carry it always with them securely attached to their person. To lose their medicine is a great calamity and throws the loser into an agony of terror and apprehension. If in battle he must rush madly into the midst of his foe and perish unless restrained by his friends. These usually secure him until they can return him to the

village, when the services of the medicine man are called into requisition to learn the character of the lost medicine, and replace it by one as similar as possible. This is accepted and the same faith attached to it as to that which had been lost. If the Medicine Man can by his art, divine the lost medicine, so much the better, but usually he is compelled to learn its character from its former bearer. Horses, arms, everything the loser possesses are freely offered to anyone who can restore it.

Mr. Thomas LeForge once found a package which on examination proved to be a glass marble wrapped in buckskin cloth and thinking to make a gift of the marble to some child placed it in his pocket. Being soon afterward in the Crow village he learned that one of the Crows had lost his medicine and had offered everything he possessed to the person who should find and restore it. What it was he refused to tell but wished everything found brought to him until the right article was offered. Many persons pursued the search but in vain and the loser in his despair had become so crazed that he ran around with a drawn knife to the danger of all he met. It was necessary to confine him in a pen. Here he indulged in paroxysms of violent excitement and could only be made to eat and drink by forcing it into his mouth. He finally wore himself out and lay upon his back in a sort of stupor gazing fixedly into the air. Meantime LeForge had given the marble to a Crow child who chanced to be playing with it near the pen when it met the eye of the sufferer. Instantly his countenance brightened and in the most joyous manner announced that as his lost medicine, and asked who had found it. He was then released and his precious marble restored to him and LeForge pointed out as his benefactor. He at once insisted that he should choose the finest horse from his herd and was only pacified after this gentleman had after some hesitation accepted the gift. The men were poor, but said it was necessary to complete the charm to take a horse. (He witnessed several similar instances.)

The Medicine may be almost any object in nature or art and it is not infrequent for a warrior to have several in the course of his life. Very frequently no secret is made by

a warrior of the object constituting his medicine but many hold it sacrilege to disclose it. When a warrior's medicine has brought him success and preserved him in danger it is recorded as strong, and those with weaker medicines seek to obtain its protection or aid, in some enterprise by borrowing it. Thus one of my Crow scouts borrowed the medicine of a Bannack, who started with the expedition but turned back in consequence of bad dreams. The following is a list of the articles carried by different Crows as their medicine as they have come under my observation. Thunder, Eagle owl, black-bird, rabbit, weasel, fins of a trout, hawk, wolf, tooth of his father, arm bone of a relation, glass marble, large spotted bead, small clear stone, antelope horn, buffalo hoof, bones of unborn deer, two pebbles, piece of wood. Very frequently medicine is transmitted by inheritance from generation to generation. In this way women sometimes become the possessors of medicine of great virtue. Children are usually supplied by their parents or those who have the care of them, with some trifle as a stone or bead or shell which they wear and call the medicine, but it is not supposed to possess the power of that obtained in the regular manner by dreams.

FIRST MULE SEEN BY THE CROWS

When the Crows dwelt upon the Big Water and had seen very few white men and had but a few long maned ponies they once visited a camp of white men where they found a strange animal, resembling a horse but with tremendous ears. They gathered around him, men, women and children in large numbers and were gazing upon him with wondering curiosity when suddenly the strange animal opened his mouth and gave vent to a tremendous fit of braying. Such a terrifying sound the Crows had never heard before and believed that he was about to fall to and devour them, the Crows all fled in terror and hastily concealed themselves wherever they could find cover. Only one remained, but he though terrified beyond measure siezed the rope the mule was tied with and clung to it until the animal ceased his clamor. Then the remainder seeing that he was not injured gathered courage and came near again and amid the laughter of the white

men, the character of the strange animal was explained to them. For a long time the Crows retained a strong prejudice against the mule but of late years they have conceived a high opinion of his qualities and lose no opportunity to acquire possession of one. At first they were used simply as pack animals but now they hold them in high estimation as saddle animals as well.

THE DEVIL OF THE YELLOWSTONE AS TOLD BY LITTLE FACE

About 22 snows ago, (1854) when the Crow camp was upon the Big Horn River, Rotten Grass Creek, and one of the tributaries of the Tongue River a party of between fifty and sixty warriors of the tribe went to war against the Pie-gans. They crossed the Yellowstone about where Benson's Ferry now is, went up through the pass of Fleishman's Creek and when they reached the top of the divide discovered the smoke of the hostile village on West Gallatin. Approaching it with caution they secured a number of horses, then made off without loss. Upon reaching the Yellowstone all crossed without difficulty except the Slender Woman who rode the finest horse in the party. Strangely enough though the horse had never before showed dread of water he now evinced the greatest horror upon approaching it and several times turned back from it in spite of all his riders efforts to force him in. At last however he plunged in but when midway in the stream reared wildly unseated his rider and turned back leaving Slender Woman to make the best of his way across. Determined not to lose so fine an animal he recrossed after him and once more forced him into the water which was very deep and started to join his comrades on the other shore. When half way over his horse threw him as before and continued on without him leaving Slender Woman struggling in the water.

The current was very rapid at the point where he was immersed but still he did not float with it and presently rose in the water until he was visible from his waist up to his comrades, and then he remained as if bound to the spot. His friends shouted to ask him why he did not come to shore,

when he replied that something under the water had siezed him and held him fast. Warm Horse, a brave young man, who was his friend, then took his knife and plunged into the water to aid him, but just as he reached him, Slender Woman sank from view and was seen no more. Warm Horse returned to the shore and after waiting a long time his comrades mourned him as dead and returning to the Crow village told the story of his fate.

When the period of mourning was over Thunder Medicine, a relative of Slender Woman and a medicine man of considerable repute, announced his determination to go and recover the remains of the lost man. Friends interposed and sought to dissuade him from so hazardous and fruitless an enterprise but Thunder Medicine was firm in his purpose and confident that his skill would carry him to a successful issue. He persuaded Long Horse, who had been one of the war party and saw Slender Woman perish, to accompany him to point out the spot which in due time they reached. The river was high at the time of the accident but had since been rising and was now at full flood and all who are familiar with the Yellowstone know that at its highest it is a deep, swift and mighty stream. Seeing the frightful character of the impetuous torrent, Long Horse sought to induce Thunder Medicine to give over the rash attempt and return, but Thunder Medicine would not do so and stripped himself to enter the water.

Meantime he directed Long Horse to leave the shore for some distance and not once look toward the river lest he should break the charm and imperil Thunder Medicine's life. When all was ready Thunder Medicine slipped into the water. He had expected at once to sink beyond his depth in the deep murky flood but to his surprise he found himself supported at waist depth by a soft yielding bottom that felt like a carpet of soft grass over which he walked without difficulty to the point where Slender Woman had perished. Here the soft bottom ceased to support him and he sank suddenly beneath the water and felt himself borne swiftly along the bottom by the rushing clouded flood which was all that was visible to his eyes. He had been borne along for a consider-

able distance, how far he knew not, when he fell suddenly over a ship wreck and found himself in a dry spot on the bottom of the river. It was hemmed in on all sides by sharp rocky walls and overhead he could see nothing but the muddy waters as they leaped from one side of the enclosed space to the other, and rolled on without spilling a drop into the sub-aqueous nook. This space was over land and only some forty feet in diameter and in its center stood a dilapidated looking lodge whose top just missed the flood that rolled above. As he approached the lodge its door was opened by a little girl, apparently about 10 years old, and walking in he found himself in the presence of an old man and old woman who sat upon the left of the lodge with bowed heads. As he entered and sat down on the opposite side they neither raised their heads nor addressed him a word. This gave him opportunity to look about him and he observed that the old man and woman were wrinkled and ragged and to all appearance very old and very poor. He concluded that they were man and wife and that the little girl was their child.

He had barely made these observations when the old woman without moving said to her husband, "My child has traveled a long ways to the country of his enemies to recover the remains of the man you drowned, I begged you not to eat his body as his friends would come to claim it and now you see that they have. Have you not enough to eat that you must cause human beings to drown and devour their bodies."

"He may have what is left of his friend," said the old man solemnly, "He will find it near the door."

Thunder Medicine sought in the place indicated and found all the bones of Slender Woman except the skull with some of the flesh yet clinging to them. He also found his necklace of white beads and his earring of precious shell. These he collected and prepared for carrying. While he was thus occupied, the old man led up a horse like those employed by human beings except that the hair had the fine texture and sleek appearance as that of animals which live in the water. This horse the old man offered to present to Thunder

Medicine who was about to accept him when the old woman cried out, "Do not take it, my child, do not take it."

"Why should I not take it," asked Thunder Medicine, in great surprise at the earnestness of the old woman.

"You please me greatly my child," she answered, "and I do not want harm to come to you. That horse is not like the horses of your own country and you will be an enemy to them and have the power to destroy them. He will bite them and everyone that he bits will die. Take my advise and refuse the gift." During this scene the old man said nothing and looking at him Thunder Medicine saw that his head was bowed in sullen silence and feeling convinced from this that the old woman spoke truly he thanked the old man and said that if such would be the behavior of the gift horse, he would be poorer for accepting him and he would therefore leave him with the old man. The old woman was much pleased at the answer and as if fearful that a longer stay might propose some new danger for Thunder Medicine, she addressed her husband:

"My child's friend stands on the bank of the river crying for him, thinking that he has perished like Slender Woman whom he came to seek. Let him go therefore, that he may comfort his friend and return to his people with the bones of Slender Woman."

"Very well," said the old man, in the same stern sullen manner, he had exhibited throughout, "let him stand upon the plams of my hands and shut his eyes," and he placed the back of his hands on the ground so that Thunder Medicine could slip into them.

Thunder Medicine did as he was bidden and felt himself whizzing through the water and without knowing through what part of the lodge he made his exit, or how it was accomplished he found himself standing upon dry land upon the opposite side of the river from Long Horse, who was walking up and down, beating himself and mourning for him as one who had perished. Thunder Medicine called out to him and great was the amazement and joy of Long Horse to see that he was alive. After the strange experience he had in the water, Thunder Medicine was afraid to venture into it

to cross to the other bank, but at length encouraged by his friend he managed to arrange the remains of Slender Woman so that he might make a successful struggle with the broad deep, swift torrent that rolled before him and entered the water. To his surprise he found himself buoyed up by the same soft pleasant bottom that had sustained him before and he walked across without sinking deeper than his waist, in water that was fathoms deep. His friend met him at the water's edge, saw that he had the remains of Slender Woman, heard with wonder the story of Thunder Medicine's adventure and assisting him to bear his load returned with him to their village. The bones were buried but Thunder Medicine retained the earrings and necklace as a token of his mysterious power. Such an exploit caused Thunder Medicine to be regarded with increased veneration and gave him rank among the first medicine men of his day.

FATE OF AN ASSINNIBONE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE CROWS

About the year 1816 as the Crow camp was slowly moving down Clark's Fork in the winter, the warriors in advance discovered 30 Assinniboines on foot crossing the ice. The Crow in advance who was well mounted immediately charged them alone but only succeeded in displaying his courage as the Assinniboines stood their ground and received him with a volley that quickly drove him back. But his comrades soon rallied to his assistance in overwhelming numbers and after a sharp but spirited contest the Assinniboines were killed to a man. This ill fated band had come forth on a horse stealing expedition against the Crows and as time wore on and they did not return the Assinniboines became convinced that they had been cut off and resolved upon terrible revenge. They would rally their hundreds, nay thousands of warriors, proceed against the Crow village and wipe it from the face of the earth. For a time there was a grand mustering of the Assinniboine hosts, the squaws dried meat and made moccasins, the warriors prepared their weapons, the chiefs harangued and the medicine men practiced the sacred arts and prophesied success for the undertaking. At last they started,

nearly a thousand warriors on foot, traveled rapidly until they arrived on the borders of the Crow country. The scouts were out and presently reported a broad lodge trail leading across the Big Horn from Clark's Fork. It was quite recent and they had only to follow this to arrive soon in the vicinity of the object of their search. The Assinniboinés were in good spirits and as they surveyed their vast numbers, already sufficiently confident of success, but to give the finishing touch to their enthusiasm, their principal chief prepared yet one more convincing test. Placing a large stone before him on the ground, he said to his attentive host, "All the omens have been in our favor, but we are now near the village of our enemies and I wish to ascertain if still the Great Spirit is satisfied with us and will give us victory. If now I can carve this rock with my scalping knife, it is a proof of his favor and we may attack the Crows without hesitation." So saying he drew the keen edge of his knife across the stone and it passed through it as though it were soft clay and lay divided into two parts before the eyes of all. Such a token could not be gainsaid and the Assinniboinés pressed on assured of an easy triumph.

This was in the summer of 1817 and the Crow village to the number of a thousand lodges was then located upon the Little Horn River. Few war parties had gone forth and there were nearly three thousand warriors in the village at the moment that the Assinniboinés drew near. The Crow hunters discovered their approach and flying swiftly to the village sounded the alarm. In those days the Crows were proud and confident in their strength and never permitted their enemies to travel all the way when they sought a contest. A few moments sufficed to pour forth their hundreds of warriors eager for a conflict and the Assinniboinés soon found that they had a life and death struggle before them. The Assinniboinés sought the shelter of the timber when the Crows by their number nearly surrounded them and the thickets of the Little Horn rang with the shouts of the contestants as the Crows pressed fiercely forward and the Assinniboinés having no choice between victory and death resisted with desperation, but the courage and superior numbers of the Crows carried

all before them and after a struggle of several hours duration they were masters of the field and but a miserable remnant of the Assinniboine host so boastful and confident in the morning was yet alive. These found shelter in the thicket and under cover of the night, which soon fell, they were enabled to escape. Two of the Assinniboine had been taken prisoners. These were brought into the presence of the Chief and questioned as to the object of the expedition which they stated candidly to have been the destruction of the Crows. The prisoners asked if any of their band had escaped and were informed that a few had. They then begged to be released saying that they would follow the trail of their friends and overtake them before they got home but the Crows replied that as the Assinniboines would have done had they been the victims, so would they do and the Assinniboines must die. The same day they were taken to the borders of the valley and there shot.

This overthrow was a severe blow to the Assinniboines and taught them the power and valor of the Crows. From that time forth they never sought them in open war but contented themselves with sending out small parties whose principal object was to steal horses.

DESTRUCTION OF FIVE HUNDRED LODGES OF CROWS BY THE SIOUX

In the summer of the year 1822 or 1823, or as Little Face says when he was 7 or 8 years old, there was great activity in the Crow camp fitting out and dispatching war parties against their various enemies. Not a day passed, nor a night for that matter in which the sound of the drum was not heard beating for volunteers or the voice of some war chief endeavoring with stirring appeals to arouse the martial ardor of the young braves as they rode gaily attired to the camp. Some of the old chief and warriors shook their heads ominously as party after party formed and left the village in search of different enemies of their tribe and said that it was unwise to leave their homes so defenseless. The Crows were beginning to learn the great numbers and rest-

less hostility of the Sioux and to regard an onslaught by them as among the probabilities to say nothing of the Cheyennes to the south and the powerful Blackfeet to the north, who sometimes invaded their country in powerful bands. But the war fever is always confessedly contagious and this season it ran riot through the Crow camp till hundreds had contracted it and eight large war parties containing the flower of the tribe were in the field.

It chanced that the Red Owl who was leader of the last party that fitted out had stayed behind in the village to attend to some matter and afterwards to follow on to overtake them alone. While on the way he was suddenly assailed by three Sioux Indians who struck him a severe blow upon the head with some sharp weapon that cut the flesh to the skull and nearly brought him to the ground but recovering himself and putting the whip to his horse he distanced his enemies and ere long overtook his band. He was too severely injured to prosecute the expedition and as he could not return alone it was abandoned and the entire party accompanied him home.

This event caused a great sensation in the village and Long Hair who had been one to deprecate the absence of so many warriors warned them that the three Sioux were probably but the spies of a larger force and they had better prepare for an attack. The following morning many saddled their horses and sought the hills around, from which the approach of an enemy could be seen but scarcely had they gained the top ere they were seen to fly toward the camp at their best speed and as they drew nearer the dreadful cry of "The Sioux!" "The Sioux!" rang from their lips. In a moment all was confusion and alarm. Men, women and children flew hither and thither, the horses that could be got hold of were saddled in hot haste and as the Sioux came swarming by hundreds towards the village a confused throng of panic stricken Crows fled over the plain in the opposite direction. Long Hair, seconded by some of the more resolute chiefs and braves sought to check the flight but the panic was too great and they found themselves borne helplessly along with the crowd and were forced to think only of their safety.

The attacking Sioux numbered over a thousand men mostly mounted and finding all fled before them, had only to ride after and slay the Crows as they ran. Hundreds were overtaken and killed in the village and hundreds more in the pursuit which continued for miles. The plain was literally strewn for considerable distance with corpses of men, women and children and at last from very fatigue from killing and satiated from blood beyond all that they could have dared to hope, the Sioux desisted from the pursuit. It had not been a battle but a butchery and a butchery the most terrible in either history or tradition had been looked down upon by the Rocky Mountains. At least 5000 of the Crows had fallen but this was not all. All their lodges, 1000 in number and all the equipage of their camp together with hundreds of horses, fell into the hands of the victors and about 400 young women and children were carried away captives. In a single day the Crow tribe had lost half their numbers and the survivors were nearly impoverished. Long Hair himself had had a narrow escape. In his efforts to induce the warriors to stand he had dropped to the rear of the fugitives and presently found himself grappled by two Sioux one of whom rode on each side of him and attempted to throw him from his horse. He resisted for a time and attempted to break away but they kept their hold and ere long flung him to the ground. He looked for nothing but death but the Sioux passed on and left him unharmed. A number of the fugitives gathered around him and prepared themselves to die but the Sioux had wearied of the slaughter and permitted them all to escape.

When the Sioux retired the miserable survivors gathered themselves together once more. Ere the war parties returned some of the mischief of the disaster had been repaired for all fell to industriously, the warriors hunted with success, the squaws tanned and sewed and new lodges, robes and clothing rapidly took the place of those that had been destroyed. Fortunately the buffalo which yield the material for all these things as well as their daily food were plentiful in the land of the Crows. Ere long the war parties began to return; some successful, some not, but what mattered it

now? Not a member of them that had not lost father, mother, brother, sister, wife or child, and many had lost all. Hundreds of men who had left wives and children behind returned to find themselves wifeless and childless and without a lodge to cover them or a possession in the world beyond what they brought back from the war. But this was not all their punishment for the village resounded with upbraidings that in the selfish desire for glory, the claims of kindred and tribe had been disregarded and this misfortune, so easy to have been avoided, had the young men heeded the advice of the old, rendered possible.

There was justice in the general condemnation that could not be gainsaid and this added to the grief that all suffered for their individual loss, drove them forth by hundreds in bitterness of spirit into the mountains. There they cut off their hair, gashed themselves, used mourning paint and nearly starved themselves with fasting while the hills daily give echo to their wail and lamentation. Some were driven in by the severity of the winter but the majority remained in the hills and dragged on a miserable existence until the next spring, when reduced almost to skeletons they once more sought the camp. Time had healed somewhat the sorrow of their surviving friends and comfort and plenty had been the reward of their industry and when these things of animated skeletons appeared among them, doubtful of the sort of reception they should meet, their own ease and peace of mind, suggested nothing worse than sympathy and commiseration for the unfortunates who had so deeply expiated their faults. They received them kindly, provided for their wants, and once more the Crow people were united and free from ill will or dissention.

But a spectacle was witnessed, that is an anomaly in Indian life—The number of warriors exceeded that of the adult females in the proportion two to one. Usually the casualties are of the war path, from which the squaws are in a great measure exempt, create an opposite state of affairs, but in the absence of the warriors the recent blow had fallen most heavily upon the women and children, and the Crow tribe could now provide wives for scarcely half its braves. In this

emergency resort was had to their enemies to make good their deficiency and as a spirit of revenge was to be gratified also the first blow was struck at the Sioux. A powerful war party was organized and proceeded cautiously into their country. Success attended it, a small village was found, and environed with such skill that scarcely a soul of it escaped. The men being killed and the squaws and children to the number of several hundreds, made captives. A similar attempt the same year against the Blackfeet was equally successful. The Chief who lead the attack attempted an enumeration of his prisoners but when he had counted to 700 he gave over the attempt. They probably numbered 1000.

Some few of the women thus captured afterwards effected their escape, but the majority were wedded to their captors and thus several hundred of the Crows were reprovided with wives. The children were all adopted into the tribe, learned the language of the captors, and many of them are still living among them, at an advanced age. They intermarried at maturity with the Crows and thus at one stroke was infused into the tribe, sufficient alien blood to change not only perceptibly but very materially the physical type of the tribe. When we consider that such a process has gone on for ages the wonder is not that at the present day the Crows retain so few evidences of having descended from a white parent stock but rather that however closely they may have once corresponded in physical characteristics with for instance, the Causcasian race, they should now retain a single vestige of such origin. It is probably a safe assertion that at the present day there are scarcely a hundred Crows in the entire tribe that possess the original blood in the purity it existed in even 100 years ago.

When the Sioux returned from their destructive attack upon the Crows one of their warriors was brought home severely wounded. In their rage the friends of the wounded man singled out a feeble old Crow woman and declared that if he died, she would be put to death in revenge. Unfortunately his wound proved mortal, and his relatives heaping up a large pile of dry fuel, it was set on fire, and when the flames were at their height, the woman securely bound, was tossed

upon the pile. The heat was intense and her struggles of brief duration. The old woman's son chanced to participate in the subsequent reprisal upon the Sioux, and learning then from the captives the horrible fate of his mother, resolved upon a terrible revenge. Singling out a young and handsome squaw he declared his purpose to put her to torture. The Crows endeavored to dissuade him from his design but he was firm in his purpose and as only violence and probable bloodshed could save her life, she was left to her fate. Calling about him a crowd of the most heartless old hags in the Crow camp, he brought the poor girl, all unsuspecting the terrible fate in store for her, into their midst. He then directed her to be stripped and as she stood weeping for shame, under the gaze of the heartless throng, he stepped toward her with his knife in his hand. Seizing and cruelly stabbing her with his knife until he felt that his mother's death had been revenged, he then left her to the tender mercies of the hags, who fell upon her at once and with their knives cut pieces of flesh from her limbs and body till after a period of dreadful torture death came to her relief. Little Face says this was the only instance he ever knew or heard of the Crows torturing a prisoner and he never heard of any other case of burning to death among any of the surrounding tribes, than that above recorded.

The Cheyennes were allied with the Sioux in the attack upon the Crows and as revenge for their cooperation the great majority of the captives were assigned to them. Even to the present day these captives have been but partially absorbed into that tribe, and live aloof upon the head waters of the Powder River, to the number of 44 lodges, having largely preserved the language and the purity of their blood. Of the 44 lodges, four are full blood Cheyennes who have become intermarried with them and the captive Crows have to a considerable extent intermarried with the Cheyennes. All the older members of this community speak the Crow language purely though using Cheyenne in the ordinary intercourse, but the present generation through understanding it speak it but indifferently. Unless they reunite with the Crows which they talk of doing, having dwelt apart from the

Cheyennes for many years, the next generation would probably witness the total loss of the Crow tongue among them. The Crow speak of them usually as a part of their own people and never pursue hostilities against them further than to steal their horses. No matter how helpless the situation is in which they catch them they never take their lives. Only fear that the Crows will not receive them kindly has kept them apart so long. Such is the method by which, speaking through ages, so great a variety of tongues and people have been brought into existence upon the continent of America.

ESTABLISHMENT OF FT. PIEGAN AS TOLD ME BY JAMES KIPP

After the establishment of Ft. Union, Mr. Kipp ardently advocated the opening of trade with the Blackfeet; but Mr. Kenneth McKenzie opposed the measure, actuated probably by the apparent hopelessness of the attempt on account of the bitter hostility of the Blackfeet, fostered as a measure of trade by the Hudson's Bay Co. At last Mr. Kipp dissatisfied with McKenzie withdrew from Ft. Union and went down the Missouri River to the trading post of Fort Berthold. Meantime McKenzie thought better of the proposition, dispatched a small party under Burger or Barger to visit the Blackfeet and gain their consent to the building of a trading post in their country and himself went down to Ft. Berthold to persuade Mr. Kipp to take the lead of the party destined to build the Fort.

Mr. Kipp consented with the proviso that all of the details of the enterprise should be left to his discretion and at once repaired to Fort Union to make his preparations for an early start. This was in the winter of 1830-'31. In the spring of 1831 the expedition started. It consisted of 44 men and a 50 ton keel boat laden with a valuable cargo of Indian goods and in due time reached the mouth of the Marias river, where it was decided to build the intended fort. Upon the day of their arrival not an Indian was to be seen but the next day 500 lodges of Piegan swarmed down upon them and filled up the valley with their lodges. As their presence

would be a great embarrassment in the building of the fort, Mr. Kipp sought to persuade them to withdraw until his fort was done, promising that it should be finished and opened for trade in 75 days. The Indians consented to do this with apparent good humor, but the interpreter Burger overheard some of the chiefs congratulating themselves that when they got the white man shut up in the pen they were going to build for themselves they would be in their power and they would surround them and destroy them at leisure. The Indians departed as quickly as they came, only three of the principal men remaining at Mr. Kipp's request to protect them from the annoyances of straggling bands.

The fort progressed rapidly and in seventy-three days after the Indians left it was completed. It consisted of a stockade enclosing a square of 110 feet within and upon the sides of which were three large buildings of logs, designed as quarters, stock houses and trading room. The gate was protected by an enclosure 25 feet square, the palisades standing 25 feet above the ground, the interior being commanded by loop holes for cannons and small arms from the main fort. Promptly on the seventy fifth day the Indians returned in full force and were astonished at the work that had been wrought in their absence. They were evidently unprepared to witness such strong defense and such constant readiness upon the part of the garrison to resist attack. What were their councils was unknown to the occupants of the fort who awaited in some anxiety in their decision of peace or war. But whatever they were they showed no inclination to begin an assault. But neither would they trade, and pitching their lodges in the neighborhood for several days they hovered sullenly about the palisade as if undecided what course to pursue, but showing plainly their ill feeling and distrust.

After exhausting all other measures to induce them to trade, Mr. Kipp resolved upon a grand stroke of generosity, rightly concluding that inimical influences had been at work to excite their prejudices against the American traders, which could only be removed by liberal treatment and conclusive proofs of good will and intended fair dealing in trade. His familiarity with the trading of the British companies

made him acquainted with the prices paid by them for the various peltries and as he could afford to do so he offered the Indians much higher rates in some cases advancing them three or four hundred per cent. At the same time he informed them of his intention to give them a grand treat as he had brought a supply of whiskey for that special purpose to prove to them the liberality of the Americans, and their anxiety to become known as their friends. He then gave to the chiefs a quantity of Indian whiskey to be issued to their followers renewing the supply as fast as exhausted, until every Indian in the camp was in a state of intoxication.

For three days the whiskey was given out with lavish hands and for three days the Indians camp was the scene of carousal and maudlin joy until some 200 gallon had been consumed, when Mr. Kipp announced to them that his supply was exhausted. Such liberality astonished the savages and elevated the American traders in their esteem to a higher place than the representatives of the Hudson Bay Co. had every enjoyed. When they asked themselves was such a thing ever known before, a camp of thousands of souls given all the whiskey they could drink and kept drunk for three whole days! It was without a parallel. The British traders had not approached it in generosity, they could not have believed it possible. Whiskey, as they knew to their cost, was a very dear commodity and for these new comers to have presented them outright with such an enormous quantity was proof enough that they loved the Indians and meant to deal fairly with them. They no longer believed the misrepresentations of their British rivals, saw no snares, in the pretended higher prices offered them and gathered their peltries together besieged the fort in anxious throngs to barter them away for the white mans goods. In a very few days Mr. Kipp had secured 6,450 pounds of beaver skins upon which he realized the next year \$46,000. It was a transaction rarely equalled in the annals of the fur trade and amply compensated him for the gift of the single barrel of alcohol, which had sufficed to make the 200 gallons of Indian whiskey consumed in the three days of carousal.

Having completed their trading the Piegans departed for the north. Great was the chagrin of the British traders when they learned the success of their American rivals and as the Piegans had failed them, they now sought to persuade the Blood Indians to undertake the reduction of the fort. They represented the Americans as scoundrels of the deepest dye, whose sole object was to plunder and destroy the Indians and secure their land for themselves. They assured them that the trading posts were not for the benefit of the Indians as they professed but simply a device to gain a foothold in the country, learning the strength of the Indians and the plan for their destruction. They further represented to the Bloods the advantages that would accrue to them from possessing themselves of such a large stock of goods as they would find in the post as well as the furs which the Piegans had given them in trade. The distrust and animosity of the Bloods having been thus aroused, they readily consented to destroy the fort and prepared to do so as soon as the weather permitted them to advance against it.

Meantime the garrison at Ft. Piegan as the place had been named whiled away the winter of 1821-'22 as best they could and were yearning for the approach of spring, when early in February a Piegan Indian arrived at the fort and disclosed to Mr. Kipp, the startling intelligence of the intended attack. About 100 cords of wood had been cut which he hastily secured at the fort and he then turned his attention to the accumulation of a quantity of ice to supply them with water in case of a siege. This done he was ready and in a few days the Indians appeared to the number of 500 lodges. Finding the gates closed they quickly gave token of the hostile design by surrounding the fort and opened fire at long range, gradually growing bolder until they were near enough for the garrison to have replied with fatal effect. But Mr. Kipp had determined to fire upon them only at the last extremity, as he wished rather to conciliate them and secure their trade than excite their hostility to the point of utter implacability. He therefore gave orders to his men not to fire but let the Indians see that he was constantly ready to repel any attack to carry the place by storm.

For 11 days this state of affairs continued when the garrison had exhausted its supply of ice and were threatened with a famine of water. The besiegers had maintained a desultory fire to which not a single shot had been returned by the garrison, so that the one party protected by their walls, and the other by the forbearance of the besieged they were equally unscathed. But Mr. Kipp now resolved to disclose to them the resources for defense, and by impressing them with an idea of its helplessness induce them to raise the siege. An immense cottonwood tree, some 9 feet in diameter near the base, with a heavy top of gnarled limbs and shaggy branches grew near the fort and charging a brass four pounder cannon heavily with grape, he fired it into the tree. A tremendous shower of shivered splinters and broken limbs rained down around the tree, which together with the thunder of the discharge, gave the savages such an exaggerated idea of the awful destructive powers of the gun, that siezed with a panic, they fled in every direction, the last one of them disappearing in a few moments behind the neighboring hills.

"Now boys, in with your ice," shouted Mr. Kipp, well pleased with the result of his shot, and in a few moments the entire garrison except a small watch was busy with the crystal blocks and rapidly replenished their exhausted store of solidified water. It was at first supposed that the Indians had gone quite off, but presently two appeared in view and cautiously approached the fort. Mr. Kipp went out to meet them and when within speaking distance invited them to come into the fort, promising them protection. They declined to do so fearing their lives would be sacrificed but Mr. Kipp continued to advance toward them in a friendly strain, till by a sudden movement he placed himself in their rear and cut off their retreat. He then ordered them into the fort, still assuring them that they should not meet with harm, and unable to escape, they reluctantly obeyed. They proved to be two of the principal chiefs, and once in the fort talked quite freely of the attack and confessed the part played in the matter by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Kipp explained to them his friendly designs, showed them the

advantages offered to them by his establishment over those of the rival company and proved his indisposition to harm them, by sighting his having refrained for 11 days to fire upon them, when he might have done so and killed many of their tribe. He then proposed that they cease hostilities and make one trade with him, when they would speedily see how much more he would give for the peltries than they had ever received before.

They replied that though they were chiefs, they could do nothing without the presence of another chief who was superior to themselves. Mr. Kipp then allowed one of them to seek this chief, holding the other as a hostage and he soon returned, accompanied by him they had spoken of. They were handsomely entertained, listened to the friendly assurance of Mr. Kipp, and were reassured by the good treatment and kind words that they consented to trade such peltries as they had and then withdraw, leaving one of their number as a hostage for their future good behavior. They had already disposed of their smaller peltries but as the Hudson's Bay Company did not purchase buffalo robes which were too heavy to transport with profit, they had a considerable supply of these, they bartered to Mr. Kipp to the number of 3000 or 300 packs. They then quietly went off, leaving Mr. Kipp with earnest profession of friendship and good will and well satisfied with the result of their trade. Thus by a firm straightforward but conciliatory course, Mr. Kipp had averted the wrath of the two worst bands of the Blackfeet nation, thwarted their rivals of the British side and secured a firm hold for the American Fur Company in the most profitable region for the prosecution of the fur trade in the entire West.

As spring advanced preparations were made to forward their munificent returns to Fort Union but such was the impression made upon his men by the war like attitude at first assumed by the Piegiens and Blood, that Mr. Kipp found them determined not to remain unless he also stayed. As it was also absolutely necessary that he should visit Fort Union in person, he was reluctantly compelled to abandon his fort and take his men with him. The furs and few remaining goods were therefore embarked in the keel boat and early in April

the whole party dropped down the river. The fort was left standing but was burned soon after by a party of Assiniboines. As they passed over the rapids in their descent, a gratifying circumstance was noticed. When they came up the previous year they had great difficulty in getting over these rapids in consequence of the profusion of large boulders that obstructed the channel. At Dauphin's Rapids, the water was so shallow from this circumstance, that they had been compelled to lighten their boat by unloading most of their goods. But now upon returning with a heavier cargo, upon a lower stage of water, they were enabled to float safely and uninterrupted through them all. Thus in the very year that the channel of the upper Missouri began to be needed as a highway for civilized enterprise, it was providentially deepened and improved. There had been a heavy accumulation of ice the preceding winter and it was undoubtedly due to its agency that the obstructing boulders had been rolled from the shallows where they had lain perhaps for ages and deposited in deeper water where they could do no harm.

PIONEER LUMBERING IN MONTANA

BY A. M. HOLTER

After three years' residence at Pike's Peak (in what is now Colorado), I returned to my former home in Iowa and in the Spring of 1863 started with a team of oxen back to Colorado, where I stopped about six weeks. During this time a company of 200 men was organized to go to what was then called Stinking water, Idaho, but is now known as Ruby River, in Madison County, Montana.

This company left Colorado on September 16, 1863. It was well organized, having a captain and other officers, and was governed by a formal set of rules and regulations. The weather was pleasant and food for stock was excellent. Hunting and fishing were especially fine—too much so in fact for so much time was spent in sport that we made slow progress, and finally a Mr. Evenson, with whom I had formed a partnership, and afterwards did business with under the firm name of Holter & Evenson, and myself, became fearful that we would be unable to reach our destination before winter, and decided it was best for us to leave the train and strike out for ourselves at a greater rate of speed.

We had purchased a second-hand sawmill outfit, intending to go into the lumbering business on reaching our destination. There was yet at least a thousand miles to cover, so one morning we yoked up our oxen and struck out alone. During the night a few more teams overtook us (having also become alive to the necessity for haste if we were to reach our destination before severe cold weather set in), and every night for some time thereafter other teams caught up with us until we were about forty souls in all.

We had some heavy snow storms and cold weather during November, but finally reached Bevin's Gulch, our temporary destination, about ten miles from Virginia City. The remainder of the company, however, got snowed in, and so far as I ever learned, none of them reached Montana.

HELD UP AND ROBBED

Mr. Evenson and I finally selected a location for our saw-mill, and after considerable hardship we reached the top of the divide between Bevin's and Ramshorn Gulches on December 7, where we went into temporary camp, with no shelter beyond that afforded by a large spruce tree. As the snow was getting deep and there was no feed for stock I started the next morning for Virginia City (18 miles distant) with the cattle, hoping to sell them, but finding no buyer, I started to take them out to the ranch of an acquaintance twenty-five miles down the Stinking Water. On the way I was held up and robbed by the notorious George Ives and his companion, Irvin. After I had complied with Mr. Ives' command to hand him my purse, I was ordered to drive on. He still held his revolver in his hand, which looked suspicious to me, so in speaking to my team I quickly turned my head and found that he had his revolver leveled on me, taking sight at my head. Instantly I dodged as the shot went, receiving the full force of the unexploded powder in my face—the bullet passing through my hat and hair. It stunned me for an instant, and I staggered against the near leader, accidentally getting my arm over his neck, which prevented me from falling. Almost at once I regained my senses and faced Ives, who had his pistol lowered, but raised it with a jerk, pointing it at my breast. I heard the click of the hammer, but it missed fire. I ran around the oxen, which became very much excited, and my coming in a rush on the other side scared them still more and they rushed against Ives' horse, which in turn got in a tangle with Irvin's horse, and during the confusion I struck out for some beaver dams which I noticed close by, but the men soon got control of their horses, and to my agreeable surprise they started off in the opposite direction. What had apparently changed their purpose was the sight which now met my eyes, that of a man driving a horse team who had just appeared over the hill and was now near us. I learned afterwards that Ives and Irvin had stopped at Laurin, about two miles from where they overtook me, where Ives fired five shots at the bottles on the shelves because the bartender refused them whiskey,

which accounted for the fact that only one charge was left in his revolver.

But I am getting away from the lumbering subject, as I am going back to the camp where Mr. Evenson, the next day, disfigured my face badly in extracting the powder. So with my face bandaged up, in the cold and snow, we managed to build a brush road on grade around a steep mountain to our mill location on the creek. We made a hand sled with cross beams extending outside the runners far enough, so when necessary with a hand spike on each side we were able to nip it along.

MANUFACTURING MACHINERY UNDER DIFFICULTIES

With this hand sled we removed our outfit to the creek and we did all the logging this way during the entire Winter. We first built a cabin and a blacksmith shop, but this soon became more of a machine shop, for when we came to erect the sawmill we met with what seemed insurmountable difficulties. As I knew nothing about sawmills, I had left the purchase of the outfit to Mr. Evenson, who claimed to be a millwright by profession, but it developed that he had either been very careless in inspecting this machinery or he had not understood it, for so much of it was missing that it seemed impossible to get a working mill out of the material on hand. As there was no foundry or machine shop in this part of the country we were at a loss to know what to do, but were determined to erect a sawmill of some kind, so out of our rubber coats and whipsawed lumber we made a blacksmith bellows, then we burned a pit of charcoal, while a broad axe driven into a stump served as an anvil. Mr. Evenson knew a little about blacksmithing, so I began to feel somewhat at ease, but soon discovered what seemed to be the worst obstacle yet. This was that we had no gearing for the log carriage, not even the track irons or pinion—and to devise some mechanism that would give the carriage the forward and reverse movement, became the paramount problem. After a great deal of thought and experimenting we finally succeeded in inventing a device which years later was patented and widely used under the name of "rope feed." Incidentally I might say that we found this to be such an excellent appliance that we

later used it on most of our portable mills, and I have been informed that several manufacturers used and recommended this, charging an additional \$300 for it on small mills.

However, returning to the point, in order to construct this, we had to first build a turning lathe, and when we came to turn iron shafting, it took much experimenting before we learned to temper the chisels so they would stand the cutting of iron. To turn shafting (which we made out of iron wagon axles) Evenson would hold the chisel and I with a rawhide strap wrapped around the shafting, taking hold with a hand on each end of the strap would give a steady, hard pull with the right hand until the left touched the shaft, then reverse, repeating the process until the work was finished.

These were strenuous days and we worked early and late in the face of the most discouraging circumstances. We manufactured enough material for the sixteen-foot overshoot waterwheel, the flume, etc. As we were short of belting, we made it out of untanned ox hides, and it worked well enough in the start. We finally got the mill started and sawed about 5,000 feet of lumber before we ever had a beast of burden in the camp.

Before we could get any of this lumber out we had to employ some help, and the first thing necessary to do was to grade a wagon road on the side of the mountain to get to the top of the divide. It required a great deal of labor to get a road in shape to put teams on. There had been much comment as to our lack of judgment in building a mill at the location we had selected, as it was estimated that it would take at least \$10,000 to construct a road which would enable us to get the lumber to the top of the divide, and there was no one in this section with this amount of money (or half of it) who would consider putting it into any such enterprise as our small mill.

Now as the mill had been tried and proven satisfactory, a crew employed and the mill started. I felt at ease, as I imagined all obstacles had now been overcome so I left the mill and went to Nevada City, a flourishing camp three miles below Virginia City, and opened a lumber yard.

LUMBER \$150.00 PER THOUSAND

At this time a man named Gamble had a water-power mill of the same class as ours, three miles below Nevada City, and was then getting \$150 per thousand for his lumber. The timber was growing around his mill so he was at no expense for logging, as he could roll the logs right into his mill. He operated this mill for two or three years, when it was found he was getting behind with his creditors, of whom I was one, so he went out of business.

When I got the yard opened at Nevada City, the lumber commenced arriving from the mill and was disposed of as fast as landed. When we began selling lumber we made only two grades, namely, sluice or flume lumber, which we sold at \$140 per M. and building lumber (including waney edge), for which we got \$125 per M. in gold dust. The demand for lumber was greater than the supply, and quite often some of the larger mining companies would send a spy out on the road, in order that they might be informed when a load of lumber was approaching. Then they would have a crew of men arrive at the yard simultaneously with the load of lumber, and when the team stopped, without consulting me at all, they would unload the lumber and carry off every board to their mines. Soon a man would come to me with the pay for the lumber, and they always settled according to the bill of lading of the load at the established price so that no loss was incurred by this summary method of marketing our product.

Some time after this we also started a yard at Virginia City.

BELTS WORTH NEARLY WEIGHT IN GOLD

But this prosperous business soon came to a standstill, for rainy weather set in and the untanned belting began to stretch from the damp atmosphere, until it could no longer be kept on the pulleys, so the mill had to be closed down. We heard of a man at Bannack, eighty miles from Nevada City, who had eighty feet of six-inch two-ply belting, and we decided to try to get this. Partly by walking and partly by riding a very poor excuse for a horse I found the owner of this belting and tried to purchase it from him. No price seemed

to attract him, and I finally offered him my entire wealth, consisting of \$600 in gold dust—equal to \$1,200 in currency—but he would not consider the offer. Six-inch two-ply belting would be worth 30 cents per foot in Helena at the present time, or a total of \$24 for this piece. Failing to get this belting, I returned to Virginia City, where I learned of a man who owned some canvas, which I succeeded in purchasing, I got a saddler to stitch it by hand, and this made a very good efficient belt for our purpose.

PART OF CREW KILLED

Everything was now moving along smoothly, with the exception that the head sawyer got killed by coming in contact with the circular saw, and another man was also killed by getting in front of a rolling log on the side of a mountain.

COMPETITOR RESENTS COMPETITION

Among other things that occurred to vary the monotony of the days was a visit I one day received from an acquaintance from Pike's Peak, George Seymour by name. He was very much excited and threatened to thrash me because I had "taken his living away," according to his story. It seems that he had been whip-sawing lumber, receiving for it \$750 per M. and he complained bitterly that we had cut the price to \$140 per M.

MINERS DIVERT WATER

Three miles across the divide was a flourishing mining town of Bevin's Gulch. The gulch was rich in gold, but short of water for mining, so at a miners' meeting of about five hundred men, resolutions were passed to take the water of Ramshorn Gulch, and it did not take long before they had the ditch constructed, taking the water out above the sawmill, leaving the creek dry. Without water we were forced out of business, but the miners needed more lumber, so they agreed to turn in the water to get the required amount of lumber sawed. When this was going on I was busy getting out an injunction and had to see to it that the sheriff got it served before they again got possession of the water, but the miners, depending upon the strength of their organization, disregarded the order of the court and again turned the water into the ditch, which left the creek dry, and the mill again shut down,

and as they placed an armed guard at the head of the ditch we had to again appeal to the court. This resulted in the sheriff and some deputies arresting the guard for contempt of court. About a dozen miners were convicted. We obtained a judgement for a few thousand dollars damages, of which only a part was collected, and there was no more attempt to deprive us of the water.

STEAM MILL AT VIRGINIA CITY

During this year Coover & McAcdow started a steam sawmill on Granite Gulch, and started a yard at Virginia City. This was then the best mill in the territory. Without any understanding in regard to prices of lumber they were maintained, and business went along satisfactorily, but we wanted more and better machinery, so we agreed that Evenson should go East to purchase a portable steam sawmill, with planing, shingle and lath machinery. He started by stage and stopped at Denver, and apparently having forgotten what he went for, he purchased some oxen and wagons, loaded principally with flour and nails and a primitive planing mill. On his return he got as far as Snake River, Idaho, when he was snowed in, leaving the outfit in charge of strangers. Being refused passage on the stage, he made himself a pair of skis and took a streak across the mountains for Virginia City, arriving at my office in a fearful snow storm, without having seen a human being since leaving Snake River until he arrived at Virginia City.

NAILS \$150.00 A KEG

The stage on which he had been refused passage arrived three days later. Many of the cattle perished and considerable of the merchandise disappeared. What was left was shipped to Virginia City in the early spring of 1865 by pack train, at 30 cents per pound freight. It consisted of two kegs of ten penny nails and 26 sacks of flour. I disposed of the nails at \$150 per keg and the flour at \$100 per sack, all in gold dust.

I, of course, was very much dissatisfied with Mr. Evenson's transactions, not only because he did not bring the machinery we had expected, but what he had purchased would not have sold for but little more in Virginia City than he paid for it in Denver.

PURCHASED PORTABLE BOILER AND ENGINE

During Mr. Evenson's absence I heard of a quartz mill at Bannack, which had a portable boiler and engine in it, and as the quartz mill was a failure I thought it might be for sale, so I struck out on horseback the second time. I found the owner and was very much pleased to find a man entirely different from the man who had the eighty feet of belting, for he wanted to sell.

I accompanied him to the mill, where I inspected his engine. It was a portable Lawrence Machine Co. boiler and engine, cylinders 10 inches in diameter, 12-inch stroke. His price was \$1,200, which I paid him in gold dust. (Two years later I was offered \$6,000 for the same engine, and refused to sell.) Returning to the sawmill, I outfitted two ox teams to go after the machinery, and told the teamster that I intended to get there by the time they arrived. I did not observe that it would be quite a difficult job to detach and remove the engine and boiler to where it could be loaded. A man introduced to me as a machinist and engineer offered to superintend the removal for a certain amount, which I considered unreasonable. He also told me how many days it would take. I do not remember the amount of money he wanted, or the number of days, but I considered it out of all reason.

I went back to Bannack on horseback and arrived there one evening about an hour after the ox team had arrived. The next morning my two teamsters and myself went to work. The machinist and a large number of people gathered around and watched our progress. By 3 P. M. we had everything loaded, hitched up the oxen and camped about six miles out of Bannack that night. I stayed with the outfit until we got over the dangerous part of the road, then I struck out for Virginia City. The teamsters landed at the Ramshorn mill without any mishap.

COMMENCEMENT OF HELENA—FLOUR \$150.00 A SACK

During the Winter of 1865 the discovery of gold in Last Chance Gulch became public, and a town started up named Helena, now the capital of Montana, so instead of changing the water mill into a steam mill we managed to construct another mill pretty much the same as the first one. This

outfit we located at the mouth of Colorado Creek, eight miles southwest of Helena, and got started sawing lumber early in April. By this time provisions of all kinds had become scarce. Virginia City had already had its notable flour riot. We had to suspend work at Ramshorn and the last sack of flour we obtained for the Helena mill cost us \$150, so we all had to get along on beef straight.

A man that I will call Van for short, had already had a lumber yard started in Helena. His sawmill was a water power mill, about the same style as our Ramshorn mill. He was selling building lumber at \$100 per thousand feet, and I do not remember his price for sluice and flooring lumber. I had heard of him before as the wealthiest man in Montana. I happened to meet Mr. Van on my first day in Helena. He was quite abusive, and told me that the lumber business belonged to him, as he was there first and wanted me to remove my mill somewhere else, and said if I did not he would reduce the price of lumber down to \$40 per thousand feet, if necessary.

STRUGGLE TO RE-START RAMSHORN MILL

The Holter & Evenson business in Helena was now in charge of W. S. Benton, a competent business man, well qualified for the lumber business, so I returned to Virginia City and Ramshorn, where affairs were less satisfactory. Evenson had a large crew of men employed, trying to start the mill with a new water wheel, an invention of his own. We had no lumber at the mill or yard, so the business was at a standstill, but still under heavy expense. I wanted Evenson to start the overshot wheel, but did not succeed.

I made Virginia City my headquarters during the Summer, and as there were three stage lines operating between Virginia City and Helena, schedule time fifteen hours, I made frequent trips to Helena.

MONTANA'S FIRST PLANER

The freight outfit that had been left at Snake River finally arrived with the empty wagons and the long-looked-for planing mill. It was a primitive looking machine. The frame was made of pine lumber, and the feed gearing looked very delicate, but put it up and having one man to pull and

another to push to help the feed gearing when passing the boards through the machine, we got along fairly well, as we were getting \$40 per thousand feet extra for surfacing and matching, and I believe we charged \$20 per thousand feet for surfacing only. I sometimes became disgusted, but when strolling about the premises there was some satisfaction in realizing that I was a part owner of the first engine and boiler that ever turned a wheel in Montana. It was a small portable engine and boiler, twenty-five or thirty horse power, manufactured by the Lawrence Machine Company in 1859, I believe, and shipped from St. Louis to Fort Benton in the Spring of 1862, by the American Fur Company. I was also part owner of the first sawmill, a part of which was made at Pike's Peak and completed at Ramshorn, Montana, and last but not least, the planer and matcher, also made in Colorado during her Pike's Peak days.

DISSOLVES PARTNERSHIP

In the latter part of June, on one of my return trips from Helena, I went again to the Ramshorn mill. Nearly two months had elapsed since my last visit. Evenson was hard at work, with about eighteen men looking on, but all on the payroll. When evening came, I called Evenson aside for consultation. I told him I thought our credit was ruined and that we must dissolve partnership and turn our property over to our creditors, if we did not find some other way out of it. We suspended work at the mill, but decided to retain the employees until we decided what to do. The next day we went to Virginia City and then to Helena, taking an inventory of our property. After full investigation Evenson made a proposition to give or take what cash there was on hand, which amounted to about \$550, and a note payable in two years for \$6,000, with interest at the rate of 3 per cent per month, secured by mortgage, and turn over to me all the property which we owned together, excepting a location on 480 acres of hay land, which we had made on the Jefferson River. This seemed fair enough, but was a very high valuation of the property. I realized, however, that if I gave up the management, I would still be responsible for the firm's liabilities, so I made the purchase.

Mr. Van had already started to drive us out of business. He kept the price up, but privately allowed large discounts for cash. I had no time to give Mr. Van my attention, for I had to get back to Virginia City and to get the Ramshorn mill started. On my arrival at Virginia City I learned that I was reported to have left the territory for parts unknown.

INTEREST TEN PER CENT. PER MONTH

This news had already reached the mill and some of the employes had already arrived in town and seemed highly pleased to see me. They did not appear to need their money as much as they imagined, and all of them wanted to go back to work but one man, and he had \$400 due him and wanted to return to the states. I succeeded in borrowing this amount from one Mr. Brown, then doing a sort of a banking business, but when I saw the kind of gold dust he was going to let me have, it was so poor that I had to object to the quality. I went after my man and told him that the dust was poor, but the man was satisfied with it after he examined it. I gave my note for thirty days with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per month, in bankable gold dust, that is gold dust free from black sand and adulteration, worth at least 20 per cent more than the kind of gold dust loaned.

LUMBER PRICES DROP

I soon returned to Helena and the sawmill, and learned from Mr. Benton that Mr. Van had dropped prices \$10 at a time with a discount of \$10 per thousand feet, so Mr. Van was doing a good business and getting the money, while we were getting the credit, and collections were not sufficient to pay running expenses. There was a good demand for building lumber in Helena at the time, so I concluded to pass Mr. Van. I instructed my yard man to reduce the price of building lumber from \$60 to \$40 per thousand feet, and to allow no credit, as we could not afford to employ a collector, and the lumber was to be paid for before it left the yard.

I then went to the sawmill, where I had a consultation with the mill employes, and also with the loggers who were supplying the mill with logs on a contract. I informed them of my instructions to the yard man, and told them that I

wanted them to keep the sawmill running and told the loggers to get in all the logs they possibly could before winter, as there would be no feed for the stock. I wanted the mill operated to its full capacity also, but would not remove any more lumber from the mill than could be sold for cash, the the surplus to be stacked at the mill.

In purchasing my partners interest in the business I had allowed him to take the cash on hand, so the only promise I could make in the way of salaries was to supply them with the necessities of life until the lumber could be disposed of, so I had a roll call and told them to answer "yes" if they cared to remain and "no" if they did not care to work on this basis. Every man answered "yes."

The next day I returned to Virginia City, where the mill had gotten started and business was in pretty good shape. I then returned to Helena after an absence of about two weeks. The man in charge of the yard told me what lumber there was in the yard was sold and paid for, and that he could not get it from the mill fast enough to supply the demand, also that Mr. Van had quit shipping lumber to Helena. I took the money on hand in the office, and went to the mill. I met the men at supper time, and after ascertaining the amount wanted, I told them that it amounted to less than half of what I had expected they would need and they could double up just as well as not, as it was as convenient for me to pay now as it would be any other time, but they had all they wanted. However, it had the effect of establishing confidence among the men.

BROTHER BECOMES A PARTNER

I spent the greater part of the Summer at Virginia City and the Ramshorn mill. About this time I took my brother, H. M. Holter, in as a partner and adopted the firm name of A. M. Holter & Bro. In the Fall I left my brother in charge at Virginia City and moved to Helena.

As I had been rustling night and day for a long time, I expected to get some rest now. I had just arrived at the mill when Mr. Benton told me that he was so entirely overworked that it was absolutely necessary for him to take a

rest, so I had to take charge of the mill and the whole lumber business myself, for competent lumbermen were not to be found in this wilderness at that time.

I knew of three water mills and two small portable saw-mills that had either started or were under construction when the fall in the price of lumber came, so after a thorough investigation I found that none of them had any supply of logs on hand and were not prepared to do any logging after the winter weather started. I was logging with all the force I could possibly press into service, and waiting anxiously for the first snow to fall. Finally on a Sunday morning, while at the Helena office, a snow storm started in good shape. The lumber sold when I dropped the price to \$40 was still stacked in the yard, so I told the office man to go to the owners and notify them to remove the lumber the next day or to offer to pay them the same price they had paid me. He returned and reported having purchased every board. I then told him to fill all orders on hand at \$40 per thousand feet, but from this time on to sell no lumber at less than \$60 per thousand, and that he could extend credit, especially to the prospectors, wherever he thought there was reason to believe they would be successful. I also instructed him to employ more teams to haul lumber and to get the yard stocked with a good assortment. My man protested very hard against a raise of \$20 per thousand feet, and my reply was that it was still too cheap in comparison with other commodities. I avoided an argument, for I did not want to expose my future plans. We soon had some more snow, so I raised the lumber to \$70 per thousand feet, and received no complaint. The demand kept increasing, so I had to operate the mill night and day.

Business went on without any interruption until January 12, 1866, when a snow storm set in that lasted until the morning of the 14th. The snow was then very deep, and this snow storm was followed by a spell of the coldest weather that I ever experienced. I do not remember how cold it was, but I do remember that the quicksilver in the thermometer froze solid. This storm is referred to yet by the old pioneers

as the Sun River stampede, on account of so many people freezing; some were frozen to death and a large number became cripples for life.

I owned a hay ranch three miles from Helena, where I had plenty of hay, so I had all the livestock removed to the ranch. Several of the men got badly frosted in getting there. I found I had a surplus amount of hay, so sold it for \$100 per ton. This price was considered cheap, for in the Winter of 1861 and 1862 at Central City, Colorado, I had paid \$200 per ton for hay to feed my stock.

This severe storm was followed by a warm Chinook wind that melted nearly all the snow, and business went along again as if nothing had happened, and there was considerable demand for lumber.

MEETING OF LUMBERMEN

The next Spring there was a meeting of the lumber men which I attended. There I met a group of six or eight strangers. My competitor, Mr. Van was not present. I listened to the suggestions, arguments and speeches, concerning price of lumber, committee reports, rules and regulations, and as they seemed to be well posted on Mr. Van's transactions, when I was called on, I simply stated what my instructions were to my office man, concerning prices, and that they remain so until some one else should reduce the price. I also stated that I would not join any association, as I had by this time paid off the \$6,000 mortgage and all other liabilities, and I felt quite independent.

SAW RUINED—NEW PAIR COST \$1,200.00

Everything moved along all right until about the middle of July, when I had the saw ruined. This apparently ended the supply of lumber, but I found a man that had two fifty-two-inch circular saws in transit for Helena, and I agreed to take one of them at \$500. When they arrived, however, he did not want to separate the pair, and offered to sell them both to me for \$1000. I accepted the proposition, but before I could get the gold dust weighted out he changed his mind again and wanted six yoke of my logging cattle in lieu of the gold dust. I finally got the saws and let him take the cattle. The market value of the team was \$1200, but as I did not have them to spare they were worth considerably more.

PURCHASED TEXAS CATTLE

We got the mill started once more, but I had to get more oxen. I heard of a herd of unbroken Texas cattle, and from it I selected as many as I wanted. They were not broken for work, and we had a grand circus in getting them broke and trained to work. Business was moving along satisfactorily, but as Fall was approaching I dismissed the night crew and ran the mill during the day time only.

STARTED WORK AT FOUR O'CLOCK

I had no trouble in finding laborers enough, but I could not find anyone that had had any experience in the lumber business, or keeping accounts. The man in charge of the Helena office had left for the States. The man I installed in his place proved to be a man of good education, and competent, but could not find anyone to assist me at the mill. It had become my custom to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning, call the cook, then start a fire under the boiler, then start loading and measuring and making bills of lading. There were often as many as eight teams to get ready, and I had to get up early enough to enable them to get to Helena and return before dark. Everything was supposed to be in readiness to start the mill running at 6 o'clock. I would usually get the teams loaded by 9 o'clock, get my breakfast and then attend to the orders for lumber that was to be sawed and shipped. I would then saddle my horse and take a trip to the place where the choppers and loggers were working, to give them orders as to size, length, etc., the lumber was to be as considerable lumber was sold at the mill. In this way, I had the accounts as well as the chores to attend to, and it kept me quite busy.

HELENA OFFICE RUNS BEHIND

I had commenced to think that the Helena office needed looking after, so after getting the book entries finished and having had my supper, I would get into the saddle and ride to Helena, a distance of about eight miles. I concluded to do a little detective work in order to ascertain what were the habits of the man in charge after business hours, and who his associates were. I gathered up a few of my acquaintances and in-

vited them to see the town under the lamplight, which meant to visit such places as gambling halls, hurdy-gurdy (dance) houses, etc. By being a "good fellow" around these places, it would not take long to ascertain if the Helena manager had any bad habits and if he was spending more money than he should. No admission fee was charged to these places, but it was expected that one would at least treat the crowd at the bar. I had not yet seen my office man, and did not want to, but I pretended that I wished very much to see him on important business, and made many inquiries as to where he could be found. I learned a good deal from my friends and from such of their friends as we met, and during an evening's stroll I gathered about all the facts that I needed to know, so I began investigations at the office, and as soon as the manager saw what I was trying to do, he disappeared, and I later learned that he had left a shortage of about \$11,000."

BURNING OF THE TEN MILE MILL

During August, 1868, we had all the machinery of the Ten Mile mill overhauled and made a better plant of it than it had ever been before. We started operating on January 2nd, 1869, and everything moved along in a very satisfactory manner until February 15th. Early in the morning of this date the man in charge of the plant arrived in Helena to inform me that the mill had burned down that night, and also considerable lumber. I hastened to the ruins and started the men to clearing the ground and rebuild. My mind was somewhat relieved to find the boiler and engine had not been damaged beyond the possibility of repair. As I had no one competent to put in charge of the rebuilding of the plant, I undertook the task myself, so I started in getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning, driving to the mill, and returning in the evening, getting the needed supplies (stores were then kept open in the evening until 10 o'clock) and give orders for parts of machinery, etc., that mostly had to come from the other mills. I kept this up for about three weeks, when we got the mill started sawing lumber, but it took some additional time to replace the shingle and lath machinery.

PIKE'S PEAK PLANER GONE

As soon, however, as we got the sawmill started I felt easier, but it filled my heart with grief when I saw the men gather up the remains of the historical Pike's Peak Planer, now gone, never more to be resurrected.

NEW PLANER INSTALLED

The planer and matcher that I had purchased in Chicago two years before was still in transit, wintering at Cow Island, a place on the Missouri River, about 200 miles below Fort Benton. It had to be brought this 200 miles, and then about 140 miles overland, which meant much valuable time. Now was the time if ever that Montana, and especially Helena, needed this kind of machinery, for Helena's great fire occurred on April 28, 1869, when nearly seven blocks were burned over, including most of the best business portion of the town. There was now a very great demand for all kinds of building material. It is worthy of note, however, that in spite of the demand, prices were not advanced, but still maintained the same as before.

TAIL SAWYER KILLED

During this annoying period a sad accident happened at the mill. The tail sawyer quit and the head sawyer had replaced him with a Swedish emigrant. He was doing his work well, but one morning when in the yard, I noticed some excitement about the mill. I hurried over and was told that the Swede was under the saw. As I reached the saw pit, he was rising out of the ditch. His back had been ripped open by the saw. I carried him up on the mill floor and dispatched one man to Helena and one to Nelson Gulch for Dr. Ingersoll from Helena and Dr. Kaiser from Nelson. The latter arrived in remarkably short time, and after examining him, declared that there was no hope for recovery. As the Swede could not speak English, and I was the only one who could understand him, I had to stay by him all the time. It was now midnight, and I felt a chill coming on, so I told the man that I was sick and was going to bed, but if any change took place, to call me. In about one-half hour, when I was still in a chill, I was called and when I arrived at his side, he had breathed his last.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM EXPLOSION

The next morning, as usual, I started the fire under the boiler and called the cook, and returning to the mill I started the engine and found that the water had been drawn from the petcock after the mill was shut down the day before. Not suspecting that the water was dangerously low, I took the suction hose and was about to drop it into the water when to my astonishment, I found that the crown sheet and the three upper tiers of flues were red hot, and as the pump was in motion, had I dropped the hose in the water, the result would have been an explosion.

STARTS EAST FOR MACHINERY

After the repairs to the steam boiler had been completed and the mill was again started, everything went along all right. Late in the Fall I started East to purchase more and better machinery. In April, 1867, I shipped, by the way of St. Louis and Fort Benton, a complete sawmill, shingle and lath machine, also door and sash machinery, but it took over two years for a part of this machinery to reach Helena. Freight by steamer from St. Louis to Fort Benton was then \$250.00 per ton in currency and \$200.00 per ton from Fort Benton to Helena, in gold dust.

FIGHT INDIANS ON THE ROUTE

I left St. Louis on April 13th, on the steamer "Gallatin," and went as far as Jefferson City, Missouri. Then by railroad, then steamer and railroad again to Salina, Kansas, where I got permission to ride inside the railing on the hurricane deck of the Overland stage. There were seventeen persons on this coach. Each was supplied with a rifle and ammunition and revolvers. We were much annoyed and delayed by Indian war parties. The distance to Denver from Salina, was about four hundred and fifty miles, and ought to have been driven in two days, but it took us seven to reach Denver. A great deal could be written about this journey, but I have gotten away from the lumber subject, and must switch back.

ERECTED NEW MILL ON SPRING CREEK

I arrived in Helena the 17th of May and found the lumber business in a bad way. The firm of A. M. Holter & Brother had closed the mill with the first snow storm in the Fall, and had sent all the livestock to winter quarters, so in a short time they were out of lumber and also out of business. My first move was to hurry men after the livestock and to prepare to start the mill.

Shortly after I had left Helena in 1866 the cutting of prices began, and from this time on the custom of selling for what you could get prevailed. The prices obtained by A. M. Holter & Brother for the year 1867 up to August, 1868, averaged about \$50.00 for common lumber and \$60.00 per thousand feet for sluice, flume and the better grades, but during the month of August we reduced these prices \$10.00 per thousand without consultation with the other dealers. We had reduced the price of planing mill work to \$25.00 and \$20.00 per thousand, according to quantity, and \$10.00 for surfacing. Shingles sold for \$6.00 and lath for \$12.00. We maintained the prices on the last three items, as we had no competition on these.

I finally got the mill started and also erected a new mill on Spring Creek. Several more mills sprang up in the vicinity of Helena, mostly operated by inexperienced men, on borrowed capital, at a high rate of interest, so they soon came to grief. I bought up some of these sawmills in 1868 and 1869. We also added to our holdings a water mill near Jefferson City, in Jefferson County, and a portable steam mill that we located near Lincoln, in what is now Lewis and Clark County.

GOVERNMENT CAUSES TROUBLE

In the early part of 1877 a U. S. Marshal arrived and seized all the lumber and cordwood, and there was no law whereby timber land could be entered and no coal mines opened (or even discovered) within hundreds of miles of us, the situation became very serious. The Helena Board of Trade succeeded in opening communication with James G. Blaine, and through his assistance, in about three weeks, the lumber and cordwood were released.

FIRST SASH AND DOOR FACTORY IN MONTANA

In 1868, we built a sash and door factory and set in motion the machinery that we had imported the year before. This was the first of its kind in Montana. Many of my friends had warned me against this expenditure. They reasoned that within a short time the gold placer mines would be worked out and we would have to move elsewhere. However, we operated this plant continuously for eleven years up to October, 1879, when it was destroyed by fire. As we had no fire insurance, we suffered quite a loss, but we rebuilt as speedily as we could, and on the fifteenth day after the fire, we had the engine and planer running. Six years later, in 1885, we disposed of the machinery to Getchell & Dunwall, who removed it to their shop in Helena.

Some officers of the Salvation Army had by this time arrived in Helena, so we let them occupy the building for their headquarters. They had probably occupied the building a year or two when it was all destroyed by fire.

STARTED NEW MILLS

By this time we had sold the Ramshorn and also the Jefferson mill, but still continued to start new mills about the territory. Within the next few years we had started mills on the Blackfoot River, near Lincoln, Wolf Creek, Skelly Gulch, Buffalo Creek, Whiteman Creek, Strawberry Creek, Dutchman Creek and Stickney Creek.

Most of these mills produced lumber for the Helena market, but the Stickney Creek mill, which was started in May, 1880, had Fort Benton and surrounding country as its prospective market, and we established a lumber yard on the West bank of the Missouri River below the mouth of Sun River, where we located a section of desert land and made the first payment, but never found time to get the water on it, so we let it go by default. This land extended from Sun River down the Missouri River for two miles and takes in what there is of Great Falls on the northwest side of the river, the concentrating plant and the smelter.

RAFT GOES OVER THE FALLS

The lumber was hauled about six miles from the mill to the raft landing and then rafted down the river to the Sun River yard, a distance of about seventy miles. In the Spring of 1884, the river was very high and swift, and they were unable to stop the raft at Sun River, so they shoved the horses overboard, and I believe they also saved the wagon. The man swam ashore, but the raft went over the falls and broke up and was lost. The nearest neighbor to this lumber yard was Mr. Robert Vaughn, twelve miles off. People had commenced settling up the country, so a few of us during the Winter of 1865-'66, put in a ferry across the Missouri River to where Great Falls is now, and in February 1886, we moved the lumber across the river to Great Falls and started business there as the Holter Lumber Co. In 1910, reorganized as Holter, Boorman Lumber Co.

On March 23rd, 1887, we incorporated the Holter Lumber Company.

In 1889, with Wm. Thompson, organized Montana Lumber & Manufacturing Co., operating in Western Montana, with main offices in Helena and Butte.

PRICES REALIZED AT SUN RIVER YARD

During the six years the yard had been established at Sun River we had sold materials at prices as per lists following:

Materials.	At Sun River.	At Fort Benton
Sheathing, per M.....	\$30.00	\$50.00
Common Lumber, per M.....	35.00	55.00
Flooring, per M.....	40.00	60.00
Clear Lumber, per M.....	45.00	65.00
Shingles, per M.....	6.00	7.50
Lath, per M.....	9.00	12.00

Heretofore we had sold lumber in the rough only, but we now added a planing mill and other machinery to the Great Falls yard and adopted the following prices:

Sheathing, per M.....	\$30.00
Common Lumber, per M.....	40.00
D. and M. Flooring, per M.....	50.00
Clear Lumber, per M.....	60.00
Shingles, per M.....	6.00
Lath, per M.....	10.00

In 1889, as there was no saw timber left on Stickney Creek, we moved the mill to Great Falls, so instead of rafting the lumber from the mill, we now floated the logs to the mills. We had secured considerable of the best timber tributary to the Missouri River by cutting it into logs, for possession was considered good title in those days.

BOSTONIANS START MILL

About this time another mill started building. It took a long time to construct it, but when completed was the best and largest of its kind, not only in Montana, but in the entire Northwest. As the choice timber had already been secured, there was scarcely anything but small and scrubby timber left tributary to the Missouri River and Great Falls. The company operated this mill for a few seasons.

Some time after this great mill was started they commenced cutting prices, until in 1893, what was called common lumber was selling at \$14.00 per thousand. The Holter Lumber Co. had sold its sawmill, which was removed in 1893. As I remember, our competitors did not remove their mill until the following year. I was told that the principal stockholders were Bostonians and that they wound up by sustaining a loss of about \$600,000. This ended lumber traffic on the Missouri River and sawmills at Great Falls forever, unless there should yet be organized a system of protecting the growing timber from forest fires superior to anything that has existed heretofore.

However, Great Falls did not suffer from any shortage of lumber, for the Montana Central railroad was completed and it was now easy to ship lumber in. Great Falls has now, 1910, seven lumber yards, getting the most of their supply from the Kalispell district. The Holter Lumber Co. has been disincorporated and succeeded by what is known as the Holter-Boorman Lumber Co., now doing business at that point.

GREEN BACKS AT PAR

In 1869, when gold was still at a premium, the merchants commenced to receive United States currency, which was called "greenbacks," at par.

HELENA BUSINESS DEMORALIZED

The lumber business at and about Helena had been in a deplorable or "go as you please" condition from 1866 to 1888. During those twenty-two years merchants and all classes of trade, except lumber dealers, were prosperous. The lumbermen were playing a freeze-out game, apparently, to ascertain who could last the longest. The large majority of those who had started in the lumber business in the early sixties had dropped by the wayside. Even my competitor, Mr. Van, had disappeared, and it was rumored that he was owing his employes alone \$10,000.00 when he quit.

During that trying period I heard of but one call for a lumbermen's meeting. I did not attend, but was informed of the schedule adopted, and the next day we were to bid on what we considered then a large bill, and the contract was awarded to the parties who were instrumental in calling the meeting, at \$3.00 per M. less than the schedule price adopted the day before.

For some years past the lumber business had been conducted at a loss, and I can think of only four parties who, from the time the first slab dropped until 1888, had made any apparent profit, and none of them any more than a reasonable amount.

LUMBER SHIPPED BY RAIL

In 1888 nearly all sawmill timber was gone and the lumber supply had to come by rail. The Thompson Lumber Co. and A. M. Holter & Bro., both having lumber yards at Helena, consolidated interests and incorporated the Montana Lumber & Manufacturing Co., with yards, planing mill and carpenter shop at Butte, in addition to the Helena business. The company constructed a complete sash and door factory at Helena. This plant was burned in 1895. It was a total loss and never rebuilt. The secretary's report showed a loss of \$30,000, with \$4,000 insurance, but I believe we finally figured the actual loss to be about \$20,000.

MISTAKE IN LAND SURVEY

The company purchased a section of timber land from the Northern Pacific Railway Co. and cut and removed the timber according to the survey of the Northern Pacific, but

when the Government survey was made it differed half a mile from the Northern Pacific survey, and in consequence a suit for \$30,000 was brought against the Montana Lumber & Manufacturing Co. This suit after lingering in court for several years was finally settled by the payment of \$2500.00.

SOLD TO MARCUS DALY

In 1898, we sold all material and sawmills and machinery to Marcus Daly, but reserved the Butte and Helena real estate and timber lands.

It would seem that with the establishment of the Montana Lumber & Manufacturing Co., in 1888, the freeze-out game disappeared and during the ten years of its existence the company averaged its stockholders a yearly dividend of 10 per cent, and notwithstanding the heavy loss sustained by the burning of the sash and door factory at Helena and a planing mill at Evary, the stockholders received better than par for their stock when they disposed of their holdings.

By the disposal of the Montana Lumber & Manufacturing Co., I felt that I was a new and free man, for with the exception of the Holter Lumber Co. at Great Falls, my thirty-five years of annoyance and anxiety in Montana, concerning sawmills, lagging, lumber hauling, lumber yards, sash and door factories, etc., had come to an end.

PIONEER LUMBERING IN OREGON, IDAHO AND ALASKA

I have already passed what I promised to write about (my experience in the lumbering business in the pioneer days of Montana), but like a run-away horse, do not know when or where to stop, so I had better say a few words in regard to the lumber and timber business in Oregon, Idaho and Alaska. During the Winter of 1890, Messrs. William Thompson, A. J. Steele and the writer, with our wives, started out on a pleasure trip to the Pacific Coast, and amongst other sight seeing, the men visited the forests of large timber on the slopes of the Nehalem River, in Oregon. While we were out strictly for pleasure and not for business, still the sight of these forests was so enticing that after returning to Helena, nine of us joined together and employed an agent to purchase timber land for us, and in a few years he had obtained from

the settlers some 17,000 acres, but it turned out to be a poor investment for it developed that the agent had been getting a tract of land, regardless of the quantity or quality of the timber the land contained.

After our syndicate had quite buying. I personally employed a man to get me some timber land. He obtained it in small lots from the original settlers, getting about 6,000 acres. This land cost me considerable less per acre than the syndicate land, and by actual cruising, contained more than four times as much timber to the acre as the syndicate land. After having our money invested for years in the syndicate land, we finally succeeded in disposing of it at about first cost. I exchanged my interest in the syndicate land with the purchasing party for other timber land.

STARTS SAND POINT MILL

In the Fall of 1898, on a trip West I met Judge W. E. Cullen, formerly of Helena, then residing at Spokane. He told me about the beautiful white pine timber about Sand Point, Idaho, and after some investigation I found the timber to be very attractive. I also found that there was a sawmill, shingle mill and store at Sand Point, which could be obtained at a reasonable price. But as I had already told the Judge, I did not care to go into any such business if it would require any of my personal attention, but had also said that if he would form a stock company I would take a certain amount of the stock, if he, living near, would supervise the purchase of the property, the building of a new sawmill, etc. This was done, and a new band saw plant was erected the next year, the first of its kind in Idaho. About 6,000 acres of choice timber land was obtained during the next three years. After the mill was started we were receiving very satisfactory reports. They were turning out 50,000 feet daily, and an average of 30,000 cedar telegraph poles per annum and at a profit, according to reports, of over a dollar each, but the time for an investigation came, and when inventory was taken, it was found that the operating expenses were largely understated. The lumber stakers were paid the usual rate per thousand and I believe, the sawyers likewise. Judge Cullen and myself had the experience and learned that we had a white ele-

phant on our hands. In 1901, we disposed of the Sand Point Lumber Co. to Messrs. J. Humbird and Frederick Weyerhaeuser, of St. Paul. They reincorporated the company, changing the name to The Humbird Lumber Co. I became one of the stockholders in the new company, but Judge Cullen decided that he had sufficient experience and he retired permanently from the lumber business.

Since that time I have become interested in lumbering and a sawmill at Petersburg, Alaska.

FOREST FIRES—UTILIZATION OF FEDERAL TROOPS

I have already written too much, but feel that I must say a few words concerning the alarming and destructive increase of forest fires of late years. I had witnessed prairie fires in Iowa and Minnesota, also a forest fire in Colorado, prior to my arrival in Montana, so I had learned to fear both. In consequence, before leaving the sawmill in the Spring of 1864, I gave explicit instructions that in case of a grass or timber fire, they were to extinguish it as soon as possible, and if necessary they were to stop all other work until the fire was out. I enforced this order strictly as long as I was operating sawmills and we never had a forest fire in the vicinity of any of our mills.

About six years ago, when Mr. Pinchot first visited Helena, a meeting was held in the rooms of the Commercial Club, to discuss the subject of Forestry. This meeting was well attended and interesting speeches were made by Mr. Pinchot and others. I had expected to hear something concerning forest fires, but at last a motion was made to adjourn without the subject being mentioned. Before it could be seconded, I was on my feet asking permission to call the attention of the meeting to the destructive forest fires that were raging at that time, and I suggested that as it was Government property which was being destroyed I was of the opinion that the Government should take the matter in charge, as they had an ample force of men to fight the fires. This suggestion met with nothing but opposition, and was pronounced an absurd theory, those opposing me stating that the United States soldiers were not employed for the purpose of fighting fires. In self defense, I had to call attention to the

fact that nearly forty years of actual practice had become knowledge, and that I felt the forest fires would be greatly reduced if the matter were in charge of the military department. I said I thought the soldiers should be allowed extra pay, and be well paid, and in this way we would have the timber left instead of the ashes.

From the roof of the building in which the meeting was held we could see the smoke of a forest fire which had been burning for three weeks, ten or fifteen miles east of Helena, and looking to the west we could see another forest fire which had been burning for a month. A little to the north could be seen Fort William Henry Harrison, where four companies of soldiers were stationed. I suggested that they might suspend their drilling for a few days to save valuable Government property. I also called attention to Norwegian newspaper reports about forest fires in that country, which stated that there had been two forest fires which were the worst and most destructive they had experienced since the military department had taken charge of the forests; they went on to state that on receiving notice of the first fire, they had ordered out eight hundred men supplied with implements and in charge of well trained, competent officers. All trains to their destination were sidetracked and the soldiers given right of way to the scene of the fire. A second company of four hundred men was started out, but when they arrived, the fire had been gotten under control by the first company, so the first men returned, and the second company was left to guard the fire. About half a section of land had been burned over. When the second fire was reported, it was managed the same as the first one, with only eight hundred men. I am firmly of the opinion that the United States Government should adopt some similar method of handling our fires, and I so stated, but no one seemed to look at it in the way that I did. It was now getting late, and a motion to adjourn was carried, and there was no further discussion of the matter.

HISTORY OF ONE DAY'S EXPERIENCE

During the Winter of 1864-'65, when we had decided to remove the portable sawmill to Helena (then called Last Chance), as the engine and boiler needed repairs, we looked about us for means of doing what was needed. Machine work was required, but as there were no machinists to be had in those days we had to content ourselves with the help of two blacksmiths that we found and who seemed to be willing to do what they could. I had made arrangements to meet them in Nevada City, and I started from Virginia City (three miles distant) with a load of supplies, including a 125-pound anvil—of which more later—and a team of mules. When I reached Nevada City the men had not appeared and it seemed expedient to return to Virginia City and hunt them up. Realizing that the team had a hard day's work ahead, I thought best to walk back, which I did, and found them sitting comfortably over a fireplace. They demurred at going with me, saying it was too cold and too stormy, but they finally accompanied me to Nevada City from where we started on our way. For the first six miles we had good sleighing, but when we got through the Canyon, the snow gave out so we could ride no further. When we reached Bevin's Gulch the snow was so deep that we still had to walk as it was all the team could do to pull the sleigh and load of supplies. Indeed in many places the load would have to be removed, and when the sled was gotten through the drift, the load carried over and reloaded. This was not so bad except the aforesaid anvil, which seemed to get very heavy by the time I had carried it over all the big drifts in the Gulch. My men would not assist me any in this work, so I was getting pretty well exhausted. To add to my fatigue and discomfort, the lines were too short to permit me to walk behind the sled and drive, so I had to struggle through the snow beside the sled.

TRAVELING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Finally after dark we reached the mining camp of Bevin's and I found a cabin where I could put the mules for the night and give them the feed that I had carried for them. I was

very anxious to reach the mill that night, but the men refused to go any further with me, and the team could not go on. I had been keeping at this place a pair of skis for use in getting to the mill, but some one had "borrowed" them, so I had to set out on foot without them for this last piece of the way. I had eaten nothing since early morning and was rather exhausted. I got on well enough for part of the way, but soon the snow was so deep that in order to get on I would have to lie down on it, press it down as much as possible then walk a few steps and repeat the process over and over again. It got so that I could only go a rod or two without resting. I began to imagine that I heard voices around me and among them I recognized those of some of my childhood's playmates, and that of my mother, who was still living at that time.

DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

Then a new danger confronted me. In resting an almost irresistible impulse to sleep would possess me, but having experience in this direction before, realizing that if I gave way to it, the sleep would be my last, so with almost superhuman effort I would get on my feet again and go on, resuming the struggle. Finally I reached the divide where there was almost half a mile of practically level ground with little snow. Slowly my senses seemed to return and the sound of voices ceased. I had now come about two miles, and had only about a mile more to go, so I commenced to gain hope that I would reach the mill. Hard blasts of wind would strike me now and then and I felt as though they were passing through my body. I encountered a few drifts, but managed as before to get through them. Then, getting to the down grade towards the mill, I found the snow too deep for me on the wagon grade, so I attempted to go straight for the mill, but the slope of the mountain was very steep, and not having sufficient strength left to keep up the mountain side, I was beginning to have a desperate struggle to get there. I encountered a good many fallen trees, and was now so weak that where it was possible I crawled under the trees instead of over them to save strength.

FELL EXHAUSTED AT CABIN DOOR

I finally got to the creek about a third of a mile below the mill, where there was a deserted cabin. The snow was deep, and fortunately here I found a board about ten inches wide and fourteen feet long. So I took this and laid it on the snow and crawled its length, then pulled it along, and repeated the process until I finally reached the mill cabin. The snow was shoveled away for a distance from the door, and I took quite a little rest on the snowbank, from where I could look in through the window and see a brisk fire burning in the fireplace. I laid there and planned how I could get strength to walk in and reach a stool that I could see in front of the fire. I did not want to make any disturbance and wake up the men sleeping in the cabin, and it seemed almost impossible to again get on my feet, but I felt sleep overcoming me again, so I made another start and got to the woodpile in front of the door, where I fell, and again almost went to sleep. This warned me, so I made an effort to reach the door, grasping the latch with my left hand, opened the door and stepped in. I tried to get hold of the inside of the door with my right hand and close it, and reach the stool, but I dropped on the floor, when Evenson, who was sleeping in the room, awoke and rushed to assist me. The men sleeping in the other part of the cabin now awoke and naturally supposing me to be frozen, they all rushed to my assistance. They soon had mittens, boots and socks off, found that while my clothes were frozen stiff on the outside, they were damp with perspiration on the inside. I knew that I was not frozen, so asked to be let alone, as all I needed was rest and some food. Soon they gave me a dish of cold boiled beef—all the food to be had at the time, as there were no vegetables or flour in that part of the country. I remember that never had anyone enjoyed such luxurious rest as I, laying on the floor in front of the fire, and weakly trying to eat the cold beef. After a time they put me on the bed, stripped me and gave me a brisk rubbing with rough towels, then put on some warm dry clothing, covered me up, and left me to sleep and recover from my exhaustion. Being very strong and having great recuperative powers, strange as it may seem, the next

morning, although I felt quite rocky, I was able to get about, and I got on some skis and, accompanied by some of the mill hands, went back to Bevin's, hitched up my mules and drove back to Virginia City, reaching there the same evening without further trouble.



'CAPTAIN TOWNSEND'S BATTLE ON THE POWDER RIVER

BY DAVID B. WEAVER

An overland route from the states to the Northwest had been laid out to Virginia City in the fall of 1863 by Capt. John Bozeman (and hence known as the "Bozeman Trail") which by reason of the enthusiastic recommendations given it by its founder was adopted by a number of wagon trains as their line of travel, particularly during the next couple of summers before the government discontinued its use. The Bozeman trail differed from the new Bridger's trail in three important—and it may be added disadvantageous respects: it was over a hundred miles longer than the Bridger trail; it lay east of the Big Horn mountains; and it passed through country inhabited by hostile Sioux instead of the territory of the more friendly Crows west of the Big Horns. This last feature made it necessary for a considerable number of wagons to collect in a train before venturing into the Sioux regions. The easterly end of the trail which was Richard's (Re-shaw's) toll bridge on the North Platte (at a point between the present stations of Casper and Glenrock on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad) accordingly became a sort of assembling point for the overland travellers.

I arrived at Richard's bridge on July 6, 1864, and learned that just a few days before my arrival a wagon train had departed over the Bozeman trail under the command of a Captain Townsend. As our own wagon train at that date consisted of only seventeen wagons (which traveled together since leaving Fort Laramie) it was inadvisable to proceed further in the direction of the Indian country without a large party. Hence we remained at Richard's bridge until July 17th.

Note 1. One of my immediate party, Mr. Richard Owens, kept a diary of our trip. As this may be referred to by others in search of information, I wish to explain certain discrepancies between his statements and my narrative. He refers to the finding of the scalp, and then says, "some of our advance guard came on the body of the man killed", which he assumes was that of Huddmeyer, and also that it was Huddmeyer's scalp which was found. He also says that Huddmeyer was killed on the 7th and Warren on the 9th. In these matters I think he is mistaken. The figures on the wooden head-stones were crudely made with tar, and Mr. Owen probably mistook one nine for a seven; we certainly never found the body of the man who had been scalped.

by which time sixty-eight wagons had collected; and the train was then regularly organized with Capt. Cyrus C. Coffinbury in charge, and moved out to follow Capt. Townsend's train over the Bozeman trail. I have given in a former article a brief sketch of the progress of Capt. Coffinbury's train until its disbandment (see Contributions to Montana Historical Society, Vol. 7, page 75-77) and will now refer to our movements only as leading up to the subject of this article, viz. the battle between Capt. Townsend's wagon train and the Indians at the Powder River.

On July 22, 1864, our own (Coffinbury's) train reached the Powder River at the junction of what is now known as Sand Creek, but was known to us then as Dry Creek. We crossed over the river, followed up the North bank for about six miles, or to the junction of the South Fork of the Powder River with the westerly fork, the latter consisting of the union, a few miles still further westward, of the North Fork and the Middle Fork; and our train went into corral here just a little above the junction of the South Fork.

Some reference should be made to the situation of the Bozeman trail in this neighborhood, and certain physical aspects of the locality.

The north side of the Powder river from the junction of Sand (or Dry) Creek to this junction of the South Fork, and what I have called the West Fork, is level river bottom land, or a "flat," what I suppose would be described by geologists as an "alluvial bottom"—varying in width generally from thirty to fifty rods. The river itself was at the south edge of this flat; and at the northerly edge there arose hills, the tops of which were well covered with pine. The flat itself was almost free of trees, except here and there a scrub pine and a few good sized cottonwoods near the place we were in corral above the junction with the South Fork; the flat was covered with a hardy growth of grass at the time.

Just above the junction with the South Fork this flat was occupied, so to speak, by a high knoll or ridge probably a mile in length. This knoll or ridge did not represent a swerving in of the other hills referred to as being at the northerly edge of the flat, but was a separate elevation

standing rather by itself. The result was that the northerly slope of this knoll or ridge and the southerly slope of the other hill tended to form at their bases a narrow valley or ravine between these two elevations; and this ravine terminated the western end of the river flat. The ridge next to the river came down so close to the river bank as not to leave a good natural wagon route between the river and the foot of the ridge; and Bozeman in laying out his trail had been obliged to keep away from the river; and he selected his route through the ravine between the two ridges.

The place we had now selected for a corral was the same spot so used by Capt. Townsend, but we discovered that at this point Capt. Townsend had abandoned the Bozeman trail—had not taken the route through the ravine, but had taken a course between the ridge and the river for a short distance, then forded to the south bank, kept on the south side until past the obstruction of this knoll, and then reforded to the north bank, striking the Bozeman trail west (or northwesterly) of the ridge. We did not understand at that time why Townsend should have made this change in the route which he had been following; but assuming that there must have been some good reason for it, our own train did likewise, following Townsend at this point rather than the Bozeman route. Townsend did have good reasons for making the change, as will appear later.

My immediate personal party in our own train had one wagon with three yoke of cattle; and as there were five in our party we took alternate turns in charge of the team, so that two of us were relieved of such work every day. Usually those of us who were free for the day would proceed at our leisure a little ahead of or to the sides of the train, hunting for game, or perhaps prospecting for signs of gold. When we struck the Powder River, it was my day off duty and I was with our guard, following at the rear of the wagon train. As I strolled along over this flat, approaching the spot where the wagons were already getting into corral, my attention was attracted to a number of arrows, tipped with iron scattered around in the grass. I noticed perhaps a

dozen of them at one point in a comparatively small space. This itself at once suggested some unusual condition; for such iron was not plentiful enough among the Indians to be thrown away in this fashion; the tips looked as if they might have been made from the iron hoops from barrels or pails, and much labor (of which Indians are not fond) had been necessary especially by the Indians' primitive means, to get them into shape. Such iron tipped arrows were greatly prized by the Indians, and would not have been thus abandoned except under the stress of some necessity.

While I was observing these arrows, I noticed one of our men who was somewhat in advance of me, pick from the branches of a scrub pine, some dark object, which at the distance looked something like a dead crow. He preceded me to our corral, and when I reached there I found great excitement prevailing, particularly among the women, there being twelve or fifteen families with women and children included in our train. The thing which the man had found out in the pine scrub was the scalp of a white man; he had brought it with him to the camp, and instead of reporting it to the Captain, thoughtlessly showed it before the women and children who were now in a state of panic and terror. We found here other suggestive signs of the passage of Capt. Townsend's train. We were corraled on the very spot on which he had camped, and noticed something that we had not seen at any of his former encampments on the route. From a point on the river above his corral, and extending in a semi-circle completely around it to the river below, there was a band of several feet in width where the grass had been cut (or shoveled) away.

Just at the lower end where the corral had been there were a few good sized cottonwood trees; and here we found a written explanation of these conditions just mentioned. One of Townsend's men had blazed a surface on one of the trees on which was written: "Captain Townsend had a fight here with the Indians, July 9, 1864 (or words to this effect—I am giving the inscription from memory after a lapse of forty-seven years).

As mentioned, Townsend had departed here from the Bozeman trail and kept along the river, fording and refording, until he struck the trail further up, and we followed his course also. When we had proceeded a few miles up the river, the following morning (July 23rd) we came upon the graves of three of Townsend's men. Their friends had placed at the graves headstones made from boards taken from the wagon train, and had inscribed one "Frank Huddmeyer," another had the name of "A. Warren of Missouri," killed by the Indians on the 9 inst.; the third grave I do not recollect. These graves had been opened up, and the remains of these men lay on the ground close by. These men Coffinbury reburied. The belief of the men in Coffinbury's train was that the wolves had dug up the bodies. (Note 2).

I have now briefly mentioned what came under my personal observation when we reached this place less than two weeks after Capt. Townsend's train had passed. I have never seen a printed account of this battle with the Indians; and I will now give the details of the affair chiefly as given to me within a few months after the occurrence by one of the participants, George Gibboney. (Note 3) Gibboney was a member of the Townsend train and continued on to Virginia City. But he returned in the spring of 1865 to Emigrant Gulch where I was then engaged in gold mining; we became associated together as partners in mining operations; I came to know him well, and as he was an intelligent, honest and trustworthy fellow, I have full confidence in the reliability of the facts which he gave me, particularly as our relations were such that there would not have been any occasion or

Note 2. In my consultation with Mrs. W. J. Beall, I learned that these men were buried in their blankets, and the Indians dug up the remains to get the blankets and clothing, for when we found the bodies they were without any clothing. Probably Townsend's train were scarcely out of sight when the Indians dug up the bodies.

Note 3. George Gibboney was a native of Philadelphia, Pa. In the summer of 1864 he and his partner Isaac Best fitted out an ox team in Linn County, Iowa, for the overland trip to the Idaho or Montana mining regions, and joined Capt. Townsend's train. When Capt. Townsend's train came to Shields' river, it turned to the right and passed down through Bridger Canyon into Gallatin valley. Quite a number of the members of this train remained to settle in this valley, while many went on to Virginia City. Gibboney and Best were among those who went on. But in the spring of 1865 he and Best came back with their ox team to Yellowstone City in the Emigrant gulch mining region. Isaac Best soon went to the Gallatin valley, but Gibboney engaged in mining in Emigrant gulch. In the spring of 1866, he with two other men, was working the original or discovery claim there, when Gibboney and one of the partners, Skinner, were buried under an avalanche of snow and lost their lives.

disposition on his part to misrepresent anything to me. But furthermore, in the summer of 1911, forty-seven years after the battle, it was my good fortune to meet one of the survivors of this battle in the person of Mrs. W. J. Beall, of Bozeman, Montana. Mrs. Beall is a woman with a good memory; naturally such an event had made a deep impression on her mind; and she had good recollections of the details of the affair. I had, prior to meeting Mrs. Beall, already drafted the account of the battle, and after comparing notes, so to speak, with her, I found that her version of the engagement agreed very closely with that given me by Gibboney shortly after the battle, and such discrepancies as arose were largely those relating to minor details, as would naturally be expected considering the different view points of the two persons. Mrs. Beall has, however, been of great assistance to me in supplying additional details in the matter.

It appears Townsend's train had reached Powder River on July 3rd, and had camped a few days in order to rest and recuperate the horses and cattle, the women in the train availing themselves of the opportunity of baking bread, putting out the family wash, etc. Preparations were made to continue the course on the morning of July 9th, proceeding by the Bozeman trail which had been followed up to this point; that is, to advance through the ravine between the hills on the northerly bank of the river and the other hill further north. Orders were issued on the evening of the 8th that the train would make a short march that evening, and form a new camp after dark. This was deemed as a precautionary measure to prevent an attack from hostile Indians during the night. This move was taken at the request of Capt. Townsend's two guides or pilots, Michael Boulter and John Richards. Now in this train were two brothers, and with them they had a cow that could not be found when the camp moved that night. Now on the morning of the 9th, the one brother said, "I will go back to our camp of last evening and bring up our cow while the cattle are feeding and breakfast is over."

Breakfast was over, the cattle had fed, and the train had already assembled in line of march when a man who had strolled ahead up on the foot hill or elevation next the river,

came rushing back and reported that he had seen a large party of mounted Indians surrounding the two hunters or prospectors and shoot them down in the open plain along the Bozeman trail. Orders were at once given to recorral and the wagons were put in defensive formation enclosing the cattle right at the river bank. This corral was at the spot referred to above at the west end of the flat just above the junction of the South Fork. It thus became known to the Indians that they had been discovered. Gibboney stated that with the aid of field glasses some of the men then observed that the Indians had concealed their ponies in the pine growth on the side of the foothills along the northerly ledge of the river bank and the Indians were now to be seen returning to their ponies and remounting; and they were of the impression that the Indians had hidden their ponies in the pines while they themselves went in ambush in the ravine through which the Bozeman trail passed, as above mentioned. This was probably the case, for the Indians did not usually leave their horses and fight dismounted except to fight from ambush.

Capt. Townsend had with him a couple of experienced guides, Boulier and Richards, and he sent them forward to parley with the Indians. They returned and reported that the Indians wanted something to eat, and advised that they be given food, which was done. The Indians then suggested that the wagon train should proceed; the guides protested against this, however, stating that it was probably the intention of the Indians to try to get the wagon train in position to stampede the cattle and thus render the train helpless to proceed. Subsequent events showed that the guides were right in their judgment. Townsend refused to advance, but instead made a display of strength, ordering out all his men, about three hundred in number, (there were about 150 wagons in his train). He also directed that those of his men who were mounted on horses should go back and look for the man who had gone out for the strayed cow. But when the mounted men made the sortie towards the rear, the Indians advanced, commenced firing upon the riders, and the battle was on. The scalp found by our party in a tree top a few days later was mute evidence that the attempt to rescue the man

who had gone back for the cow had not succeeded. Whether he had been murdered by the savages before or after this attack is of course not definitely known. From the fact that the scalp was left on the tree, I apprehend, however, that what took place was this: That the Indians, watching every movement around the train from their places of concealment, had followed him to the rear, crept upon him, shot him down with their arrows and scalped him. These Indians then probably attempted to crawl as close as possible to the rear of the camp. When Townsend's mounted men started to ride towards the rear, they would come upon the unmounted Indians; and the latter hastily concealed the scalp in the tree top in order not to be discovered with the scalp in their possession; this being before hostilities occurred, these roaming Indians not knowing then that their band would make an open attack. This would account for the abandonment of the scalp.

This situation may also explain why the Indians were so prompt in attacking the mounted men. According to usual Indian tactics one would have expected that they would have waited until the mounted men were some distance from the corral and would have then endeavored to cut them off from the camp. The fact that they attacked at once suggests that this may have been intended as diversion on their part in order to afford the unmounted Indians lurking to the east of the camp an opportunity to escape. Or if, as is probable, the man who had gone back towards the rear, had already been murdered by them, they may have assumed that the train had in some manner learned of his murder, and that the mounted were setting out to punish his murderers, and they planned to attack before the latter were overtaken.

The Indians possessed some firearms, but many of them were equipped with bows and arrows and the location of the first attack on the mounted man was probably about where I discovered the numerous arrowheads as above mentioned. Their method of fighting was to ride at first slowly towards the white men, keeping to the north of Townsend's men, between the men and the foothills at the north; then as they came nearer, increasing the speed of their animals, they

swept past in a somewhat circular course, hanging over the side of their horses and shooting as they rode.

The mounted men, as soon as attacked, turned back to the corral and fought their way back without the loss of any of their number, but one of the men was severely injured by an arrow in his back which had to be cut out.

The Indians then attempted to keep up a sort of long distance attack on the camp. It happened however, that some of Townsend's men were armed with the then new Henri breechloading rifle. This weapon could not only be loaded much more rapidly than the muzzle loaders but, what was more important in the situation, it had an effective range of at least twice that of any of the Indians guns.

It did not take the Indians long to discover this fact, as they soon found out that their warriors were being shot down long before they got near the encamped wagon train. This compelled them to measure their distance by the increased range of the new rifle; but at such distance their arrows were useless and they could do little effective fighting with their guns. To this was due the fact that Townsend's men escaped with so few injuries. One of his members, a man from Ohio, whose name I am unable to obtain, was so severely wounded however, that he died the following night (July 9-10).

When the Indians found that they could not stampede or dislodge the train by open attack they attempted to drive it or stampede the draft animals by fire. They began setting fire to the long grass surrounding the camp. Capt. Townsend then directed his men to take shovels and make a shallow trench, cutting off the grass in a swathe extending roughly in a semi-circle from the river bank above the corral to the bank below as noticed by us a few days later. He also ordered the wash tubs which some of the emigrants had with them to be filled with water and kept in readiness. The attempt to spread the fire to the camp was not successful. The Indians, however, kept up their attack for several hours. Then they withdrew, passing down the river, keeping well to the north close to the foothills and out of range of the guns as much as possible. Early in the day, before commencing

the attack, they had requested permission of Townsend to be allowed to pass down the river past his camp; but Townsend's guides, already convinced of the hostile intentions of the savages, advised against allowing them to come near the camp, as they suspected that it was simply a ruse to get close enough at hand to stampede the stock.

Townsend remained in camp until some hours after the departure of the Indians. He then decided to move his camp to a higher location, but considered it inadvisable to attempt to proceed through the ravine as would be necessary if he continued by the Bozeman trail. He accordingly kept to the south, crossing to the south side of the river and recrossing further up.

On advancing the train came upon the bodies of the two men who had gone on ahead in the morning and been killed by the Indians.

Just how great were the losses of the Indians in this engagement is of course unknown, as they removed their dead and wounded. But only a few days later when our train reached the Big Horn river I was informed by the Crow Indians that this attack on Townsend's train had been made by the Sioux (the cutthroats), and that they had thirteen killed in the affair. The exact knowledge that the Crows had of this battle especially so soon afterward will probably be regarded by some men, familiar with Indian affairs, as a rather suspicious circumstance. It has been openly charged by some writers that while the Crow tribe pretended to be friendly with the whites, some of the young Crow warriors were really allied with the Sioux in the latter's depredations. On the other hand it is also well known and has been frequently remarked that there seemed to have been some mysterious means of communication—some unpatented system of wireless telegraphy—among the Indians, and they were known often to have acquired knowledge of events occurring at distant places soon after their happening, under circumstances which have never been satisfactorily understood. As the Crows and Sioux were ordinarily arch enemies, it may have been a part of their regular business to keep posted on

the losses of their foes. Townsend's men understood that their opponents in the engagement were Sioux, and the writer is of the same opinion.

The scalp found in the pine tree was taken to Virginia City where it was recognized by the surviving brother as that of the man who went for the cow. As soon as he saw it he exclaimed, "That is my brothers hair!"



MONTANA'S EARLY HISTORY

A PIONEER WOMAN'S RECOLLECTION OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS
CONNECTED WITH MONTANA'S EARLY HISLORY

BY MRS. W. J. BEAL

Among the first and earliest settlers of Gallatin valley were A. K. Stanton, W. H. Tracy, F. J. Dunbar, W. J. Beall, D. E. Rouse and brother Elisha and W. O. P. Hays, who all came to the valley in 1862 and '63, locating old Gallatin City and taking up ranches in that vicinity on East Gallatin or Reese Creek, where were the first agricultural settlements in Gallatin valley.

In the fore part of July, 1864, W. J. Beall and D. E. Rouse were returning home from Virginia City where they had marketed their crops of potatoes and other vegetables, receiving forty cents a pound for the same, they met John M. Bozeman whom they had known in 1863, and who had returned east last fall. He told them he was piloting an emigrant train from the East over what is now known as the Bozeman Cut-Off. He advised them to come and take up land and start a town on the location now known as Bozeman. He asked them to locate a claim for him, which they did. Bozeman had come on in advance of his train.

Some days after this John Bozeman's train came through the Bozeman pass or canyon, most of the emigrants passing on to Virginia City or Alder Gulch, the objective point, as it was the great mining center, of those coming from the East by the Bridger and Bozeman routes, these men being the first to establish and pilot trains after Lewis and Clark.

In the early part of July, 1864, W. J. Beall and D. E. Rouse located adjoining claims or farms on the site of the present city of Bozeman, and built the first two houses here. The division line between them at that time running north and south was Bozeman Street, Mr. Beall's claim lying west of this line and Mr. Rouse's claim east. At John Bozeman's request, they staked out a claim for him on the south side of Main Street.

The houses built by Mr. Beall and Mr. Rouse were of logs which they hauled from the mountains. Mr. Beall built his

house not far from the corner of Main and Bozeman Streets near the site now occupied by the Masonic Temple. Mr. Rouse built on the site south of Main Street, where now stands the brick building formerly owned by Willson and Rich. These founders of the city offered any one who would build and locate here town lots free, thus giving away most of Main Street property.

When the government survey was made it threw Mr. Beall's line thirty-five rods east and about the same distance further south, making Rouse Street the east line and Babcock Street the south, taking in the house Mr. Rouse built on the ground which was supposed to belong to Mr. Bozeman. Mr. Beall's claim, including his part of the town site, was 160 acres, extending one and one fourth miles west and one fourth miles north of the corner stone of the present city hall, which however was not the first city hall here. The late W. W. Alderson in giving his address at the laying of the cornerstone on July 4, 1888, spoke of the founding of the city by these pioneers. Some extracts from this address may not seem out of place in this article. Mr. Alderson said "As I look around me today witness a hundred faces which remind me of at least an equal number of intensely interesting incidents and precious memories. Nearly a quarter of a century ago (laking one short year) your plain unpretentious speaker camped almost on this very spot after ten long weeks of toilsome journeying and camping along the Platte and on the Bridger trail.

"Not a fence pole or a log house was then in sight to designate the future city of Bozeman. After looking around however, for a few moments we noticed a small wedge tent constructed out of a wagon cover and after a little careful inspection we found a lonesome occupant in person of Mr. W. J. Beall. To our "Pilgrim" inquiries he answered that he was waiting the return of D. E. Rouse with 'grub' from their ranch; that he and Rouse were holding down a town site; that John M. Bozeman was piloting an emigrant train through the Platte via the Powder river, Clark's Fork and the Yellowstone.

"With a hospitality characteristic of Western men, Beall invited us to stay, and offered us an interest in the town site section. Rouse returned from the ranch a day or two after our arrival, emphasized Beall's generous invitation, and to make a long story short, we accepted the freedom of the future city so graciously and generously tendered.

"And now, if you will pardon the seeming digression, I should be pleased to mention favorably the names of those two worthy and esteemed citizens—friends of mine and yours—W. J. Beall and D. E. Rouse. In the natural course of events we cannot expect them to remain here always, and this is why I desire to give them one word of recognition while they are living.

"Those were days of public enterprise as well as religious fervor; days also of trial and occasional severe affliction; days when many of our children were born and not a few of whom passed over the river to the ever-shining shore; days, too, of Indian raids, depredations and cruel, savage crimes, yet days of unwearied toil, of unrequited labor, without complaint, and of bravery unexcelled in the annals of ancient or modern times; days that tried men's souls and revealed them without a single blemish."

Among the first who settled and built in the city and vicinity after the two houses built by Mr. Beall and Mr. Rouse were W. W. Alderson and brother John, A. H. Van Vlieden, Joe Meravile, F. F. Friedly, W. J. Davis, Fritz and son, Coover and McAdow, John M. Bozeman, Staffard and Rice, J. S. Mendenhall, W. H. Heffner, D. McArthur, Sanford Ruffner, L. B. Lyman, Babcock and Meredith.

Mr. Alderson helped materially in the growth of the city and it included what is now known as the C. W. Hoffman ranch as well as the addition included between that ranch and what is now Alderson Street. This is one of the most desirable parts of the city for building.

Mr. Alderson helped materially in the growth of the City and was one of the most progressive citizens, foremost in all enterprises. It was he who suggested the name of Bozeman for the city on August 9th, 1864, and that name was acceptable to all those early settlers as Mr. Bozeman was the insti-

gator of the town, and did much by bringing in trains and going to other parts of the territory to induce people to settle here.

John M. Bozeman was born in the state of Georgia and was by nature a pioneer; restless, brave and resourceful, he had the qualities that make the typical frontiersman. His restless activity and love of adventure prevented his possible contentment in any mining camp. He had no conception of fear, and was brave to a fault. He was one of the historic characters of Montana, and the Bozeman Pass, through which all traffic passes, stands as a reminder of him, for it lead so much of the pioneer emigration through its walls because it was the natural path.

In the spring of 1867, John M. Bozeman and Thomas Coover started for a trip to Fort C. F. Smith, which was established on the Big Horn River in the fall of 1866. Two or three days after they left, they met a small party of Blackfeet Indians, who appeared to be friendly but they treacherously shot and killed John Bozeman and wounded Mr. Coover, who returned to the city a few days later. Mr. Bozeman was killed April 18, 1867. Thus ended the life of the brave pioneer from whom our city bears its name.

In the winter of 1864 and 1865, W. H. Tracy came to Bozeman from old Gallatin City, (now Three Forks), having sold a ranch and his interest in the city of Gallatin. Mr. Tracy took up a ranch where Fort Ellis was afterward located. In April 1865, W. J. Beall after locating his farm and townsite, formed a co-partnership with W. H. Tracy giving Tracy a half interest in his (Beall's) farm and townsite, for a half interest in the ranch of Fort Ellis, which the government afterward took to establish the post. During the continuance of the partnership, they took up another claim west adjoining Beall's original claim. In 1868, the partnership was dissolved, Mr. Tracy keeping the south half which was Mr. Beall's first claim when he and Mr. Rouse located the town. Mr. Beall kept the north half which he subsequently plotted in three additions, known as Beall's first, second and third additions to Bozeman, building in 1868 the present home

of Mrs. Beall four blocks from his first house built in that city

During the year 1864 six or seven houses were built in Bozeman and about as many in the vicinity near town.

F. F. Fridley built on the north side of Main Street where Lovelace's store now stands. He lived there for years with his family, consisting of his wife, daughter Rosa, two sons, Benjamin and Edwin, who were well known here but all have passed over to the other shore.

Squire Fritz and son, who bought and opened the first stock of groceries and liquors were from Chicago. They arrived the last of August 1864 and built a house of two rooms on the south side of Bozeman, about where the Headquarters saloon now stands. It was in the back room of this building that the first school was taught in Bozeman or the Gallatin valley. The late Samuel Anderson, who died recently in Lewistown was the first teacher to instruct the youth of Bozeman.

In the fall and winter of 1865, Stafford and Rice built a two story log house for a hotel on the northwest corner of Main and Bozeman streets. It was afterwards sold to Gallatin Lodge, No. 6, A. F. and A. M. and they used the upper story for lodge purposes until 1883 when the present Masonic building replaced the old log house.

J. J. Parham came to Bozeman during the winter of 1864 and '65 in company with Col. Vaughn and Maj. Owens with a stock of merchandise valued at forty thousand dollars, opening the stock in the old Masonic building. Col. Vaughn and Major Owens afterwards went to Helena and vicinity, where they were well and favorably known. All three were from the south and brought their goods from St. Louis, Mo.

In the fall of 1864, Mr. Thomas Coover and P. W. McAdow commenced building their mill east of the city on the hill now being cut down for the Dry Creek branch of the Milwaukee railroad. They had the mill in operation the following summer. This was the first flour mill built in the territory or state of Montana and was greatly appreciated. Never was there better or sweeter bread made from any flour than the bread made from the first flour mill. H. H. Mood was the miller for Coover's and McAdow's first mill and he

was a prominent man in those days. He afterwards owned large interests around Pony and Willow Creek and he died at his home on Willow Creek some years ago.

J. S. Mendenhall built a house on the northeast corner of Main and Bozeman streets and there opened a stock of groceries that first winter. Dr. A. Lamme started for Montana in the spring of 1865 with his family and a stock of merchandise, embarking on the steamer "Standard." The boat was wrecked and the entire stock of goods lost. The passengers were transferred to another boat which brought them to Cow Island, from which place they came with teams to the Gallatin valley. They located on a farm about twelve miles north of Bozeman.

Dr. Lamme, in company with L. M. Howell, who returned to St. Louis, brought a stock of general merchandise out in the early fall of 1866, built a store building on the farm and opened a store which they continued there until the fall of 1869, when Dr. Lamme bought out Mr. Howell's interest and moved the building and merchandise to Bozeman, where he became associated with John S. Mendenhall and they continued the business together until the death of Dr. Lamme, Dec. 22, 1888.

In the summer and fall of 1866 many more came to Bozeman, among them being G. W. A. Frazier and family who built the house on the south side of Main street and opened a hotel. This was called the "City Hotel" and was located directly west of where Topel Bros. store now stands. John M. Bozeman was associated with the Fraziers and was interested in the hotel at the time of his death.

In the fall of 1866, the firm known as Tuller and Rich arrived in Bozeman and opened a store in the log house known as the Masonic building on the northwest corner of Main and Bozeman streets, David Willson coming with them, as did also Hopkins Taylor and Philip Dodson, David Willson acting as bookkeeper and clerk.

In the summer and fall of 1867 W. J. Beall, W. K. Tracy and H. H. Mood built the two story frame building at present located on the southeast corner of Main and Bozeman streets. Each man had a one-third interest in the ground and building.

It was erected for a "City Hall" and was used as such. According to Mr. Beall's books kept at the time, he invested \$1,381.33 in the "City Hall". The first Masonic Ball given on the upper floor of the city hall on Christmas eve, 1867 was a great event in the history of our city at that time, and the program now in the writer's possession reads, "Masonic Ball, to be given at Bozeman Hall, Christmas Eve, 1867."

A fair and festival was held on the upper floor of this same city hall April 2, 1868, from which four hundred dollars was raised for completing the first church built in Bozeman. This church was started in the summer of 1866 on the southwest corner of Main and Tracy streets, W. W. Alderson being the prime mover in the building of this, the first Methodist Episcopal Church in Bozeman.

In the fall of 1867, L. S. Willson came to Bozeman, and in the spring of 1868, bought out Mr. Tuller's interest in the firm known as Tuller and Rich. According to Mr. Beall's books the partnership was dissolved in March, 1868 and the new firm took the name of Willson and Rich, Mr. Tuller returning to the east. Thomas Lewis was interested with them in the freighting business, and later in the store.

Charles Rich was an energetic, pushing man, full of business; up early and late, looking after his business, and he did much to further the interest and growth of the city in those early days, with his store and freighting interests. He did extensive hauling from Corinne, Utah, and Franklin, Idaho to important points in the territory of Montana. Too much cannot be said in praise of Charles Rich, as one foremost in everything pertaining to the welfare of the town as well as of its settlers. He was sympathetic in their troubles and ready to aid them in their misfortunes. He was one of the most progressive men of that early period of this city. Charles Rich died April 1, 1896, after living in Bozeman about thirty years. He is most kindly remembered by all who knew him.

On Oct. 3, 1868 the building known as the city hall on the southeast corner of Main and Bozeman streets owned by W. J. Beall and W. H. Tracy and H. H. Mood was sold to the firm of Willson and Rich, the deed on record reading "The

building known as the Bozeman city hall." Mr. Rich fitted up the upper floor as his family residence, the family coming in the fall of 1868. Edwin Rich, one of the business men of Bozeman at present is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rich. The lower or first floor of the building was then used as a store by the firm of Willson and Rich.

In the fall of 1866, Mr. Beall with G. G. Holloway bought ground on Main street, east of the present Milwaukee depot on Bozeman creek, and put up a building for a planing mill and shop for making furniture and for a turning lathe. Mr. Beall, however, retained his interest with Mr. Tracy in his original claim and townsite. Mr. Holloway and Mr. Beall continued their business until 1870, and in their business books, the last entry against Tuller and Rich was made March 3, 1868, and the first entry in the name of Willson and Rich was made May 31, 1868.

In 1867, Nelson Story came to Bozeman and bought the ranch adjoining the city on the north from A. H. Vlierden, bringing his family from Virginia City, where they had located in 1863. By his business ability and large means, Mr. Story has been a potent factor in the upbuilding of the city as well in various industries of the valley. The many business blocks and flouring mills, with his beautiful home, will remain as monuments to his forceful and progressive character.

John C. Guy having been appointed sheriff of Gallatin county, moved in 1867, with his family to Bozeman, from Gallatin City, where they had lived since 1864. Mr. Guy built in 1868 a large two story log house, on the northwest corner of Main and Black streets where the Story Block, occupied by the Gallatin Drug Company, now stands. This log building was called the Guy House for several years, and later took the name of the Northern Pacific. On Christmas eve, 1868 a grand ball was given as a formal opening of the Guy House, the tickets being ten dollars. People were in attendance at the ball from all over the valley. The Guy family remained in Bozeman until 1877 when they removed to the Yellowstone Valley or Pease Bottom. Later they moved to the state of Washington where both Mr. and Mrs. Guy have passed away.

In the summer and fall of 1867 Captain La Motte commanding three companies of U. S. troops arrived in the valley and established Fort Ellis, about three miles east of Bozeman. Four companies of cavalry came in 1869. Fort Ellis was abandoned or vacated in 1889 or '90, being removed to Fort Harrison, Montana.

The first number of "Montana Pick and Plow" was issued December 31, 1869, Judge H. N. McGuire being editor and publisher. This was the first newspaper published in Bozeman and it had a circulation which reached 1,500. It continued for about two years, when the plant was sold to Joseph Wright, who established the "Avant Courier."

Walter Cooper, who came to the territory in 1864 came to Bozeman in 1869 and in the spring following brought his bride. C. W. Hoffman came to Bozeman with his bride in 1869. Gen. L. S. Willson, W. H. Tracy and Sanford Ruffner all brought brides here about the same time, making an important acquisition to the society of Bozeman with these five brides who became permanent residents.

Among the pioneers who came to the Gallatin valley in 1864 who are now with their families making their homes in Bozeman are: Christopher H. Waterman, John McDonnell, Henry Heeb, Harvey Wells and others. A number, also, who came to other parts of Montana in the early sixties have become residents of our city and valley.

Most of those big, warm-hearted, whole souled and progressive men of those early days of Bozeman and Gallatin valley have passed over on the other shore. Few are left to remember them in their goodness, as well as their weakness and mistakes. Let us cover them with a mantle of charity and loving kindness. They have done what they thought was best for themselves and for their beautiful city and valley among the mountains, one of the most favored and lovely spots on God's earth. Soon the last pioneer will be gone and others will take their places.

"And with eyes upraised we murmur

Dear God, can it be true,

Have they all gone over the river

To the home that is ever new?

Then the trembling arms sink downward,

Sinks lower the snow-crowned head,

The tired heart ceased beating

And the last pioneer was dead."

MY TRIP ON THE IMPERIAL IN 1867

BY JOHN NAPTON

I spent the winter of '66 and '67 in Bear Gulch, Montana, and having made what I then considered a stake (I had something over \$1,000) my cousin Lewis Miller and I decided that we would return to the states and to civilization. I was young then and my ideas on finance have changed somewhat since.

Both of us bought a cayuse, strapped a blanket behind our saddle and were ready for the journey. It is a hard matter for the present generation with railroads, telephones and autos to fully realize the conditions under which we lived in the sixties. There was then only a trail into Bear Gulch and our weekly mail was brought from Helena that winter by a man named Ford on horseback, and he charged fifty cents for each letter and brought no papers. Butte was not then on the map, Great Falls not yet thought of, and our nearest railroad was Omaha. Excepting the Bitter Root valley there was hardly a farm being cultivated in the whole of Montana.

The first night we reached the old French woman's a noted stopping place in those days, located on the Little Blackfoot, just at the foot of the mountains. The next night we stopped at Helena, a collection of log cabins at the mouth of "Last Chance" with only one street running up the channel of the creek. Then down through the Prickly Pear canyon, and in due time arrived at Fort Benton, where we found about two thousand Indians, Crees, Piegans, and Blackfeet waiting to have a pow-wow with some government officials who had not yet arrived.

There were three boats tied up to the bank of the river at Benton, the Benton, and two others whose names I have forgotten. The Imperial was at Cow Island, about 100 miles below, not having been able to reach Benton on account of the low stage of the river, but the agents of the Imperial were there in full force. They represented their boat as a floating palace, compared with the mud scows tied up here, and if we wanted a royal good time, we should go down with

them. As that was the kind of excursion we were looking for, we soon came to terms, and each paid him \$130.00 in gold dust for our passage.

The trip down in the mackinaw was fine, with perfect September day, such days as no other country in the world has but Montana. In a few days the balance of the mackinaws arrived and we were ready for the trip. We found the Imperial a large stern-wheel boat, but not very palatial in appearance. They had secured about 275 passengers, and had accommodations for about half that number. At night the whole cabin was filled with men rolled up in their blankets as thick as sardines in a box.

Although we made slow progress from the start, I never saw a happier, jollier crowd. Many had been very successful in the mines, many had been "roughing it" for years, and now all were homeward bound. William H. Claggett, (afterward a law partner of W. W. Dixon, and territorial delegate to Congress from Montana and Senator from Idaho), Jack Robinson (John C. Robinson who practiced law afterward in Deer Lodge, partner of Wash Stapleton of Butte), Martin Maginnis (also delegate to Congress in after years), Basil Duke, (at the time private secretary to the acting governor, Meagher), men prominent in the early history and upbuilding of the state of Montana, were among the passengers. They have all long ago made their last journey to the Great Unknown, with the exception of Major Maginnis. As for myself, the situation struck me rather favorably. I was in no particular hurry to get home, there was nothing much to do but hunt, and I was faring much better than I had been when batching as a miner, and the beauty of the whole situation was, that it was not costing one dollar a meal as it had done at the French woman's and other stopping places.

Here was truly a paradise for game. Small herds of buffalo could be seen at a distance on the praires, and in the bottoms along the river, elk and white-tailed deer were as thick as rabbits. Rocky Mountain sheep appeared constantly on the bluffs and bear tracks of almost any size were found along the river banks. The bears along here must have been as plentiful as in the time of Lewis and Clark. Everything

gave promise of a prosperous and pleasant trip, but we had bad luck from the start and it stayed with us throughout the journey. While sparring off a sand bar a pulley broke and badly lacerated and broke the leg of a deck hand. There was no doctor on board, the leg was set in a rough way, splints bound on, and the best treatment possible given, but the man gradually grew worse, and sometime afterwards died.

At first we only used the spars in prying off a bar and if that failed, the mate would order if possible a dead-man planted on the bank, then a hawser would be stretched from the nigger to the dead-man and the pulling commencee. The dead-man was nothing more than a big cottonwood log, buried about 4 feet in the bank, and the capstan in the vernacular of the deck hands was called the nigger. If this failed to move the boat, the Captain would call for volunteers from the passengers and boat crew to get in the water, about three on each side of the boat, and drag a long chain back and forth under the boat to start the sand moving. This worked well, but the water was too cold, and this plan had to be abandoned.

After being on the Imperial ten or fifteen days one evening a smoke was seen far up the river, and the Benton soon appeared, loaded to the guards, with full steam on, and running like a race horse. We all thought she would not stop, but after passing our boat, a short distance below swung into the bank and tied up. This was evidently not a social call, but one of business, as they at once knew the Imperial ought to have been near St. Louis by this time. That night the Benton had secured ten or fifteen passengers from the Imperial, and our Captain had tried to hire one of their pilots, but he would not give a thousand dollars, the amount demanded for taking the Imperial down the river. When these passengers from the Imperial had transferred their baggage to the Benton, they demanded a return of a portion of their passage money from our Captain. He stated that he had no money, but had sent it by the first boat passing to St. Louis.

This made a bad impression upon the passengers. They were, after this transaction, under the impression that the captain of the Imperial had some doubts about being able to make the trip, and had made his arrangements accordingly.

That night, after he found out he could get no assistance from them, he determined to keep in the wake of the Benton, and everthing was put in ship shape order with full speed on long before the stars disappeared. That day we had as fine a race, or rather chase, as I ever saw. It was not long until we saw that the Imperial could hold its own when the interest among the passengers was intense and the Imperial itself seemed endowed with new life and trembled with excitement. During this race Claggett came hurriedly to me and said, "Jack, you had better come back here where we are. They are going to blow up this boat and here is the safest place I know of." I went with him and found his wife and daughter and several others standing on the upper deck just above the wheel. But it never blew up and soon we came to shallow water and found it too shallow for our boat and the Benton soon passed out of sight and it was the last we ever saw of her.

After the Benton left us the passengers seemed to realize our situation and that some vigorous plan must be adopted. The last boat above us had passed, winter was coming on and our provisions were getting low. The first plan suggested was whenever we got on a sand-bar every one, except the women and children, of whom there were some six or eight, should get off the boat in order to lighten it. This worked alright but many of the gamblers positively refused to leave the boat. Then we organized and had regular meetings—chairman chosen and committee appointed to see that our resolutions were enforced. Then for the first time I heard Claggett speak and I was captivated with his eloquence at once. He was a born orator, and a fluent and effective speaker—a handsome man and a gentleman. He made many friends among the passengers.

We had no further trouble among the gamblers and when resolved that every man should not only leave the boat but should also pull on the hawser stretcher from the boat to the land, these men worked as faithfully as any of us and it was wonderful the strength of two hundred men when all pulled together. Notwithstanding these plans we were making but little headway, some days four or five miles, sometimes forty-

eight hours on the same bar and as a last resort we concluded to cut away the upper deck of the boat and cache all the freight which consisted of bales of furs and buffalo hides stowed in the hold of the boat. This plan the Captain would not listen to, but when on the next bar and the hawser stretched all the men refused to pull a pound and then the Captain's wife and nearly all the other women came out as an inducement for the men to help, but could only raise about twenty feet of the rope from the ground. I said to Mr. Claggett, "I don't see Mrs. Claggett pulling on the hawser." "No," he said, "She belongs on our side." The Captain then came out on the bank where we were all collected and made us a speech in which he said our plan would never do—that it would only lighten the boat about four inches—that we would all be exposed to the weather—that if we would help a few more days we would reach Fort Buford at the mouth of the Yellowstone where we could get an ample supply of provisions—that the Yellowstone was almost as large a stream as the Missouri and our troubles would be over.

Several days after the Benton left us, just as we were about to tie up for the night, an immense herd of buffalo was seen crossing the river a short distance below.

This broke the monotony of our everyday life on board, and everybody was eager for the chase. Both yawls were soon full of men and on their way down the river. Several who could find no place in the yawls concluded to go by land, and among them were S——and his partner Arnold. S—— was a noted hunter and had been hired by the Captain at Fort Benton to hunt for the boat whenever a chance occurred. S—— after going only a short distance separated from Arnold and started off by himself but finding the trail indistinct and brushy, concluded to return. Near the spot where he left Arnold, he found him lying in the path full of arrows, scalped and horribly mutilated. S—— at once hurried on to the boat to notify us that the Indians were upon us. About the time S——arrived a regular fusillade was heard down the river and every woman whose husband was with the hunters supposed of course they had been attacked by the Indians and all would be killed. All was confusion for

awhile until the hunters returned safe and with abundance of buffalo meat. In the morning about twenty men well armed went to bring in the body. They found one bloody moccasin but saw no Indians. Arnold had evidently discharged his rifle and then run for the boat. We could trace the exact way that he had run by the arrows sticking in the ground. One arrow had struck a willow about the size of a man's wrist and gone through it, splitting the willow. My cousin Lewis Miller cut this willow off above and below the arrow and took it home and kept it for years. Most of the arrows had struck him in the back and one had gone through his body and the point, made of hoop iron, stuck through his breast bone. This arrow was cut off near his neck and buried with him. We buried him the next day at the foot of a large cottonwood and here must have been a favorite burying place for the Indians as several dead Indians were seen in the trees near by and a great many bones in all stages of decay were scattered around. Arnold was from Georgia, but from what place no one knew.

This incident cast quite a check upon the hunters, all except Robinson, who, with that determination and stubbornness characteristic of the man through life, kept on hunting as usual. He seemed to have no fear.

We were now evidently in the buffalo country and an Indian country also. Soon afterwards we saw another big band of buffalo—thousands of them—crossing the river, going south and the boat was headed for them and struck about the middle of the herd. Then the wheel was reversed, in order to hold the boat amongst them, and everybody commenced shooting with pistol, shotgun or rifle and the buffalo swimming frantically in every direction to get away. I was standing on the lower deck to be as near the game as possible when Claggett came up and asked me if I had ever killed a buffalo. I told him I had not. "Here," he said, "take my Henry rifle and shoot that big bull. He is the biggest one I ever saw." That particular bull referred to had been tangled up in the wheel house and had come from under the boat, dazed and half drowned, and seemed undecided which way to go. He was an ugly brute, swimming up stream along the

side of the boat, and I could almost have touched him with the rifle. I refused to shoot, and the buffalo soon swam away but when he struck shallow water and could go no farther and many other all wounded were left in the same fix—food for the wolves. Three or four cows were hauled aboard, and this ended the slaughter.

I think we reached Fort Buford at the mouth of the Yellowstone the latter part of October and here for the first time in my life I heard of Sitting Bull. Others heard of him later on. This was his country and he was represented as a wily old savage and strictly on the war path. He would never come to the Fort but would send his emissaries in, and dare the soldiers to come out and fight him.

We could only get a limited supply of provisions here and had to move on and take our chances. One must remember that there was then not a house or farm of any description on the Missouri river from Fort Benton to Yankton except Forts Buford and Pierre, and these soldiers had no way of getting anything until the next May or June.

Although we were now below the mouth of the Yellowstone, the Imperial was making slower progress than ever, with her whistle blowing constantly as a signal of distress, hoping that someone from somewhere would hear it and come to our relief. We now landed each day at some bull-berry patch to give us all a full feed. I remember the last thing to cook during these starvation days was a barrel of currants with very small white worms in them. They were served as long as they lasted and no remarks made. During this time there was an old Mormon who generally sat at the head of the long dining table and would give us a discourse on hard times in about the following style: "Well boys, this looks a little bad, but it might be worse. I landed in Salt Lake basin in '46. I hunted and trapped all over these mountains and I have lived without flour for six months or longer and it never worried me. This river is lined with worlds of bull-berries and rose bush balls and they are both good—and you must remember our friend on the lower deck has two horses, a little thin I must confess, but there is no better meat than horse flesh, and I have also noticed several dogs aboard and

you all know when Lewis and Clark were along here they preferred it to vension, and then to think of starving—it's foolish." The horses referred to above were a favorite team of their owner who was taking them back to the states. His provender for the horses had long ago given out and his only show was to graze them at night or during the day while we were on a sand-bar. At first he had considerable trouble in getting help to take his horses off to grass and back to the boat but when all kinds of our own food were about gone he had more help than he needed. Deaf Jack, a gambler, who I think hailed from Confederate Gulch, remarked that it did not bother him much to do without bread or meat, but his suffering would commence when his whiskey failed, which it soon did, and the tobacco also.

There was a man named Pitcher from St. Louis who always came out in the morning with a broad smile and apparently satisfied with the situation and with everybody. I said to him one day, "Pitcher, how is it you seem so well contented! I never hear any complaint from you." He answered, "To tell the you the truth, Jack, I have had bread all the time, and if you will properly approach the steward and at the right time, you can get bread, too, but it will cost you something."

This I immediately did. The steward, realizing whither we were drifting, rose to the occasion and had cooked up a lot of bread, how much I never found out. He had taken off some of the weather-boarding and stowed it away in the side of the cook room and had been selling it to the passengers. He handed me a loaf that in any bakery today could be bought for five cents and would only charge me five dollars for it. I got the bread, and the next question was, where could I eat it. It would never do to eat it in broad daylight before everybody when there was supposed to be no flour in the boat. My cousin Lewis Miller suggested that we go to bed, and if anyone came upon us we could hide it under the blankets, and we finally did, although it was only about four P. M.

After this deal I was satisfied in my own mind that it was a fight to the finish—that every man for himself, and “the Devil take the hindmost.”

This loaf did not exactly fill a long felt want, but called for something more, and that night about 12 o'clock I determined to go below and interview the man guarding the last buffalo carcas hanging on the lower deck. As I walked up to where the meat was hanging someone arose out of the darkness and asked, “What are you doing there?” I replied, “I wanted to see how much meat there was left.” “Well,” he answered, “have you any salt?” “No,” but I have some of the elk meat, which is just as good”. All right,” he replied, “If you will divide up I am with you in this.” The elk meat referred to was some meat the Captain had bought of the Indians but it was as hard as a rock and so salty no one could eat it, but later on when the salt was all gone, it was divided up among the passengers and I had some of mine left. We then went to the fire of the engine room and had a feast.

During these gloomy days we seemed to have left the game country entirely. There was nothing much to do, nothing to read and nothing to eat. I remember some passenger had a copy of “Our Mutual Friend” which went the rounds. I got hold of it and read it three times, and I thought then and still think it the best of all Dicken's novels. However, there was one source of amusement which never waned, day or night, sunshine or cloudy weather, and that was draw poker. Many times did I see someone sitting at the game until nearly exhausted for want of sleep, say to someone standing by and watching the game, “Here, Joe, take my hand. I've got to take a little nap.” Many a one who left Benton with quite a stake got home broke.

On the 1st of November we were about where the city of Bismark is now located and near where Lewis and Clark wintered with the Mandans. The man with the broken leg died here and the boat tied up for the burial. It was a cold disagreeable day and while we were digging the grave, I with several others walked to the top of the adjoining bluffs to take a look at the surrounding country. It was one vast boundless plain, extending in every direction, the want of all

animal life, its silence and utter desolation were oppressive. One of the men said, "Look at the ice floating in the river. I tell you right now, fellows, we are all in a hell of a fix. You may not think so, but I know it." No one made any answer to this remark, but it made a deep impression on me. A short time afterwards while speculating on the uncertainties of life and of this trip in particular I saw a stranded mackinaw on a small island about the middle of the river. I soon told my friends of my find, and they all agreed with me that there was a chance to get away from this uncertainty and hopeless condition. We at once asked the Captain to stop the boat and let us examine the condition of the mackinaw, but he refused to stop, and must have gone ten miles or more before stopping for the night. The steamboat had to stop every night on account of shallow water, the snags in the river, and to cut wood enough for the following day. Early the next morning, six of us, well armed, with an axe, and some ropes and two oars, started back up the river for the boat. There was considerable doubt among us about the advisability of making this trip. We were in the Sioux country and we knew nothing about the condition of the boat. It might have no bottom in it. Jack Robinson, the leader in this undertaking said, "Sioux or no Sioux, we will go, and if the boat has no bottom we will soon know it. The Imperial will never reach the settlements and this is our only chance."

We went fully a mile above the island and found a cottonwood grove with suitable timber for our purpose and soon had logs cut and lashed together and everything was ready for the adventure. Robinson and Geer volunteered to make the trip. The river was at least three quarters of a mile wide and to us left on the bank, it looked as if they surely would miss the island, but with vigorous paddling, Indian fashion, they finally reached the lower end of it. They found the boat buried four or five feet in the sand, mud and drift wood, and had nothing to dig with but an axe and two oars. While they were working at the boat we saw some Indians coming up over the bluff on the opposite side from us and they kept on coming until there must have been two or three hundred of them. They shouted and made all manner of signs with their

blankets but would not venture in the river, and I was never more relieved in my life than when one of the men on the island waved his hat above his head to let us know that the boat was all right, and in a short time afterwards started for the shore to let us get in. We soon reached the Imperial and tied our boat along side until we reached Fort Pierre. Here we bought our supplies and bade our friends of the Imperial good-bye. They wanted to go with us and some wanted to pay more for their passage. Sometime during the first night of our journey, two boats were seen in the moonlight coming down upon us at full speed. They soon hauled up along side and some bedding was handed over to them. They could make better time than we could but drifted along with us quite awhile when one of them said, "Well, we must be moving on. There's no telling what those fellows will do, but we are well 'heeled' and intend to go through," and they soon disappeared down the river. These men proved to be passengers from the Imperial who had put their bedding in our boat and at night had stolen both yawls of the Imperial. This left the Imperial in an absolutely helpless condition as they needed the yawls every day in hunting for the channel of the river.

There were twelve of us in the mackinaw and four of us worked at the oars all the time. We traveled all day and all night when not too dark, and estimated we made from fifty to seventy-five miles every day and one day when the wind was favorable we hoisted our blankets for sails and we thought we made fully a hundred miles.

We soon reached Yankton and there hired horse wagons to take us to Sioux City. From Sioux City we took a stage to some point in Iowa; then on to St. Jo, Kansas City and arrived at Booneville, Missouri, where my cousin Lewis lived, exactly three months to a day from the time we left Bear Gulch, Montana.

Some time after reaching home I saw a notice in the then Missouri Republican stating that the steamboat Imperial had been abandoned in the upper Missouri River about a hundred and fifty miles above Sioux City and the passengers were all safe and were being transported to Yankton in horse wagons. John Napton, Westfall, Oregon, Nov. 8, 1915.

BOUNDARY SURVEY BETWEEN MONTANA AND DAKOTA

Anaconda, Montana, Dec. 7th, 1911.

Mr. E. P. Mathewson,

Dear Sir:-

As you requested me, I will give you a story of the Boundary Survey between Montana and Dakota. I joined the party at the Little Beaver Creek about five or six miles north of the O. X. cattle ranch and about ten miles from the Little Missouri river, some time in October 1885—I do not remember the exact date as it has been so long ago.

The party consisted of D. G. Major, Government Astronomer and Surveyor was his title; his brother, John Major, Map-maker and Topographer, a cook from Wyoming and a man who owned and drove the Mile Post wagon, I have forgotten their names; the rest of the party were Howard Clayton, Rodman; John Dursham, head chainman; and myself, hind chainman. I took the topography of the line as we went along. The others were Henry Williams, Axman and Tom Dwyer who owned and drove the cook-wagon. Clayton and Williams were cowboys belonging to the O. X. outfit. Dursham owned a little cow outfit down on Glendive Creek, near Alard Station on the N. P. R. R.

I was punching cows for the Beaver Creek Cattle Company on Ash Coulee,, about thirty miles south of the N. P. R. R. on Big Beaver Creek; our brand was this, A-Y, open A-Y-Bar. Tom Dwyer owned a ranch on the Little Missouri river, south of Medora.

Mr. D. G. Major was appointed to his position by President Pierce and was the surveyor in charge of the boundary between Canada and the United States in 1856. Mr. John Major was mapmaker for the first party sent to Alaska to survey the Yukon River, after the purchase by the United States. Both men had seen a great deal of this country and were good story tellers and would tell us of the different places they had been and the experiences they had in the different surveys they had been connected with. They had sur-

veyed the boundary between California and Nevada and other Territories. Mr Dan Major was cut off from his party by the Indians when on the Canada and U. S. survey and had to go back to Washington and was sent around by Panama up to Vancouver, and the Canadian Government sent an escort with him back to meet his party.

The party started from Mingusville, Montana (now Wibaux) some time in August or September for Wyoming, making a preliminary survey going down (I was not with them going down.) When they got back to the Little Beaver Creek, three of the original crew quit and Clayton Williams and myself joined to help them out as men were scarce in that part of the country those days. I joined and started from the 86th mile.

The third day out from Little Beaver Creek we had to go through the Cannon Ball Bad Lands, and the wagons had to go around them about forty miles. You will see the Bad Lands started at the 96th mile and ended at the 104th. Mr. D. G. Major, Dursham, Williams and myself went through the Bad Lands eight miles. We expected to meet the rest of the outfit on the prairies on the North side. But it was getting dark when we got out and we could not see anything of them; we walked west for maybe two miles, but could not see anything of them. We got wood and built a fire and stayed there all night. Next morning when it got light enough to see we saw the horses grazing on the hill and soon found camp; they had camped down in a coulee where they found water and did not build a fire on a high place so we could see it. Mr. D. G. Major was nearly 70 years old and it was pretty hard on him to be up all night.

When we got to the N. P. R. R. our boots were in pretty bad shape and we camped there two days to go down to the store at Mingusville to stock up on grub and shoes. The N. P. R. R. had a sign up beside the track, not far east of Sentinel Butte, marking the boundary between Montana and Dakota, but it was more than ten miles in Dakota—I have forgotten now just the distance, I did have the exact number of miles but have lost it. Mr. D. G. Major told us at the time that he was instructed from Washington to note care-

fully how far the N. P. R. R. had their sign from Montana, as it was likely there would be a bill introduced in Congress to make the N. P. forfeit their land grant, as they had to be in Montana at a certain time or their land grant was forfeited and that we (the men of that party) would be called to Washington to testify as to where they had put their sign board marking the boundary. He also saw the man who did the work for the Railroad at that place—his name was Tom or Mike Rush. I knew him, he had a ranch down on the Beaver Creek about two miles north of the R. R.

Nothing of importance happened until we got to the Yellowstone River bottom. We had plenty of deer and antelope all the time as we did not go to work until about 9 o'clock A. M. and generally quit at 2 or 2:30 P. M. and had plenty of time to go after game, and there was lots of that, of all kinds excepting buffalo.

When we got to the Yellowstone the wagons had to go up the river to Ben Pier's sheep ranch about two miles from the line, to cross as he had a skiff-ferry he took the wagons apart and ferried them over, and the men led the horses and made them swim. Just under the high bluffs on the Yellowstone River at the line, was a cabin owned by a half-breed named Jack, we got there about four o'clock and no one was at home. Dursham, Clayton and myself went down the bluff and Mr. Dan Major went around and came down in the valley about a mile from the cabin, when he got there he had his buck-board and horses, his brother and the post wagon to take us back to camp, but we persuaded him to stay at the half-breed's cabin and let Dwyer and the cook stay up at Pier's ranch. Our bedding was in the post wagon and we went into the cabin and got supper, there was a root-house there and a lot of cabbage, turnips, and potatoes in it and we at once made ourselves comfortable. There was a good cook-stove and one of the men went to camp and got some bread, bacon and coffee and we stayed there all night. Next morning Mr. Major left a \$5 bill on the table to pay the half-breed; we washed up the dishes and left the place clean and Mr. Major, Dursham, Clayton and myself started across the river bottom running the line.

When we struck the river there was just across, on the north side, a sibley tent and 7 or 8 soldiers camped on a hunting trip; they had a skiff and set us over; we waited for the wagons to come along, but they did not come and we went up to a road house kept by a man by the name of Ayett, about three or four miles east of the line, and stayed all night. The next morning Mr. D. G. Major and Dursham took Ayett's buck-board and went to look for the rest of the outfit and found that the half-breed had held them up with his Sharp's rifle and would not let them cross the river until Mr. Major came and paid him \$20 for us occupying his cabin while he was away. Mr. Major told him he would give him \$5 more, but that was all, and that if he made any hostile moves, he would go down the river to the soldiers camp and have them take him to the Post (Fort Buford). Then he wilted. We did not leave Ayett's until the next morning, it took all day to cross the outfit.

The second day from the Yellowstone crossing we got to the Big Missouri River and crossed in the ferry and went back up the river to the site of old Fort Union and camped there; the next day we spent at Post Buford and stocked up with overshoes and grub. They told us there that we would not find any wood as soon as we left the brakes of the Missouri and we had better take canned meats and hard tack, which we did—and we found as they told us, no wood or water. There are lots of lakes, but all alkali, so much so, that the horses could not drink it. We melted snow to make coffee and used buffalo chips for fuel. There had not been any buffalo there for years but it must have been a great range for them as the country was covered with "chips."

The soldiers told us they went up in the spring to the lakes for ducks and geese eggs and could almost fill a wagon in a few days. After we were about 20 miles from the Missouri river there was no more wood or water and we had to make mile posts of stone.

The day before we expected to get to the Canada line Mr. D. G. Major told us the story of when the Indians cut him off from the Boundary Survey Party, and that we would find stone pyramids, of loose stones, for marks. They did not

mark the miles on the International Boundary but made pyramids on high points. The last night going up, there was a hard wind from the west and the snow was about 4 inches deep; the wind blew the snow all off the level ground and left deep drifts on the low places. The wind blew so hard it blew down the tents and the horses would not go away from camp to feed. The signal officer at the Post told us it had blown 60 miles an hour part of the time. When it blew down the tents we crawled in with our heads to the top lying on one wall of the tent and the other over us; we did not sleep much that night. The next morning was clear and cold but no wind. We got out as soon as Mr. Major could see through his transit, and about 10 a. m. we came to a wagon road about (as we found out afterwards when we got to the line) 100 ft. from the line. Then Mr. Major told us to some go east and some west until we found a pyramid, and report to him. We built a fire for him and went out. Clayton saw a pyramid about a mile west of us. Mr. Major then took his transit and lined back and made the connection. The connection is marked by two large stone slabs set up in an "A" shape, backed up by loose stone. We dug a hole first in it, and then put a small coal oil lamp, with everyone's name, of the party, written on a piece of parchment and the day and month and year and the lamp was corked and sealed with sealing wax.

We got through about noon and started back for Buford. We had then been six days without wood, or water (except snow water) and we wanted to get out of that bleak country. After leaving the line we came to a coulee and plenty of dead black ash saplings and chokeberry bushes and we camped there so that we could get wood for our stove. I picked up the axe to get some wood, while the other man were unloading the wagons and putting up the tents. The wagons were about 50 feet from the coulee and as soon as I got there I think there must have been over 50 cotton-tail rabbits running around, and I just stepped back to the wagon and got my 44-winchester and told Williams to get his. We killed 16 of them before they took fright enough to stay in their holes; we would both shoot and some would run

in their holes and then come right out again. I don't think I have ever had, before or since, as good a meal as we had that night. The cook made biscuits and we had potatoes, onions, corn, tomatoes but all were frozen, but as long as they had not thawed they were good to cook. The cook made a 6-gallon camp-kettle full of stewed rabbit, bacon, potatoes and onions and we built a fire in our sibley stove, rolled out our bedding and played "seven up" until near 2 o'clock a. m.

The next day we got to Fort Buford and went into camp. Mr. Major took us all to the restaurant for our meals and we slept in our tent while waiting for the river to freeze over so we could get across. It was very cold and the ferry had been taken out for the winter, and we stayed there three days. On the 4th day, the 12th of December, Gen. Whistler (who was the commanding officer at Fort Buford) sent one of his officers down to the river and he reported that we could cross. We tied all of our picket ropes together, making about 300 feet of a line, and I crossed, trailing the rope; then they tied one of the horses to the other end and I led him over, and we did all of the rest of the horses in the same manner; then we tied the buck-board on and had the horses pull it; and after that came the wagons in the same manner. We made 12 miles that day, going up the Yellowstone River.

On the 15th of December we got to Glendive, where we were paid off and the party disbanded. I have never seen any of the party since, except Clayton and Williams, I met them the next summer on the "round-up."

I left that part of the State in the fall of 1886 and have never been back.

The book I gave you is the topography of the line just as I took it and the maps were made from it. I had two others but have lost them—if you can use this one, all right.

Yours truly,

WM. CRENSHAW,

December 18, 1911.

Anaconda, Mont.

CHANGING THE NAME OF EDGERTON COUNTY

BY W. Y. PEMBERTON

The first session of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana was held at Bannack, convening on the twelfth day of December, 1864. This Legislature, by one act, approved February the second, 1865, created the counties of Missoula, Deer Lodge, Beaverhead, Madison, Jefferson, Gallatin and Chouteau, defining their boundaries and locating their county seats. By this act Big Horn county was created, which included all that portion of the territory not included within the counties above named, and for judicial and legislative purposes attached to Gallatin county. Big Horn county was perhaps the largest county that ever existed anywhere. It included nearly all the eastern and northeastern portion of the territory. There was scarcely a white man living at the time within its wide borders. It was never organized. It seems to have remained undisturbed and unoccupied in a condition of innocuous desuetude, and finally, without notice, to have passed out of existence. All of the other original counties except Edgerton have retained the names given them by the act of creation, although their boundaries have been changed, and many new counties have been formed within their original boundaries.

On the seventeenth day of December, 1867, an act passed the Fourth Legislature, sitting at Virginia City, which changed the name of Edgerton county to that of Lewis and Clark. The questions we are here to discuss is why this action was taken. Was it animosity on the part of the Legislature towards Governor Edgerton? The bill was introduced in the House by J. W. Rhodes, a member from Edgerton county. It passed the House without a dissenting vote, although there were five members absent. It passed the Council with only one dissenting vote and one member absent, and was approved by Governor Green Clay Smith, December twentieth, 1867.

In Sander's History of Montana, volume 1, page 341, we find this statement referring to this action of the Legislature.

"This assembly, actuated by the smouldering embers of political hatred, changed the name of Edgerton county to that of Lewis and Clark."

In a thorough search of the newspapers of that date we find but little comment on this legislation. In fact the only reference we find to the matter at all is in the Weekly Herald of the date November 21, 1867, where we find this editorial:

"We learn that there is a disposition among some of the members of the legislature from this county, to change the county name to that of Clark and Lewis, in commemoration of those early explorers. We think it right and proper that those names should be in some manner preserved in the history of this Territory. They undoubtedly were the first white men ever within the country included in the boundaries of Montana. This county should be, in many respects, a desirable one for the purpose mentioned, but we would suggest that the names read Lewis and Clark, instead of Clark and Lewis—the former being the order in which they stand in their book of travels."

The Herald people were political and personal friends of Governor Edgerton and it seems strange that if they believed this legislation to be a stroke at Governor Edgerton that they did not raise some objections to the action. Instead, they suggest a change in the title of the bill apparently friendly to it. Governor Edgerton had retired from office on July the twelfth, 1866. We can find no reference of any kind that was made to Governor Edgerton by any person at that time, either in or out of the Legislature.

Other things occurred just preceeding this action by the Legislature which might in part, at least, have produced this action. There was then and before that time, a very bitter fight between the judges of the Supreme Court and the Legislature. It seems that the Legislature which met at Banack adjourned without making provisions as required by the Organic Act for a second session. In the winter of '65 and '66 Acting-Governor Meagher called a session of the Legis-

lature. The laws passed by this session of the Legislature were annulled by Chief Justice Hosmer and Associate Justice Munson. A third session was called during the winter of '66 and '67. Its laws, like those of the prior session, were also annulled by these judges. The fight between the Legislature and the judges was extremely bitter. The ill feeling engendered between the judges and the Legislature went so far as to cause the Legislature to pass a law directing the territory judicially and assigning these judges to districts in the bad lands, uninhabited at that time by anybody but Indians, and requiring these judges to reside within their districts. This condition of affairs continued, growing worse all the time, until the matter was finally carried to Congress for its action by the judges and their supporters. As a result Congress by an act entitled "An Act amendatory of an Act to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Montana, approved May 26, 1864," annulled the acts of the second and third sessions of the Legislature of the Territory of Montana. This act, also, empowered the judges of the territory to define the judicial districts of the territory, and to fix and appoint the times and places of holding court in the several counties of the districts, and authorized the governor of the territory on or before the first day of July after the passage of the act to divide said territory into legislative districts for the election of representatives to the House and Council, thereby reviving the legislative power of the territory which it was claimed had lapsed by the failure of the first legislative session to provide for a second session. This action of Congress settled the dispute between the Legislature and the judges, but it by no means put an end to the feeling of animosity that continued to exist between these two departments of the territory. The governor, in the pursuance of this Act of Congress, proceeded to district the territory into legislative districts, and called together the Fourth Legislature, which passed the act as above stated, changing the name of Edgerton to Lewis and Clark county. Whether Governor Edgerton, who was then residing in Akron, Ohio, took any part directly or indirectly in procuring this Congressional legislation we have no means now of knowing. In

Sander's History it is stated, however, that Col. W. F. Sanders, who was a nephew of Governor Edgerton and at that time the leading republican in the territory, did go to Washington and urge this legislation. Now it may be true that the Legislature, which was democratic, might have visited what they considered the sins of the nephew on the head of the Governor.

To properly understand the conditions that existed at that time, it must be remembered that the horrible Civil War had not long ended; that the inhabitants of the territory were from every part of the nation, and that sectional passion and prejudice still existed in the hearts and minds of the people. The people were all radicals—Governor Edgerton was a radical, the judges were radicals, and the Legislature was composed of radicals, the large majority being radical democrats, and, as Col. Sanders used to say in those days, elected by the Irish and the Missourians. Sander's History says that this action "was the result of the smouldering embers of political hatred." This was wrong, for the embers had not had time to smoulder after the war. In many instances the fire burnt too brightly, and the blood was still hot with hatred and passion that coursed through the veins of the people.

Any opinion as to what was the real motive of the Legislature in enacting this law is necessarily at this date more or less a guess. In this article we have endeavored to give all the facts concerning the matter that have been available. We have expressed no opinion of our own, and we leave it to those who read this paper to form their own judgment and conclusion. But whatever the motive, whether animosity to Governor Edgerton or animosity to the courts, or both, this legislation was ill advised and undeserved so far as Governor Edgerton was concerned. Governor Edgerton was a radical republican, it is true, but he was a patriotic and honest man, a good citizen, a good governor and did a noble work in organizing the Territory of Montana and starting it on its first steps along the highway which it has traveled until it has reached the distinction of being one of the grandest and richest commonwealths in the sisterhood of states. He deserved to have some county in the young commonwealth he

had helped to organize named him to perpetuate the historic fact that he was, and was worthy to be, the first Governor of Montana. It is not too late to remedy this wrong. The people of the state ought to see to it that some new county, hereafter to be created, should be named in honor of the first governor of the Territory.

This case, even if it be admitted that the legislature acted in hostility to Governor Edgerton, is not without precedent. Cass County, Missouri, was, when it was created in the early history of the state, named Van Buren county in honor of Martin Van Buren, a democratic President of the United States. In 1848 Van Buren, after having been elected president by the democrats years before, accepted the nomination of the Free Soil Party for president. He was beaten, and it is claimed that his candidacy defeated General Cass, who was the democratic candidate for president. This made the Missouri democrats red hot, and they changed the name of Van Buren county to Cass county in honor of the defeated candidate, and it remains so today. Politicians have their troubles like other people. The great men of today and all ages have and have had their troubles, just like us poor folks. Human glory rests upon a slender pedestal. Sic transit gloria mundi.

A TRIP THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

BY COLONEL A. G. BRACKETT, U. S. A.

Carter's Station, Union Pacific Railway, May 18th, 1869. This place is situated in the Southwestern corner of Wyoming Territory, twelve miles from Fort Bridger. It is about a half a mile from the Muddy Fork of Green River on the Union Pacific Railroad, located on a sage-brush plain surrounded by low hills, on which there is a scanty growth of cedar. The waters of the Muddy Fork are considerably alkaline.

May 19th. 1869. Left Carter's Station at seven o'clock a. m. traveled northwest; good bunch grass halfway—heavy cedar thicket on the left of the road. Crossed the Little Muddy creek at twelve o'clock m. Grass very poor, water good. Small sage brush for fuel. Distance traveled, fifteen miles and three quarters. Face of the country undulating. There is a vein of coal within a quarter of a mile of the crossing. Uintah mountains a continuation of Wasatch range in full view to the southwest. Last night was very wet and muddy. An Irish soldier was passing when another accosted him asked him where he was going; "Ah, Be the holy poker, I am going down to dig my horse out of the mud, there's nothing of him left above ground but his ears."

May 20th, Thursday. Lay in camp. Repacking wagons and regulating the train. A heavy hail storm at half past two o'clock, p. m. About dusk it commenced raining and continued a long time. Everything wet through and through. Mud in road deep. Thunder and lightning.

May 21st., Friday. Cloudy morning. Traveled to Little Muddy across the hills, distance sixteen miles and three quarters. Road much cut up by late trains. Plenty of fuel; a good cedar thicket close by on the hills. Encamped on the same stream we were on last night. Grazing good. Waiting

Note—Itinerary of the march of the Second Regiment of United States Cavalry from the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming to Fort Ellis, Montana, in the year 1869. Original diary of the commanding officer, Colonel Albert G. Brackett. These soldiers were the first regularly assigned to duty in Montana.

for the ox train to come up. In the afternoon another violent hail storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning. Encamped on a hill side.

May 22nd., Saturday. Rained in the morning. Cleared up about half past nine o'clock a. m. Lay in camp. The commanders of companies were obliged to cut several of the hobbles off the horses last night as they were wet and could not be got off otherwise. Afternoon cloudy. The ox team did not come up.

May 23rd., Sunday. The ox team came up after nine o'clock a. m. and "turned out" half a mile above camp. Rainy through the day and the road almost impassable on account of the mud.

May 24th., 1869, Monday. Cloudy. Marched ten miles and a quarter. Road in bad condition. Encamped on Little Muddy creek, where there is excellent grass and water. Some cedar on the hills near by. Passed several fine springs near the road.

May 25th., Tuesday. Cloudy. Rained during the night. The ox teams did not start from the last camp. This expedition was organized in obedience to instructions from Lieutenant General Commanding the Military Division. Four companies of the Second Regiment of the United States Cavalry were ordered to do duty in the Department of Dakota. The following is the list of officers and companies:

Brevet Colonel Albert G. Brackett, Lieut. Col. 2nd Cav. Comd'g.

Surgeon Philip C. Davis, U. S. A.

Brevet Major Thomas J. Gregg, 1st Lieut. and R. C. S. Adjutant.

First Lieut., Paul Harwood, 27th Infantry, S. A. Q. M.

Second Lieut., Samuel M. Swiget, 2d Cav., Engineer Officer.

Capt. O. O. G. Robinson, Co. F. Second Cavalry.

First Lieut. Wm. Stephenson, U. S. Inf. (attached) do.

Second Lieut. James E. Batchelder, Co. F. Second Cal.

Captain Axel S. Adams, Co. G. Second Cavalry.

First Lieut. James A. Haughey, U. S. Inf. (attached)

Captain Edward Ball, Co. H. Second Cavalry.

First Lieut. James G. McAdams, do.

Second Lieut. Gustavus C. Doane, do.

Captain and Brevet Major Lewis Thompson, Co. L.
Second Cavalry.

First Lieut. Samuel T. Hamilton, do.

First Lieut. Louis M. Hughes, U. S. Inf. (attached).

The Little Muddy Creek on which we are encamped is one of the head waters of Green River, which empties into the Colorado of the West; the waters of which river flow into the Gulf of California. The banks of this creek are very abrupt, and the crossing is quite difficult. There are no trees along its banks, only here and there bunches of willow brush. Large patches of snow lying on the hill sides close by camp. The Little Muddy creek is narrow and swift. One of the men of H company killed a porcupine this afternoon.

Mrs. Doane, wife of Lieut. Doane, is the only lady accompanying the expedition.

A large spring to the left of the road.

Wednesday, May 26th. Lay in camp waiting for the ox train to come up. Some mountain sheep were seen near camp yesterday morning. There was some snow during the night accompanied by a drizzling rain. Had some dead cottonwood trees brought in for fuel last evening, the first we have seen, a large forest having been found a mile and a half from camp in the Wasatch mountains.

Thursday, May 27th. Still in camp waiting for the ox train to come up. Yesterday the train made half a mile in three hours, and then was obliged to halt. Part of the train came up about one o'clock p. m. High wind. A snow storm in the afternoon. About dark three Bannack Indians came into camp and stayed during the night. They are on their way over to Bear River on a hunting tour. One of the soldiers of L company killed an antelope today.

Friday, May 28th. Still in camp waiting for the train. It was all in by three o'clock p. m. Weather cold.

Saturday, May 29th. Left camp at a quarter past six o'clock a. m. Traveled twelve miles and a quarter. Road fair, though there were several bad places. Encamped on Wash-a-kie Creek, U. T. Good grass and water with sage brush for fuel. Crossed the dividing ridge or Bear River range, whence we had a magnificent view of Bear River valley and the

mountainous country in Northern Utah and Southern Idaho. Few finer landscapes than this can be seen in America. Saw a few pine trees on a mountainside. This hill is very steep and long and difficult for wagons to cross over.

Sunday, May 30th. Ice last night. Clear bracing morning. Ox train came up at seven o'clock a. m. Left camp at eight o'clock a. m. Traveled down a wide open valley, where there is good grazing and an abundance of small sage brush. Crossed two creeks of considerable size and the junction of the Bear Lake road twenty-two miles from Bear Lake. Reached Bear River and encamped just beyow Sulphur (Sucker?) Springs on the plateau by the river side where there is good grass. Some willow brush for fuel and sage brush on the hills. Road today generally good. Distance traveled about eleven miles and three quarters. The men hauled seines in the river and caught several fine trout and suckers.

Monday, May 31st. The mule wagons, six in number, from Fort Bridger, which have accompanied us thus far, left this morning on their return to that post. Left camp quite late. Traveled over a fair road lying from a mile to two miles from the bank of Bear River. Saw a large band of Indians on the hills far off to the right of the road. Camped where there was poor grass and small sage brush on a creek which crossed the road. Fuel poor. Distance traveled six miles and three quarters. Some pine trees visible on the tops of the mountains. Had a five pound trout caught by Sergeant Major Somerby and some eggs (Bought from some Mormons who came to camp from their settlements on Bear River) for dinner. Dined after dark.

June 1st, 1869, Tuesday. A fine pleasant morning. Heavy supply train not yet up. Camped on Sublette Creek. Road today good. At camp found good grass and water. No fuel. Distance traveled seven miles and a half. A pleasant day with warm sunshine, the first we have seen in two weeks. Pioneer party under Lieut. Swigert sent ahead. Considerable game killed along the road. Each company and the Headquarters has an ox wagon which travels with the column. Nine hundred head of Texas cattle passed us on the way to

California. Grease-wood and worm-wood about camp. The former used for fuel. Plenty of fish taken in the afternoon in the river a mile from camp. An Indian named "Bannack Jim" visited camp, claims to be the brother of an Indian of the same name who visited us at Carter's Station. Late in the afternoon the supply train arrived. Large forests of pine on the hills far off the road. The fish in Bear River consist of trout, whitefish, chubs and suckers.

Wednesday, June 2d. Left camp early. Crossed the ford at Smith's Fork, Idaho, and a Mormon had a toll bridge there, but the commanding officer refused to cross on it and pay toll. Road good. Some cottonwood trees on the river bottoms. Encamped on a level plain in Bear River valley. The water and grazing good. No sage brush, *Artemisia Vulgaris*. Aspen trees for fuel. Distance traveled seven miles and three quarters. This was a beautiful camp. We saw a Bannack Indian with squaw and papoose at Smith's Fork. Pine trees on the mountain tops to the right of the way. Smith's Fork is called by the Snake Indians Tis-se-agga-be O-gwa and is at the junction of Sublette's Cut-off.

Thursday, June 3rd. Left camp early and traveled fourteen miles and a half. Crossed Thomas' Fork by fording. Crossed some long steep hills, and encamped in a valley where there is excellent grass, good water in a small spring creek and no wood. Within a mile pine trees seen along the tops of the mountains. Slight rain in the afternoon and violent gusts of wind. Passed a deserted Indian village on the banks of Thomas' Fork. This stream is also called Tomman's Fork. There was a bridge here formerly, but it was burnt by a party who were caught in the snow when returning from Oregon in 1859 and who wintered here. They did not know where they were and run out of provisions, ate their horses and mules and in March, 1860, started on snow shoes for Fort Hall. They all starved to death except Boone Helm, who was hung in Virginia City, Mont., January 14, 1864.

Friday June 4th. Left camp early and reached Grant's mountain about a mile from camp beyond Horse Creek. It was the most difficult one to ascend and when once up the

descent was abrupt and dangerous for wagons. After descending came again into the valley of Bear River; traveled down it north and reached the Mormon settlement called Montpelier. Grass good near the village. Bought wood from the Mormons. Found plenty of water in the city's creek. This settlement is about five years old (1869) and contains about fifty families. There are four families at Bennington, four miles distant. Bishop John Cozens is president of Montpelier's ward in Rich County (Idaho). They claim it is in Utah. There are several settlements on the west side of Bear River called Ovid, Paris, Bloomington, St. Charles, Fish Haven, Swan Creek, and Ithaca. The town of Liberty is on North Creek, west of Ovid. St. Charles, Fish Haven and Ithaca are on Bear Lake. Distance traveled this day fourteen miles and a quarter.

Saturday, June 5th. Left camp late. A fine pleasant morning. Arranged the ox teams so that there shall be two wagons to each company. The march today was exceedingly pleasant, the air being cool and bracing. Encamped on Twin creek where there is good grass and water but no wood. Traveled seven miles and three quarters. Several Indians came into camp. An abundance of pine trees on the mountains. Cache Valley range on the left. Cloudy in the afternoon, with some rain and wind. On the march passed through Bennington, a Mormon settlement near Bear River on a fine stream of water. The houses new and poor, such as are seen in settlements struggling for existence remote from civilization and on the extreme frontier. That the town on Bear River will eventually become flourishing there can be little doubt, but as yet they are poor and many of the necessities of life are needed by the inhabitants. Lieut. Doane brought in a young badger from the Indian camp near our own.

Sunday June 6th. Left camp early this morning; traveled over a good hard road though hilly, crossed some small streams, and encamped at Amelia's Springs, a little off of the road. Grass and water excellent. Willow bushes for fuel. Traveled fourteen miles and a half. The day's march was pleasant, though there was little variety in the

mountain scenery through which we passed. The Cache Valley range of mountains are almost like the Sierra Nevada range in California. A person who has seen both might easily mistake one for the other. Yesterday the half-breed guide, Ezak Beauvais gave me a piece of mountain laurel for kee-nick-kee-nick, which is the same used by the Indians of Texas. The springs were named in honor of our only lady. These springs are supposed to be haunted and the ground near them is frequently found to shake and tremble. It was cloudy all day, and we had some rain in the afternoon with thunder and lightning. Some Indians with their ponies and lodge poles passed late in the afternoon. Found some strawberry vines but no blossoms or fruit—it is yet too early in this region. The springs are lovely and the water seems most charming after the unclean and muddy stuff we have been obliged to use of late upon many occasions. Our camp all in all is the most pleasant one we have had, and we shall all recollect it with pleasure.

Monday, June 7th. Left camp early. Passed through the settlement called Soda Springs. Here we found the Morrisite Mormons. They are said to be a party which seceded from the Mormon church who do not believe in polygamy or that Brigham Young is a prophet. They appear to be poor, though not so much inclined to drive close bargains as the people of Montpelier. Their prices are reasonable considering their out-of-the-way location. There are two settlements, one of them having been used by the California volunteers from Utah some four or five years ago. There were many lodges of Bannack and Snake Indians nearby. The springs must sometime become a favorite summer resort for pleasure seekers. Some of them are chalybeate, and they are both hot and cold. Passed the bend of Bear River, and then continued our course on Northeast. Passed the crater of an extinct volcano near the bend of the river which is very perfect and rises from the level plain. Passed a large alkali spring on the road, and about a mile beyond encamped on a clear creek where there is excellent water, good grass and plenty of cedar wood on the hills near by. Distance traveled according to the odometer nineteen miles. This is evidently

erroneous. Ice formed in camp during the night. It was cold enough getting out in the morning for a start and everything on the camp breakfast table appeared about frozen up. The altitude of our camp among the mountains must be considerable.

Tuesday, June 8th. Left camp early. The oxen strayed away during the night and it was late before they were recovered and sent back to the train. Without waiting for them traveled fourteen miles and a half. Encamped on Brackett Creek, near the Port Neuf. Good grass and water, though but little wood. Passed a train of pack mules from Montana and an ox train on the road. The valley through which the column marched today is wide and handsome, locked in by undulating hills on the right and snowy topped mountains on the left. The green hill sides from camp presented a charming appearance. Saw some sage chickens. They are sage, though young. Again we had a cold night and ice formed in the tents. Three men of Company G deserted last night.

Wednesday, June 9th. Started the train before leaving camp with the column; followed up the Port Neuf, crossed it, and went into the hills and camped on a small stream (Swigert Creek) which empties into the Port Neuf. Water and grass good. Ample willow brush for fuel. Traveled fourteen miles and a half. There appears to be no game in this country. At least we have seen so little as to give us the right to say there is none. This has been a pleasant day and Beauvais killed some prairie dogs (which are almost like squirrels) for his dinner. During several days travel but little timber has been seen—none in fact, except that which is high up on the mountains. The three deserters from Company G were captured and sent into camp.

Thursday, June 10. Started about eight o'clock. Crossed several small streams and then some high hills, from the last of which we had a magnificent view of Snake River. Struck a small stream and followed it down until we came to Lincoln Creek, where we encamped. Found good water and grass for the animals, between three and four hundred in

number, and ample fuel from dead trees. Traveled thirteen and a quarter miles. A settler named Highan lives here. He is engaged in grazing a little stock and trading with the Indians; he has been settled here nearly three years. His son-in-law, Henry Dunn, lives near him. This is known as Lincoln Valley.

Friday, June 11th. Made a long march down the valley, in which there is good grass. The road is very sandy. Encamped on Sand Creek or Day's River, where there is good grass and water but no wood. This creek dries up in summer time. Saw the "Three Buttes" to our left and front. Traveled eighteen and a quarter miles. Crossed Blackfoot Creek, a wide and rapid stream, on our march, over which there is a good bridge. Wah-hy-U-Gwut, or Three Buttes, form a prominent land mark in the upper part of Snake River Valley, opposite old Fort Hall. They stand in the great lava field and have apparently been upheaved in some great eruption. The Big Butte, just below the other two is called Peeah-Car-did, by the Snake Indians. We saw plenty of curlew hereabouts which the Indians call Coo-weeh.

Saturday, June 12th. Marched from Sand Creek to Snake River a distance of seven miles and a half. Crossed the river on Taylor's Bridge. Encamped on the river bank half a mile above. A large band of Bannack Indians on the opposite side of the stream. At this place struck the stage road between Virginia City, Montana Territory, and Corinne, Utah, the nearest point on the Union Pacific Railroad. We had poor grass here near camp and not much wood; the river here boils and foams over the rocks and presents a fine appearance. There is a store near the bridge kept by Messrs. Taylor and Anderson. On the march today passed several sand dunes. We caught a great many salmon trout in the afternoon. They are excellent fish. Saw the Salmon River Mountains in the distance.

Sunday, June 13th. Lay in camp. Had an inspection of the troops. Many Indians visited camp. Big Fingers, a sub-chief, visited me and in the afternoon had a council with several of the head men. Made them such presents as we

could spare and the Bannacks went away highly pleased. Salmon Falls on Snake River are celebrated and are said to be two hundred and three feet high and twenty-five hundred feet wide. The falls prevent salmon from ascending the river, but above there are fine salmon trout. Snake river crosses an immense lava field (full of fissures) fully one hundred and fifty miles across. The scenery near the bridge is grand as the rocks along the sides of the river are heaped together in great confusion, evidently the work of some volcanic action in past ages. These rocks are black and look as if they had been burned to a cinder. Large pieces of coarse lava are lying about in every direction on the surface of the ground.

Monday, June 14th. Started early today and traveled to the second camp on Snake River, thirteen miles and a quarter. On the road was overtaken by Major General Hancock and staff who are traveling to Fort Ellis, Montana, and the other posts in that territory. A fine day. Excellent grass, water and fuel in camp, besides which there are myraids of grasshoppers, ticks, mosquitoes, flies, horse-flies and gnats. We had a thunder storm late in the afternoon. Caught fine trout in the river, which is much wider than Bear River.

Tuesday, June 15th. Marched to camp on Market Lake, five miles and a half distant. Could not go further on account of making an unreasonable march for the ox teams. This camp is very clean and neat, and the animals will do well here. Passed a party of Indians dragging their property with them on lodge poles which are strapped to the saddles of their ponies in a manner peculiar to themselves. Market Lake is no lake at all, but a beautiful meadow; formerly it was covered with water, being about seven miles long and six wide. The grass is excellent, the water poor and wood scarce. Rain in the afternoon with thunder and lightning. Afterwards a hail storm. Rain again falling steadily after night. The Indians who passed us were a party of Snakes of Wash-aa-kee's band. Our encampment is near a mail station.

Wednesday, June 16th. Left camp early and marched across a country covered with sage brush. Encamped at

Desert Wells or Sand Wells. Fair water, scanty grass, and no wood. Traveled thirteen miles. Beauvais killed an antelope and fired three times at a grizzly bear which he met far off the road. Saw the track of a cougar or South American lion in the road this morning. The "Three Tetons" celebrated land mark in this country off to our right hidden by clouds. Could not see Freemont's Peak for the same reason, it being very cloudy. Although these are called "Wells" they are of considerable extent, being in fact small lakes. One of the men (Shultz of H Company) went in bathing and but for timely assistance would have been drowned. Saw Freemont's Peak in the evening after the clouds cleared away.

Thursday, June 17th. Saw the "Three Tetons" this morning; they are high mountains with long pinnacles reaching upward. Mountains all about us, some of them covered with snow. Traveled to Camas Creek, then up it about six miles, and then across to Dry Creek where there is excellent water, good grass and plenty of wood. Traveled fourteen miles and a half. Met some Chinamen coming from the mines. Saw an old trapper called Texas encamped with his Indian wife on Camas Creek, who had a large number of beaver and mink skins. Some of the officers caught some trout in Camas Creek. Our camp was on a sage brush plain and although most uninviting at first, proved to be excellent.

Friday, June 18th. Left camp early traveled up Dry Creek, crossed it, and went to the "Hole in the Rocks", thence on to the Beaver Canyon, where we encamped. Passed some fir trees—large numbers of them on the Rocky Mountains near by. The grass on the hill sides is the best we have seen. Excellent water and but little wood obtainable, the trees being too far up. We have traveled today seventeen miles and a quarter up a fine valley. The forage for the horses has all been consumed, and we now depend upon grass alone, which in this country seems to do very well. We have seen no game. Passed a grave by the road-side, and have seen several since we started, being places of rest of emigrants passing across the country.

Saturday, June 19th. Marched from Beaver Canyon to a place on Summit Creek, Idaho Valley, about one mile and a half beyond the station in Pleasant Valley. A messenger came in with a dispatch from General Hancock telling us to march across the mountains to Virginia City, saying also that rations for the men and forage for the horses would be sent forward to meet us. Good grass and water. No wood. Saw good fir timber and aspen in the canyon.

Sunday, June 20th. Lay in camp. It rained considerably yesterday afternoon and last night. In fact for the last week we have had rain every day. The roads have been bad and our progress slow. This proved a pleasant day—no rain—had inspection this morning. Cold night, ice and frost. It is but a short distance from here to the Montana line, which runs along the ridge of one chain of the Rocky Mountains. The scenery which we have passed has been fine and many landscapes of exceeding beauty have been seen. We are now on the true head waters of the Columbia River, as the Snake River is the main branch, though the Columbia, so called, has its rise in Columbia Lake, British Columbia.

Monday, June 21st. A long day of sunshine. Left camp at seven o'clock. Traveled across the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Struck Junction Creek and followed down it and encamped near the station, after having traveled sixteen miles. Good grass and water. No wood. Mr. Bartlett arrived in camp, saying that the stores sent for us (rations and forage) are twelve miles from here, having been sent on from Virginia City, Montana. There were some Bannack Indians near camp when we came up who ran away at our approach. The squaws were in a lodge near the creek. After a time they returned, and the Indians came into camp and brought some antelope meat. They belong to Tin Doy's band. Tin Doy is at Soda Springs. The Snakes and Bannacks intermarry and it is difficult to tell which tribe they belong to. We are now on the head waters of the Missouri River, which flows into the Mississippi and thence into the gulf of Mexico. The waters on the other side of the hills flow into the Pacific Ocean.

Tuesday, June 22nd. Clear morning, very cold last night. Ice this morning. One of the officers was lost in the mountains, he having gone out hunting. We found him on the road in the forenoon. Stopped a short time at Sage Creek where we put the stores in our wagons which had been sent us. Encamped on the same creek, where there was good water, poor grass and no wood. Traveled sixteen miles and three quarters. Thus far Montana has fully sustained its name, as it is the most mountainous region ever beheld, being in fact the heart of the great mountain ranges of the North American continent. Fir, aspen and cedar are the prevailing kinds of timber. Volcanic scoria to the right, left and front on all mountain ridges and on the plain. A great volcanic region once on fire for thousands and thousands of miles.

Wednesday, June 23rd. Left camp very early. Traveled up the mountains and then down a long gorge or canyon where there is some fine scenery. Very hot. Struck Black Tailed Creek. Traveled down it and encamped. Road steep and rocky. Found good grass and water, no wood. Distance thirteen miles from last camp. This camp is in a valley where there is fine grazing; it is one of the best we have had, being located on two streams, with water running through it, so that it can easily be obtained by officers and men. In the afternoon had a shower, accompanied with thunder and lightning.

Thursday, June 24th. Left camp early. Road hilly. Traveled down a small canyon in which there is some timber. Struck the head of Sweetwater Creek about eight miles from camp. Followed it until we reached Stinking Water Creek, and encamped at the crossing. Good water and bunch grass. No wood. A ranch at the crossing. Cloudy all day. Rain both in the forenoon and afternoon. Very warm. Traveled eighteen miles and three quarters. Poor grass all along the road. Passed down two steep mountains over a bad road. In traveling over some fine scenery is passed, particularly the view down Stinking Water Creek and along its headwaters. This stream is so called from decayed Indians bodies which were found along it when it was discovered by the whites. The water itself is excellent.

Friday, June 25th. Left camp early; traveled down the Stinking Water valley, passed several ranches and a toll gate eleven miles from Virginia City. Road rocky and steep. Passed through Nevada City and Virginia City. Also passed through the gold diggings near by, and encamped on the hill side about a mile above the town in Twilight Gulch. Plenty of dry brush for fuel, excellent water and bunch grass. Distance traveled seventeen and a half miles. Virginia City is the capital of Montana. It is an evidence of American enterprise, built as it is far away from the great marts of commerce, where everything in the shape of material is difficult to be obtained. There is evidence of an immense deal of work having been done along Alder Creek where large amounts of gold have been taken out, estimated as high as thirty millions of dollars. All of this has been done since the year 1863. The population at present is perhaps one thousand souls.

Saturday, June 26th. Lay in camp. There is a small creek running through it containing ice cold water which is most refreshing during the hot weather. The citizens of Virginia City are friendly and manifest a lively interest in the soldiers. In fact these people have but few amusements and endeavor to make the best of everything that presents itself. Several citizens visited us. In the evening there was a play at the theatre in town. The people were anxious to have us remain over Sunday, but it is necessary to move on and get to Fort Ellis as soon as practicable. The town was settled in 1863 and contains some fine buildings. The Masonic Hall, a cut stone house, is the finest building in the territory.

Sunday, June 27th. Left camp quite late. Traveled over steep hill, well graded. After marching seven miles and a half from Virginia City encamped at a deserted log cabin in Slade's Gulch, where there is good water, wood and grass. Have a view of the Madison range of mountains to the left; this view is exceedingly fine, and the range rises in magnificent proportions above the surrounding elevations. This gulch is named after Slade who was hung by the "Vigilantes." There is a toll gate and toll house on the road, the house having been built by him.

Monday, June 28th. Left camp early and traveled to Sterling, a distance of fourteen miles. This is a small mining town on Hot Spring Creek. We found good water, grass and wood. Passed through a rich valley in which runs Meadow Creek, and over some steep, high and rough mountains. Saw several fine farms today which will compare favorably with many in the older and more favored sections of the Union. Visited Mr. Hobart's five stamp mill and saw the process of getting out gold. The Midas mill at this place is said to be the finest quartz crushing mill in the Territory, but is not now in operation. The other mills at this place are the Alpha, New York and Montana Mining Company's, Clark and Upsom Mining Company's, Hall and Spaulding's, Brooklyn Mining Company's and the Hobart. The town is almost deserted. An Eastern company expended a large amount of money here, but took out little gold. The Hot Springs Gulch is nearby, and thence the rock is obtained for the mills.

Tuesday. Left camp early and went to the Madison River which we crossed, and after marching down some distance, encamped. We passed over a fine country, which is hilly and covered with good grass. Distance sixteen miles. Found no wood.

Wednesday, June 30th. Muster and inspection of the Battalion this morning. Road today hilly. One or two steep hills. Crossed a small stream about five miles from the Madison. Weather quite warm. Crossed the west fork of the Gallatin River on Erskine's toll bridge, and encamped about half a mile from the bridge on an irrigating ditch. Good grass and water, and fuel in abundance. Traveled sixteen miles and a quarter. In Gallatin River caught some "Half-trout," a fish half trout and half white fish, apparently, different from anything we have ever seen.*

Thursday, July 1st, 1869. Left camp early. Crossed several irrigating ditches and over the upper portion of Gallatin valley, said to be the best farming land in Montana. Passed through the town of Bozeman a new settlement containing perhaps a hundred souls, and thence on two miles and a half to Fort Ellis, situated on the East Fork of Gallatin

* Probably grayling.

River. Traveled eleven miles and a quarter. The fort is made of logs and surrounded with palisades with two block houses at diagonal corners. It is small, compactly built, and seems well adapted for frontier protection. The stockade was put up at the request of the citizens of the valley to serve as a place of refuge in case of an Indian invasion. As we came in the Crow Indians who were near the Fort mounted their ponies in hot haste and fled across the hills, no doubt fearing summary vengeance for the stabbing of a white man by one of their number near Bozeman the year before. The Indian was arrested and placed in jail; he escaped, but while doing so was wounded by the man who had been stabbed. It was feared this might make the whole Crow Nation hostile, but in a few days some of another band passed the Fort who seemed to think the Indian had been treated right in being wounded. On the 10th of July another party of Crow Indians, viz., Bear's Tooth, Blackbird, Winking Eye, Little Wolf, White Dog, O-to-Mash, and E-ne-ish, came in and said the Indian who stabbed the white man had been run out of their camp on the Yellowstone River some thirty miles distant.

In the lower portion of Gallatin Valley, the three rivers, Jefferson, Gallatin and Madison, unite and form the Missouri River. These are known as the "Three Forks" of the Missouri. This valley is a beautiful one and contains many good farms and a fine range for cattle. About one hundred miles from Fort Ellis is Helena, the largest town in the Territory. This is located on Last Chance Gulch, whence a great amount of gold has been taken. For a mining town this is quite a good sized place, and is said to contain eight thousand inhabitants; probably six would be nearer the mark. It has several pleasant streets, though the main one is built along the sides of the gulch and has all the bends and turns of the original creek. Here are many good shops and stores, and in fact the best ones in the Territory. Coming from below and traveling a long and weary way, this place seems quite "citified" and puts on airs accordingly. It boasts of two daily papers and a most enterprising population. Montana will some day make a fine state of the Republic, and contains a population according to the census of 1870 of twenty thousand five hundred and ninety-four souls.

DECEASED PIONEERS

LIST OF PIONEERS WHO DIED DURING THE YEARS 1910-1916

- Accola, John—Came to Montana in 1868. Died in Bozeman, September 7, 1912.
- Alderson, Mrs. W. W.—Born in England, 1824. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Bozeman, December 19, 1910.
- Allin, Wm.—Born in Kentucky 1828. Came to Montana in 1861. Died in Great Falls, August 20, 1913.
- Arnoux, James—Born in New York City, 1841. Arrived at Fort Benton 1862. Occupation, trader. Died in Great Falls, April 15, 1913.
- Aspling, Thomas—Born in England in 1818. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Deer Lodge, December 17, 1913.
- Axe, Mrs. Sophia—Born in Cochocton, O., 1840. Came to Montana in 1868. Died in Dillon, June 25, 1914.
- Aylsworth, Mrs. J. H.—Born in New York, 1835. Came to Montana in 1868. Died in Bozeman, Oct. 29, 1914.
- Baker, P. W.—Born in New York, 1825. Arrived at Virginia City, 1863. Occupation farmer. Died in Twin Bridges, December 27, 1911.
- Ballard, Geo. B.—Born in Augusta, Mo., 1842. Came to Virginia City, 1864. Died near Three Forks, March 19, 1916.
- Barber, Orlando B.—Born in Erie Co., New York, 1828. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Springbury, Pa., Dec. 22, 1913.
- Barker, Geo. M.—Born in Athens, Me. in 1834. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Deer Lodge, Feb. 15, 1914.
- Barnes, John P.—Born in Boone Co., Mo., 1832. Came to Virginia City in 1864. Died in San Francisco, May 1, 1915.
- Barnes, W. R.—Born in Boone Co., Mo., 1844. Came to Virginia City in 1864. Died in Choteau, July 31, 1913.
- Bartlett, Mrs. W. F.—Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Butte, August 16, 1910.
- Bass, Dudley C.—Born in Vermont, 1842. Arrived at Virginia City, 1864. Occupation, farmer and fruit grower. Died in Stevensville, January 5, 1913.

- Beach, Elizur—Born in Ohio, 1837. Came to Bannack in 1863. Died in Glendale, Cal., Feb. 27, 1915. Member of the 11th and 12th Territorial Legislative Session. Chairman of the Board of Capitol Building Commissioners for four years.
- Bechorn, Geo. W.—Born in New York State, 1838. Came to Montana in 1863, arriving at Bannack. Died in Bozeman, Dec. 26, 1914.
- Bertina, Wm.—Arrived in Montana in the '60's. Died in Rochester, Feb. 4, 1913.
- Biggs, Mrs. W. M. (Norma Ewing)—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Helena, Dec. 25, 1915.
- Blacker, David L.—Born in Missouri, 1829. Arrived in Virginia City, 1863. Occupation, miner and stockraiser. Died in Helena, April 17, 1911.
- Blackmer, Mrs. Laura A. Stewart—Came to Alder Gulch, 1864. Died in Bozeman, May 31, 1914.
- Blacksie, James B.—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Lewis and Clark County, 1910.
- Booker, George—Born in St. Louis, Mo., 1840. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, January 28, 1914.
- Boulet, Mrs. Pauline—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Butte, May 10, 1915.
- Boyer, Wm. J.—Born in Coatsville, Pa., 1834. Arrived at Alder Gulch, 1863. Died at Pony, 1910.
- Brewer, James Scott—Born in 1830. Came to Virginia City in 1864. Died at Kolin, near Lewistown, Aug. 17, 1914.
- Brooks, John—Born in Germany, 1840. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Lewistown, July 4, 1915.
- Brown, Geo. W.—Born in Camden, N. J., 1843. Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Sheridan, 1910.
- Brown, Joseph—Born in Baden Baden, Germany, 1834. Arrived at Alder Gulch, 1864. Miner and prospector. Died at Livingston, July 4, 1913.
- Brubaker, Albert—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Beaverhead County, Dec. 29, 1915.
- Bullard, Massena—Born in Lafayette Co., Mo., 1850. Came to Helena in 1864. Died in Helena, July 24, 1915.

- Burch, Vincent—Born in Monroe Co., 1837. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Stevensville, Jan. 30, 1912.
- Buttermore, Wm. A.—Arrived in Alder Gulch, 1864. Died in Virginia City, June 8, 1911.
- Cahalin, Patrick—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Long Beach, Cal., April 27, 1913.
- Cahalin, Mrs. Patrick—Born in Ireland. 1831. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Deer Lodge, Feb. 27, 1910.
- Cardwell, Edward—Born in Ireland, 1831. Arrived at Virginia City in 1865. Occupation miner and farmer. Member of Council 9th Session, 1876, 12th Session, 1881, 13th, 14th and 15th and extra session, 1887. Member of Senate 2d Session, 1891, 3rd session, 1893, 8th session, 1907 and 9th session, 1911, also member of the Constitutional Convention, 1889. Died at Jefferson Island, May 4, 1912.
- Carr, Mrs. Marshall—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Helena, June 29, 1912.
- Carter, Wm. B.—Born in Cleveland, O., 1839. Came to Bannack in 1863. Died in Dillon, Jan. 24, 1916.
- Cavanaugh, Miles—Came to Montana in 1863. Born in Ireland, 1832. Died in Helena, Jan. 3, 1914.
- Cavanaugh, Mrs. Miles—Born in Ireland, 1837. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Helena, March 7, 1915.
- Chouquette, Chas.—Born in St. Louis, Mo., 1823. Arrived at Fort Benton, 1844. Was in the employ of the American Fur Company from 1842 to 1870. Died near Browning, May, 1911.
- Cohen, David, Sr.—Born in Exin, Prussia, Germany, 1838. Came to Montana in 1864. Occupation, merchant. Died in Anaconda, April 30, 1910.
- Collins, Nathaniel—Born in Ohio, 1832. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Choteau, Jan. 9, 1911.
- Connelly, Thos.—Born in Ireland, 1840. Came to Montana in 1867. Died at Geyser, May 13, 1912.
- Content, Victor—Born in Canada, 1846. Came to Last Chance Gulch in 1866. Died in Lewistown, Oct. 1, 1914.
- Conway, Frank G.—Born in Dubuque, 1865. Came to Montana in 1867. Died in Virginia City, Nov. 19, 1911.

- Cooney, Thos.—Born in 1830. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Helena, June 6, 1914.
- Corbly, Andrew L.—Born in 1840. Came to Montana in the 60's. Set out the first apple trees in the Gallatin valley. Died in Bozeman, Dec. 23, 1915.
- Corry, Andrew V.—Born in Newport, Md., 1837. Arrived at Bannack, 1863. Died in Butte, June 9, 1911.
- Cox, Wm.—Came to Helena in 1868. Died in Helena, Mar. 22, 1911.
- Coyle, Peter—Born in Ireland, 1838. Came to Philipsburg, 1867. Died in Butte, June 28, 1915.
- Craig, Warren—Born in New York in 1834. Came to Virginia City in 1864. Died in Helena, Oct. 19, 1914.
- Cronse, Silas H.—Died in Chicago, 1915. Came to Montana in the 60's.
- Cruse, Thomas—Came to Montana in the 60's. Discoverer of the famous Drumlummond mine. Died in Helena, Dec. 20, 1914.
- Cunnard, Bryon—Came to Montana in 1867. Died in Dillon Dec. 23, 1913.
- D'Acheul, H. A.—Born in Missouri, 1843. Came to Helena in 1868. Died in Pasadena, Cal., Nov. 3, 1914.
- Daly, Hugh—Born in Ireland, 1831. Came to Virginia City, 1863. Died in Helena, July 31, 1913.
- Daly, Pete—Came to Montana in the early 60's. Owned Robber's Roost. Died at Warm Springs, March 27, 1915.
- Daniels, Z. H.—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Livingston, March 9, 1910.
- D' Aste, Rev. Father Jerome—Born in Italy, 1836. Come to Montana in 1866. Died at St. Ignatius Mission, Nov. 10, 1910.
- Davis, A. B.—Born in Lewistown, Ill., 1835. Came to Bannack in 1863. Died in Helena, Jan. 21, 1915.
- Davis, Joe—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Helena, October 19, 1911.
- Davis, Nathaniel J.—Born in Vermont, 1831. Arrived at Bannack, 1862. Occupation, miner. Died in Anaconda, June 17, 1911.

- Davis, Mrs. Nathaniel J.—Came to Montana in the 60's
Born in Pennsylvania, 1849. Died in Bozeman, Jan.
17, 1911.
- Decker, Mrs. Harriet—Came to Montana in 1865. Died in
Belgrade, December 15, 1916.
- Deegan, John—Born in Ireland, 1830. Came to Montana in
the 60's. Died in Deer Lodge, Feb. 6, 1911.
- Degenhart, Bennet—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in
Butte, July 22, 1911.
- Demers, Louis—Born in Quebec, Canada, 1830. Arrived at
Deer Lodge, 1860. Occupation, merchant. Died in
Butte, March 15, 1910.
- Denble, J. J.—Arrived in Montana, 1863. Died in Ohio, Jan.
1911.
- Dobbins, Geo. W.—Born in Kentucky, 1830. Arrived in Mon-
tana, 1862. Died in Stevensville, Sept. 3, 1913.
- Dodson, Isaac—Born in 1837. Came to Montana in 1864.
Died near Butte, Sept. 9, 1914.
- Douglas, Wm. L.—Arrived in Virginia City in the 60's. Died
in Madison, Wis., June 8, 1910.
- Driscoll, Michael—Born in Ireland, 1836. Came to Diamond
City, 1866. Died in the Broadwater valley, near Town-
send, Nov. 12, 1915.
- Dumass, Oliver J.—Came to Helena in 1865. Died in Helena,
March 11, 1916.
- Dunn, Richard—Born in 1831. Came to Montana in the early
60's. Died in Boulder, June 27, 1915.
- Dunn, Thomas—Born in Washington, O., 1837. Came to
Alder Gulch in 1864. Discoverer of Red Bluff Mine.
Died in Three Forks, Nov. 23, 1915.
- Edgar, Henry F.—Born in Scotland, 1836. Arrived at Fort
Benton, 1859. Occupation miner and farmer. One of
the discoverers of Alder Gulch, 1863. Died in Paradise,
November 12, 1910.
- Edmunds, Mrs. Eliza—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in
Bozeman, Aug. 1, 1912.
- Ehreck, Charles—Came to Montana in 1864. Died near Lillon,
May 9, 1911.

- Eicke, William—Born in Germany, 1828. Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Helena, June 1, 1911.
- Evans, C. G.—Born in Deerfield, N. Y., 1840. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, May 24, 1915.
- Evans, Mrs. Morgan—Born in Wales. Arrived in Virginia City, 1864. Died in the Deer Lodge valley, July 30, 1910.
- Evans, Mrs. Wm.—Came to Montana in the early 60's. Died in Belgrade, Sept. 3, 1911.
- Febes, James H.—Came to Montana in 1862. Died in Dillon, June 10, 1912.
- Fifer, Meredith—Came to Montana in 1860. Died in Helena, July 9, 1911.
- Fisher, Thos. J.—Came to Alder Gulch in 1864. Died in Bozeman, May, 1914.
- Fisk, Andrew J.—Born in Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., 1849. Arrived in Montana in 1864. Occupation, publisher and journalist. Died in Helena, Feb. 23, 1910.
- Fleming, Mrs. Wm.—Born in Ireland, 1841. Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Helena, April 27, 1914.
- Flowerree, D. A. G.—Born in Rolls County, Mo., 1835. Arrived at Virginia City, 1864. Died in Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 24, 1912.
- Ford, R. S.—Born in Kentucky, 1842. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Great Falls, Oct. 1, 1914.
- Fort, A. J.—Came to Montana in 1867. Died in Pony, June 10, 1911.
- Fowler, Peter H.—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Deer Lodge, August 12, 1910.
- Frary, Dr. Leander W.—Born in New York, 1825. Arrived in Montana in 1866. Died in Pasadena, Cal., Oct. 24, 1911.
- French, Milo—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Melrose, June 14, 1915.
- Gallop, J. H.—Born in Scipio, N. Y., 1834. Came to Montana in 1862. Died in Los Angeles, Jan. 15, 1914.
- Gamer, Fred—Born in Germany, 1844. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Anaconda, Jan. 21, 1911.
- Gardner, Peter S.—Born in Iowa, 1838. Came to Montana, 1864. Died in Dewey, July 14, 1911.

- Gerdts, John—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died at Long Beach, Cal., Feb. 4, 1910.
- Getchell, F. H.—Born in Maine, 1842. Came to Montana in 1862. Died in Helena, July 7, 1915.
- Getts, Samuel V.—Born in Pennsylvania, 1836. Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Cascade, Sept. 14, 1912.
- Gill, William—Born in Ireland, 1831. Came to Bear Town in 1866. Died in Deer Lodge, Nov. 25, 1913.
- Gillett, Warren C.—Born in Orleans Co., N. Y., 1832. Arrived in Montana City, 1862. Occupation, freighter, merchant and sheepman. A member of Council, 11th and extra session, 1879. 13th session 1883, 16th session, 1889, Territorial Assembly. Member Constitutional Convention, 1889. Died in Helena, Sept. 8, 1912.
- Gracey, Thos.—Born on the Isle of Man, 1839. Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Butte, Aug. 14, 1910.
- Graeter, Alfred E.—Born in Ohio, 1834. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Dillon, May 9, 1911.
- Grass, Charles—Born in Germany, 1834. Came to Montana in 1866. Died near Livingston, April 20, 1916.
- Graves, Fielding L.—Born in Lexington, Ky., 1833. Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Bannack, Dec. 27, 1913.
- Green, Martin V. B.—Born in New York State, 1843. Came to Bannack in 1864. Died in Helena, Oct. 13, 1916.
- Gregson, Geo. W.—Born in Indiana, 1841. Came to Montana in 1864. Located Gregson Hot Springs. Died in Jefferson valley, Nov. 29, 1913.
- Grotevant, Philip (Jerry)—Came to Montana in the early 60's. Died in Beaverhead Co., May 18, 1916.
- Grubb, Andrew J.—Born in Ohio. Came to Montana in 1865. Died near Winston, Sept. 27, 1915.
- Guthrie, Miss Lou—Came to Montana in the 60's. Formerly Law Librarian in Helena. Died in Emmetsburg, Md., May 20, 1915.
- Gwin, Wm. P. McGinn—Born in New York State, 1832. Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Anaconda, July 4, 1916.
- Hahn, William—Arrived in Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, Jan. 12, 1910.

- Hall, Jos. E.—Born in Ohio, 1834. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, Sept. 19, 1913.
- Hanchild, John R.—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, July 30, 1912.
- Harding, Mrs. J. A.—Born in Silver Bow Co., 1866. Died in Whitter, Cal., December 30, 1915.
- Harrison, John—Born in England, 1829. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Hardman, Ore., May 25, 1911.
- Hart, A. M.—Born in Townsend, Mass., 1837. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Virginia City, March 7, 1916.
- Hartley, Jacob—Came to Deer Lodge, 1863. Died near Red Lodge, Dec. 31, 1913.
- Hartwell, James M.—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Deer Lodge, Feb. 27, 1910.
- Hartwig, Jacob—Born in Kiel, Germany, 1842. Came to Bannack in 1863. Died on the Lower Big Hole, Jan. 8, 1915.
- Harvey, H. K.—Born in Norfolk, Va., 1835. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Helena, May 3, 1912.
- Harvey, John—Born in Vermont, 1829. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Great Falls, Jan. 31, 1911.
- Harvey, John—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Livingston, May 3, 1915.
- Hatfield, J. W.—Came to Montana in 1863. Died at Sheridan, July 24, 1910.
- Hauser, Gov. S. T.—Born in Falmouth, Ky., Jan. 10, 1833. Appointed governor of Montana 1885. Came to Fort Benton in 1862. Died in Helena, Nov. 10, 1914.
- Heeb, Henry—Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Bozeman, Jan. 16, 1914.
- Hellinger, Henry—Born in Reading, Pa., 1845. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Bozeman, July 31, 1914.
- Henault, Francis—Born in Veaux Harnois, Canada, 1826. Came to Montana in 1853. Died on Upper Lost Creek, April, 1914.
- Henry, B. B.—Born in Watertown, N. Y., 1836. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Helena, June 8, 1914.
- Herman, Jake—Born in Germany, 1833. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Helena, Dec. 16, 1915.

- Herndon, Mrs. James N.—Born in Maryland, 1840. Came to Montana in 1865. Taught the first public school in the Territory. Died in Virginia City, March 19, 1914.
- Herrman, George—Born in Germany, 1837. Came to Helena in 1866. Died in Helena, March 15, 1910.
- Hershfield, Lewis H.—Born in Utica, N. Y., 1836. Arrived at Virginia City, 1864. Occupation, banker. Member of the Constitutional Convention, 1889. Died in New York City, Dec. 4, 1910.
- Hichey, John—Came to Montana in 1867. Died in Kirksville, February 10, 1911.
- Hickey, William—Born in St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., 1837. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Butte, April 3, 1911.
- Hilger, Nicholas—Luxemburg, Germany, 1831. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, Aug. 12, 1913.
- Hilger, Mrs. Nicholas—Born in Prussia, 1830. Came to Montana in 1867. Died at Alhambra Hot Springs, May 31, 1910.
- Hodson, Mrs. Enoch—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Vail, Ore., March 2, 1915.
- Hollenbeck, George—Born in Germany, 1843. Came to Montana in 1862. Died at Birdseye, Dec. 18, 1915.
- Horton, Mrs. B. R. (Sarah D.)—Born in Illinois, 1835. Came to Montana in the 60's. Died at Stone, Sept. 28, 1914.
- Howard, Geo. B.—Born in New York, 1831. Arrived at Virginia City, 1863. Died in Bozeman, Dec. 15, 1910.
- Howe, Geo. P.—Born in Vermont, 1834. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Butte, Jan. 10, 1912.
- Howell, Capt. H. S.—Born in New Jersey, 1844. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Columbia Falls, Sept. 11, 1911.
- Hulden, Charles—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died at Stonewall Gulch, Nov. 16, 1910.
- Hunnewell, Geo. T.—Born in 1839, Came to Elder Gulch, near Helena, 1866. Died near Chester, May 12, 1915.
- Ingles, John—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Missoula, Sept. 2, 1911.
- Irvin, Mrs. Geo. W.—Born in Lexington, Ky., 1850. Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Butte, Dec. 28, 1912.

- Irwin, Mrs. Joseph—Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Anaconda, Jan., 1911.
- Jackson, Edward—Born in Ireland, 1826. Arrived at Virginia City, 1862. Died in Madison Co., Sept. 6, 1911.
- Johnson, Mrs. Albert E. (Alice Gammell)—Born in Montana in 1867. Died at Fromberg, July 14, 1912.
- Johnson, Amos—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Helena, Nov. 16, 1911.
- Jones, Wm. W.—Came to Alder Gulch in 1863. Died in Deer Lodge, Jan. 20, 1913.
- Jordan, Harrison, Came to Montana in 1864. Died at Whitehall, Oct. 1, 1910.
- Kahle, Herman—Born in Mecklenberg, Germany, 1845. Came to Emigrant Gulch, 1867. Died in Livingston, Dec. 15, 1915.
- Kamtner, James M.—Came to Montana in 1868. Died in Deer Lodge, May 31, 1913.
- Keegan, Hugh—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Great Falls, March 27, 1910.
- Keiley, Michael—Born in Ireland, 1830. Came to Alder Gulch in 1866. Died in Deer Lodge, Dec. 4, 1914.
- Kelly, Richard H.—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Fergus Co., May 29, 1911.
- Kennerly, Henry A.—Born at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., 1835. Came to Fort Benton, 1855. Died at Cut Bank, July 8, 1913.
- Kennett, Ferdinand—Born in 1840. Came to Montana in 1867. Died in Missoula, May 4, 1915.
- Kent, Thomas—Came to Montana in 1864. Died at Lithia Springs, Sweet Grass Co., August, 1910.
- King, James—Came to Montana in 1862. Died in Los Angeles, June 23, 1911.
- Kirby, Frank—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Butte, March 15, 1910.
- Kleinschmidt, T. H.—Born in Prussia, 1839. Came to Virginia City, 1864. Died in Helena, Sept. 6, 1913.
- Kline, P. J.—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Missoula, September. 1913.

- Knight, Julian M.—Born in Erie Co., Penn., 1838. Arrived at Virginia City, 1866. Died in Virginia City, May 31, 1911.
- Knowles, Judge Hiram—Born in Hamden, Me., 1834. Came to Montana in 1866. Associate justice of the Supreme Court of Montana Territory for eleven years. Member of the Constitutional Convention, 1889. Appointed U. S. Federal District Judge in 1890. Died on board a train in Oregon, April 16, 1911.
- Ladoux, Narcisse—Born in east Canada in 1833. Came to Montana in 1862. Died in Melrose, March 5, 1914.
- Lamme, Mrs. A.—Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Bozeman, July 18, 1915.
- Langford, Nathaniel P.—Born in Oneida Co., N. Y., 1832. Arrived at Gold Creek, 1862. First superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, 1872. Died in St. Paul, Minn. Oct. 18, 1911.
- Larabie, S. E.—Born in Cattaraugus, Co., N. Y., 1845. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Deer Lodge, April 21, 1914.
- LeBeau, Peter—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Bozeman, October 14, 1914.
- Ledbeater, Mark D.—Born in England, 1830. Came to Fort Benton in 1862. Died in Manhattan, Oct. 17, 1911.
- Leggat, Mrs. Rod.—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Butte, August 5, 1912.
- Leonard, Walter W.—Born in New York State, 1837. Came to Bannack in 1863. Died near Twin Bridges, Feb. 19, 1914.
- Lindley, Jos. M.—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Bozeman, Dec. 29, 1915.
- Lindwedel, Fred—Born in Germany, came to Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, March 27, 1916.
- Longtine, Steven—Came to Bannack in the early 60's. Died in Butte, Jan. 6, 1914.
- Lott, John S.—Born in Warren Co., Pa. Arrived at the Big Hole Basin, 1862. Territorial Auditor, 1864-1866. Died at Twin Bridges, May 24, 1910.
- Lowe, William—Born in England, 1839. Arrived in Montana in 1864. One of the discoverers of Emigrant Gulch. Died in Glendive, May 26, 1912.

- Lowman, Jacob—Born in 1830. Came on Virginia City in 1865. Died in Virginia City, Sept. 26, 1911.
- Luse, Mrs. Timothy L. (Minerva Thorpe)—Came to Alder Gulch in 1864. Died in Bozeman, July 22, 1912.
- Lupold, William—Born in Baden, Germany, 1839. Came to Diamond City, 1866. Died near White Sulphur Springs, July 14, 1916.
- Lutze, Lucis—Born in Switzerland, 1832. Came to Montana in 1868. Died at Blackfoot City, August 8, 1913.
- Lyendecker, Charles—Born in Bavaria, 1833. Arrived at Bannack 1862. Died at Pony, July 26, 1912.
- Lyman, L. B.—Came to Montana in 1864. First register of a government Land Office in Montana. Died in Helena, December 30, 1914.
- McAllister, James—Born in Scotland, 1837. Arrived at Virginia City in the 60's. Died in Santa Monica, Cal., Oct. 1910.
- McCamman, James D.—Born in Pennsylvania, 1822. Arrived at Norwegian Gulch, 1864. Died in Bozeman, Nov. 14, 1911.
- McCauley, Jefferson—Born in Crawford Co., Pa., 1843. Arrived at Alder Gulch, 1864. Died at Ruby, Jan. 13, 1911.
- McCauley, Nathan M.—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Fergus Co., Dec. 19, 1910.
- McCormick, Mrs. F. T.—Born in Hartford, Conn., 1863. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Townsend, Aug. 23, 1915.
- McDonald, Angus A.—Born in Glengarry Co., Ont., 1842. Arrived in Montana in 1862. Died in Philipsburg, April 2, 1910.
- McDonald, Bernard—Born in 1831. Came to Montana in 1868. Died in Anaconda, Jan. 9, 1911.
- McDonnell, Mrs. John—Born in Maryland, 1840. Came to Virginia City in 1864. Died in Bozeman, May 2, 1913.
- McDonnell, Michael—Born in Ireland, 1849. Came to Helena, 1868. Died in Bozeman, April 22, 1915.
- M'Fadden, George—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Townsend, Jan. 24, 1910.
- McGaugh, Mrs. Elizabeth—Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Toston, Aug. 17, 1913.

- M'Intosh, Alex T.—Arrived at Alder Gulch, 1864. Died near
Lame Deer, Feb. 10, 1911.
- McKee, J. L.—Arrived at Alder Gulch in the 60's. Died at
Lewistown, May 9, 1911.
- McKee, Thomas—Arrived in Montana in 1866. Died at Red
Bluff, June 13, 1911.
- McKevitt, Michael—Born in Ireland, 1818. Came to Montana
in 1865. Died in Garnet, Granite Co., Feb. 13, 1916.
The last of the fourteen old timers who made the original
discovery of gold at Elk Creek.
- McKnight, W. H.—Born in Iowa, 1859. Came to Montana,
1866. Died in Townsend, June 1, 1911.
- McMasters, John A.—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in
Anaconda, Feb. 25, 1914.
- Manlove, Jonathan H.—Born in Highland Co., O., 1824. Ar-
rived at Last Chance Gulch, 1864. Died in Butte, Sept.
10, 1910.
- Mann, Benjamin—Came to Montana in the employ of the
Hudson Bay Co. Died near Highwood, Dec. 11, 1914.
- Mansfield, James—Born in Ireland, 1844. Came to Montana
in 1862. Died in Los Angeles, Feb. 14, 1914.
- Manville, Frank—Came to Montana in 1867. Died in Helena,
February 4, 1911.
- Marchesseau, Sophroni—Born in Quebec, 1828. Arrived in
Helena, 1865. Died in Butte, June 8, 1913.
- Marks, Mrs. Mary M.—Came to Montana in 1866. Died in
Helena, Oct. 5, 1914.
- Marr, Wm.—Born in Scotland, 1840. Came to Montana in
1868. Died in Virginia City, Aug. 28, 1910.
- Marr, W. H.—Came to Montana in 1866, locating in Silver
Bow. Died in Walkerville, Aug. 22, 1914.
- Marshall, David—Born in Indianapolis, 1834. Came to Mon-
tana in 1865. Died in Bozeman, July 1, 1914.
- Mason, Mrs. Alva—Born in Wales, 1841. Arrived in Fort
Missoula, 1858. Said to be the first white woman who
came to Montana. Was formerly Margaret P. Mere-
dith, then Mrs. Hugh O'Neil. Died in Philipsburg, Jan.
23, 1915.
- Mason, Benjamin P.—Born in Preston Co., W. Va., 1818. Ar-
rived at Bannack, 1863. Died at Boulder, July 10, 1910.

- Maxey, Daniel—Born in Carbondale, Pa., 1834. Arrived in Montana, 1863. Died in Bozeman, Feb. 21, 1910.
- Mayhew, Judge A. E.—Born in Philadelphia, 1830. Came to Montana in 1864. Member of the Montana Legislature for nine consecutive terms. Speaker of the House eight times. Went to Idaho in 1884, and filled several important offices there. Died in Wallace, Idaho, June 18, 1914.
- Mayo, George W.—Born in Mottsville, N. Y., 1829. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in York, March 4, 1916.
- Meagher, P. H.—Born in Canada, 1842. Came to Montana in 1862. Died in Deer Lodge, May 19, 1915.
- Melton, John—Born in Illinois, 1859. Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Rochester, Minn., June 13, 1915.
- Merk, Fred R.—Born in Germany, 1833. Arrived in Virginia City, 1864. Died near Silver Star, Aug. 19, 1912.
- Merry, John—Born in England, 1842. Came to Bannack in 1862. Died in Helena, Sept. 8, 1914.
- Mikus, Charles—Born in Germany. Arrived in Montana in 1861. Died in Dillon, March 6, 1910.
- Miller, Ignace—Born in France in 1830. Arrived at Bannack, 1863. Died in Helena, March 8, 1911.
- Miller, Philip—Born in 1840. Came to Montana in the 60's. Died at Warm Springs, July 16, 1910.
- Milot, Hubert A.—Born in Yamachiche, Quebec. Arrived at Deer Lodge, 1861. Died in Helena, Feb. 7, 1910.
- Mitchell, Sidney—Born in Scotland, 1836. Came to Montana in 1862. Died in Missoula, Feb. 2, 1913.
- Monforton, Henry—Arrived in Montana, 1863. Died in Bozeman, June 24, 1910.
- Morgan, Wickford—Born in Illinois, 1837. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Bozeman, May 12, 1914.
- Morris, Mrs. John L. (Amelia)—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Butte, Dec. 22, 1911.
- Morse, Ebenezer—Born in Alleghany Co., N. Y., 1837. Arrived at Alder Gulch, 1863. Died near Toston, July 13, 1910.
- Moulton, Amos H.—Born in 1832. Came to Montana City in 1865. Died in Jefferson City, June 5, 1914.

- Mullinix, Stephen D.—Born in Indiana, 1838. Arrived at Brown's Gulch, 1863. Died at Sheridan, Feb. 11, 1912.
- Negus, Mrs. Ann—Born in 1836. Came across the plains in 1863. Died in Helena, May 17, 1915.
- Neubert, John—Born in Germany, 1838. Came to Montana in 1857. Died in Benton, August 19, 1914.
- Normadin, Peter—Born in Montreal, 1843. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Deer Lodge, May 20, 1915.
- Norton, Mrs. Mary A.—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in the Deer Lodge valley, Sept. 13, 1910.
- Noyes, Charles—Born in Quebec, 1843. Came to Butte in 1866. Died in Butte, June 12, 1913.
- Orr, George—Born in 1829. Came to Montana in the early 60's. Died in Hamilton, Jan. 12, 1914.
- Palmer, Wm.—Born in Whiteside Co., Ill., 1845. Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Livingston, Oct., 1910.
- Pambrun, Alexander—Born in British Columbia in 1829. Arrived in Montana, 1862. Died in Great Falls, Nov. 28, 1912.
- Pardee, J. K.—Born in 1842. Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Gladstone, Oregon, May 18, 1914.
- Parkhurst, Roswell—Came to Montana in 1865. Died in the Bitter Root valley, March 4, 1911.
- Patterson, J. L.—Born in 1823. Went to California in 1849. Died in Auburn, Ill., June 3, 1915.
- Paul, Asher W.—Came to Montana in 1867. Died in Cascade Co., Jan. 3, 1910.
- Paul, Mrs. A. W. (Mary)—Born in Maine, 1846. Came to Montana in 1866. Settled in Madison County. Died in Bozeman, July 1, 1914.
- Pease, Mrs. H. A.—Born in North Carolina, 1855. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Bozeman, Aug. 26, 1910.
- Peterson, Chas. T.—Came to Montana in 1864. Died at Burnt Fork, June, 1911.
- Peterson, Nels—Born in Denmark, 1848. Came to Alder Gulch in 1864. Died at Race Track, July 9, 1916.
- Pfouts, Wm. G.—Born in Mount Eaton, O., 1842. Arrived at Virginia City, 1864. Died in Butte, June 17, 1910.

- Phillips, Mrs. Ira—Arrived in Montana, 1864. Died in Willow Creek valley, June 23, 1911.
- Pike, Anson A.—Born in England, 1830. Came to Virginia City in 1865. Died in Virginia City, March, 1916.
- Pitchard, John—Came to Alder Gulch in 1868. Died in Bozeman, Jan. 20, 1913.
- Pittman, Mrs. Evaline—Arrived in Montana, 1865. Died at Fish Creek, May 19, 1910.
- Poindexter, Philip—Born in Danville, Va., 1831. Arrived in Montana, 1866. Died in Dillon, Feb. 26, 1911.
- Pollinger, E. M. (Gov.)—Born in Mechanicsville, Pa., 1836. Came to Virginia City, 1863. Died in Pasadena, Cal., April 19, 1913.
- Potter, John—Born in Athens, Me., 1834. Came to Deer Lodge in 1862. Postmaster of Helena in 1865. Died in Los Angeles, Dec. 16, 1915.
- Powers, Mrs. M. E.—Came to Helena in 1863. Died in Sonora, Mexico, Oct 22, 1914.
- Price, G. W.—Born in Virginia, 1839. Arrived in Montana, 1863. Died in Evanston, Ill., Feb. 4, 1914.
- Proffitt, Alexander—Born in Johnson County, Mo., 1839. Arrived at Horse Prairie, 1864. Died in Bozeman, June 22, 1912.
- Quigley, John R.—Born in Wisconsin, 1834. Arrived at Virginia City, 1864. Died at Deer Lodge, Oct. 12, 1913.
- Quinn, Patrick—Arrived in Montana in 1853. Died in Helena, January 18, 1911.
- Quinn, Mrs. Patrick (Ellen)—Arrived in Benton, 1863. Died in Helena, Feb. 24, 1913.
- Rainford, J. C.—Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Swan River, Man., Nov. 6, 1913.
- Raymond, Winthrop—Born in Cincinnati, O., 1847. Arrived in Montana in 1865. Founded Sheridan and died there Sept. 2, 1912.
- Reed, John—Born in Columbia County, Pa., 1824. Arrived at Alder Gulch, 1863. Died at Virginia City, Jan. 31, 1912.
- Reese, Geo. W.—Came to Montana in 1867. Died at Livingston, May 20, 1913.

- Reese, Mrs. Thomas—Came to Montana in 1863. Said to be first white woman to make her home in Montana. Died in Bozeman, Nov. 19, 1915.
- Reeves, Moise—Born at Darenna, Quebec, 1834. Arrived at Fort Benton, 1852. Member of the Mullan expedition, 1858. Died in Missoula, July 26, 1912.
- Remmert, Charles—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Helena, March 8, 1915.
- Reynolds, Mrs. J. B.—Born in Iowa, 1844. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in San Pedro, Cal., April 21, 1915.
- Rich, Mrs. Chas. (Malinda)—Born in St Lawrence Co., N. Y., 1832. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Bozeman, December 12, 1915.
- Richmond, Mrs. Ruben. (Sarah J.)—Born in Kentucky. Arrived in Montana, 1863. Died in Twin Bridges, Sept. 22, 1911.
- Richter, Mrs. Mary—Came to Virginia City in 1864. Died at Meadow Creek, Jan. 21, 1911.
- Riddle, Robert—Arrived in Montana in 1864. Died near Belgrade, Sept. 1, 1912.
- Ries, John H.—Born in Chicago, 1853. Arrived in Montana in 1863. Died in Butte, July 15, 1912.
- Risk, William—Came to Montana in 1863. Died at Hassell, Sept. 18, 1912.
- Roach, Mrs. Jere. (Alice)—Born in Missouri, 1858. Came to Virginia City in 1863. Died in Butte, July 13, 1913.
- Robinson, J. M.—Born in 1843. Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Bozeman, Jan. 13, 1915.
- Robinson, Jerry—Arrived in Montana in 1868. Died in Helena, Jan 12, 1911.
- Rocky Boy—Died April 18, 1916, on the reservation near Box Elder.
- Roe, William—Born in Nashville, Tenn., 1840. Came to Helena in 1864. Died in Jefferson City, March 5, 1916.
- Roe, Wm. B.—Born in England, 1838. Came to Bannack in 1863. Died in Dillon, Sept. 13, 1913.
- Rotwitt, Dr. Louis—Born in Germany, 1838. Arrived in Montana in 1866. Died in Helena, Dec. 6, 1910.

- Ruffner, Sanford—Born in Jessamine, Co., Ky., 1834. Came to Montana in 1862, locating at Bannack. President of the Montana Society of Pioneers in 1898. Died in San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 6, 1915.
- Ruffner, Mrs. Sanford, (Sarah J. Switzler)—Born in Missouri, 1852. Came to the Gallatin valley, 1868. Died in Bozeman. Nov. 17, 1914.
- Rumsey, Wm. A.—Born in Stafford, N. Y., 1833. Came to Helena in 1864. Died in Helena, April 13, 1915.
- Rupley, Major M. H.—Arrived in Montana in the 60's. Died in Helena, Oct. 18, 1911.
- Ryan, Mrs. Edward. (Helen Lacy)—Born in Ireland, 1840. Arrived in Alder Gulch, 1864. Died near Boulder, Aug. 27, 1912.
- Sabolsky, Reuben—Born in Poland, 1835. Arrived in Montana in 1863. Died in Butte, March 21, 1911.
- Sacket, Theopolis B.—Born at Cape Vincent, N. Y., 1836. Arrived at Alder Gulch in 1864. Died in Bozeman, April 17, 1910.
- Sanders, Benj. F.—Came to the Bitter Root valley, 1866. Died in Darby, Aug. 9, 1911.
- Sanders, Mrs. J. G.—Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Butte, Aug. 30, 1911.
- Sands, Morris—Came to Montana in 1867. Died in Toledo, O., Dec. 14, 1910.
- Sanford, John B.—Born in Maine, 1835. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, Aug. 31, 1916.
- Sappington, Henry H.—Came to Montana in 1869. Died in Butte, April 23, 1914.
- Schrammeck, Henry—Born in Bohemia, 1852. Came to the Chestnut valley, 1866. Died in Cascade, April 6, 1913.
- Schwab, Samuel—Born in Rimparr, Bavaria, Germany, 1836. Arrived at Bannack, 1863. Died in Helena, Feb. 3, 1910.
- Scott, Samuel—Born in Pennsylvania, 1836. Came to Alder Gulch, 1864. Died in Portland, Ore., April 4, 1915.
- Simms, Billy—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, Nov. 9, 1911.
- Sites, James E.—Born in Hardy, Co., W. Va., 1835. Came to Bannack, 1863. Died in Helena, Nov. 22, 1911.

- Sloan, Mrs. Asa C. H. (Mary)—Arrived in Helena, 1865. Died in Upper Boulder valley, Oct. 12, 1914.
- Smith, Geo. W.—Born in New York, 1836. Came to Virginia City in 1864. Died in Virginia City, June 8, 1910.
- Smith John E.—Came to Montana in 1862. Died in Butte, February 1, 1913.
- Smith, Lou P.—Born in New York, 1834. Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Butte, May 9, 1916.
- Smith, Mrs. M. E.—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Dillon, Jan. 27, 1910.
- Smith, Mrs. Wm. (Hannah Jane)—Born in Birmingham, O., 1837. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Payette, Id., Jan. 10, 1916.
- Spiller, Mrs. John (Kate Hughes)—Born in Dubuque, Ia., 1860. Came to Virginia City in 1863. Died in Butte, Sept. 24, 1914.
- Stafford, J. V.—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Winston, March 20, 1915.
- Stafford, Mrs. Jos.—Arrived in Montana in 1867. Died in Helena, Feb. 18, 1910.
- Stapelton, Geo. W.—Born in Indiana, 1834. Arrived at Grasshopper Creek, 1862. Member of House of Representatives, 1868-'69, and Council, 1871-'72 and '73, and extra session, 1874, Territorial Assembly. Member of the Constitutional Convention, 1889. Died in Butte, April 25, 1910.
- Stark, Mrs. Thos. C. (Fedelia)—Born in Iowa, 1843. Came to Virginia City in 1864. Died in Deer Lodge, Oct. 5, 1914.
- Staudaher, John.—Born in Austria, 1835. Came to Alder Gulch in 1863. Died in Dillon, May 4, 1916.
- Steel, Michael—Arrived in Montana in 1862. Located the Steel placers in the Big Hole Basin. Died at Bannack, August 20, 1912.
- Stemple, J. A.—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Helena, August 8, 1915.
- Stickney, Benj.—Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Florida, February, 1912.
- Stocking, W. S.—Came to Montana in 1865. Died near Toston, Jan. 10, 1910.

- Stocking, Mrs. W. S.—Came to Montana in 1867. Died in Benton, August 23, 1912.
- Story, Mrs. Geo. W. (Lucy)—Born in Illinois, 1853. Came to Bannack in 1863. Died in Butte, Sept. 17, 1914.
- Stouvenor, John—Arrived in Montana in 1863. Died near Three Forks, July 8, 1911.
- Stribling, Philip T.—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Irvington, Cal., December 12, 1910.
- Stuart, Dick—Born in Deer Lodge, 1866. Died in Fergus Co., December 23, 1911.
- Stuart, Thomas—Born in Iowa, 1839. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Deer Lodge, May 23, 1915.
- Stubach, Mrs. Juliana—Born in Germany, 1837. Came to Helena in the early 60's. Died in Helena, Jan. 19, 1914.
- Suduth, Dr. W. X.—Born in 1853. Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Roundup, March 7, 1915.
- Tandy, E. R.—Born in Fayette Co., Ky., 1831. Came to Helena in 1865. Died in Helena, June 25, 1914.
- Tandy, Mrs. Mary E.—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Helena, April 27, 1913.
- Tatem, Benj. H.—Born in Philadelphia, 1839. Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Helena, December 12, 1915.
- Tetreault, Mrs. Zoa—Born in Canada, 1836. Arrived in Montana in 1865. Died in Deer Lodge, July 5, 1910.
- Thomas, Hiram M.—Born in South Bend, Ind., 1838. Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Seattle, Wash., Jan. 28, 1916.
- Thomas, John P.—Born in Wales, 1843. Arrived at Bannack, 1863. Died in Anaconda, Jan. 21, 1912.
- Thompson, Caleb—Born in Illinois, 1847. Arrived in Virginia City, 1864. Died in Boulder, July 14, 1912.
- Thompson, Francis M.—Arrived in Montana in 1862. Designed the official seal of Montana. Died in Greenfield, Mass., January 1, 1916.
- Thompson, J. Wesley—Born in Baraxe, Wis. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Ekalaka, July 30, 1915.
- Thompson, Job—Born in England, 1834. Arrived in Montana in 1863. Died in Townsend, Oct. 2, 1911.

- Thompson, Milton B.—Born in Ohio, 1819. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Bozeman, June, 1911.
- Thompson, Rufus—Born in New Hampshire, 1839. Came to Alder Gulch in 1863. Died on the Madison, May 23, 1913.
- Thurgood, Abraham B.—Born in England, 1846. Arrived at Alder Gulch, 1865. Died in Virginia City, Feb. 16, 1913.
- Tiernery W. E.—Born in Ireland, 1840. Came to Montana in 1864, locating in Alder Gulch. Died in Townsend, May 22, 1916.
- Tinsley, Lorenzo D.—Born at Willow Creek, 1866. Died in Bozeman, Aug. 22, 1912.
- Toole, Claudius B.—Born in Missouri, 1843. Came to Montana, 1866. Died in Helena, July 19, 1913.
- Totten, Oscar B.—Came to Montana, Aug, 1865. Died in Helena, March 1, 1913.
- Trahen, Mrs. Mary—Came to Montana in 1865. Died in Anaconda, May 1, 1911.
- Valiton, Peter—Born in France, 1830. Came to Virginia City in 1865. Died in Deer Lodge, Aug. 13, 1914.
- Van Orden, Peter E.—Born in New York. Arrived in Montana in 1863. Died in Lewistown, Utah, Sept. 27, 1911.
- Vuscovich, Mark—Born in Austria, 1829. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Anaconda, Nov. 26, 1916.
- Wadams, Richard M.—Born in Illinois, 1852. Came to Montana in 1862. Died in Dillon, April 11, 1914.
- Walker, Alexander M.—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Anaconda, Feb. 17, 1914.
- Walker, Jacob L.—Came to Montana in 1864. Born in Westchester, Pa., 1824. Died in Helena, May 27, 1913.
- Walker, Mrs. James D.—Came to Montana in 1865. Died at Whitehall, June 7, 1911.
- Wallace, Wm.—Born in Anderson Co., Tenn., 1842. Came to Bannack in 1863. Died near Drummond, Aug. 23, 1914.
- Walter, E. J.—Born in England, 1837. Arrived in Alder Gulch, 1863. Died in Butte, April 15, 1915.
- Ward, Timothy C.—Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Bozeman, March 16, 1914.
- Waterman, Chris H.—Born in Vermont in 1826. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Bozeman, Jan. 20, 1915.

- Watkins, Hiram—Born in Ohio, 1833. Came to Montana in 1863, to Virginia City. Died at Deer Lodge, Sept. 25, 1915.
- Watson, A. H.—Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, March 29, 1913.
- Weaver, Jacob—Born in Virginia, 1847. Arrived in Montana, 1866. Died near Belgrade, Feb. 25, 1911.
- Wedsworth, August—Came to Virginia City in 1866. Died in Great Falls, Jan. 14, 1915.
- Weingart, Benedict—Born in Berne, Switzerland, 1832. Came to Montana in 1864. Died at Silver Star, Madison Co., June 21, 1915.
- Welch, Wm.—Came to Alder Gulch, 1863. Died in Healdsburg, Cal., July, 1915.
- Wells, A. H.—Born in 1834. Came to Montana in 1864. Died in Helena, April 24, 1916.
- Wells, Mrs. J. H.—Born in Wales, 1848. Arrived in Alder Gulch, 1865. Died in Bozeman, June 2, 1913.
- Wells, Mrs. John K. (Winifred)—Came to Montana in 1868. Died in Drummond, Feb. 8, 1916.
- Whaley, Peter Paul—Born in Ireland, 1828. Arrived in Alder Gulch, 1862. Died in South Missoula, June 17, 1912.
- White, Andrew J.—Born in Vermont, 1832. Arrived in Virginia City, 1864. Died in Hamilton, Dec. 7, 1911.
- White, Wm.—Born in England, 1834. Came to Madison Co. in 1864. Died in Bozeman, Feb. 24, 1915.
- Wilcox, Mrs. Wm. (Margaret Duff)—Born in Ontario, 1840. Came to Montana in 1866. Died in the central Ruby valley, Oct. 6, 1911.
- Wilkins, W. C.—Came to Montana in 1866. Died in Manhattan, July 19, 1911.
- Williams, Benajmin—Came to Alder Gulch in 1863. Died near Virginia City, March 10, 1915.
- Williams, John H.—Born in Kentucky, 1842. Came to the Deer Lodge valley in 1865. Died in Philipsburg, Aug. 25, 1913.
- Wing, Robert—Born in Massachusetts, 1837. Came to Montana in 1863. Died in Dillon, Nov. 20, 1915.

- Wolf, Mrs. Abigail Cowan—Born in Ohio, 1841. Came to Bannack, 1863. Died in Corvallis, Dec. 25, 1916.
- Wood, James L.—Came to Montana, 1867. Died in Radersburg, Sept. 18, 1912.
- Woodlock, Patrick—Born in Quebec, 1834. Came to Montana in 1864. Died at Bearmouth, April 20, 1912.
- Woods, Edwin P.—Born in Sheridan Co., Mo., 1840. Came to Virginia City in 1864. Died in Missoula, Sept. 11, 1914.
- Woody, Judge Frank H.—Came to Montana in 1856. Born in Catham Co., N. C., 1833. Member of the Council, 6th session, 1869-'70, Territorial Assembly. Judge of the 4th Judicial District. President of the Montana Society of Pioneers, 1887. Died at Missoula, Dec. 16, 1916.
- Worden, Mrs. Lucertia—Born in Pennsylvania, 1852. Came to Montana in 1862. Died in western Montana, Aug. 26, 1913.
- Wynne, John E.—Came to Montana in 1868. Died in Deer Lodge, Feb. 11, 1914.
- Wyrouck, Jacob—Born in Pennsylvania, 1832. Came to Virginia City in 1864. Died in Virginia City, Oct. 12, 1916.
- Young, A. D.—Came to Montana in the 60's. Died in Dillon, March 29, 1914.
- Young, Wm. H.—Born in Wisconsin, 1844. Came to Montana in 1865. Died at Potsoi Springs, March 18, 1911.
- Zehnter, Reinhart—Born in Basle, Switzerland, 1839. Came to Montana in 1866. Died near White Sulphur Springs, December 29, 1914.

INDEX

Adkinson, General	159
Alderson, W. W.	296, 301
American Fur Company	134, 151, 152, 244-250
American fortunes made in	134
Anderson, John	119, 297
Anderson, Sam	299
Anvil	135
Aregora village	133
Arnold	309
Ash Hollow fight	47
Assinnaboines	153, 154
Assinnaboines, expedition against Crows	236-238
Babcock	297
Baggs, Major Chas. S.	100
Bahtsahstahkish (Poorest)	215-217
Baker, I. G.	131, 141
Bannack	92
Barrett, Martin	93
Beall, W. J.	295, 297, 298
Beall, Mrs. W. J.	288, 295
Bean, Jack	110, 117
Beauvais	46, 51
"Benetsee"	127
Bent, Chas.	151
Benton, W. S.	259
Bevin's Gulch	251
Biedler, X.	32
Big Horn County	323
"Big White"	191
Bitter Root Valley	162-169
Blackfeet Indians	147, 151, 153-155, 158, 188, 189, 192, 193, 195, 244
Blackfeet agency, tradition	136
Blake, Major	168
Blood Indians	145, 153, 247
Bostwick, W. A.	110
Boulier, Michael	288
Boundary, Dakota-Montana	317-322
Bovier	57, 69
Bowles	125
Bozeman (town)	59, 69, 295, 243
Bozeman, Capt. John	283, 295
Bozeman, Capt. John, death	298
Bozeman road	106
Bozeman trail	283
Brackett, A. G.	329
Bradley Manuscript	105-250
Brady, James	58
Bransom, Henry	81
Broadwater, Col. C. A.	14
Bruce, Hezekiah	13
Brule chief	119
Burdeau, Antoine	127
Burnes, S. C.	113
Byam, Don L.	100
"Calf-skirt"	145
Cameron, W. D.	108, 113
Campbell, Rob.	137, 152
Carofel, Chas.	149

Carson, Chas.	149
Carter, Judge	81
Carter's Station	329
Carver, Jonathan	172
Castro, Wm.	137, 139
Cavanaugh, J. M.	14, 16
Cheyenne Indians	243
Chief Joseph	22
Chimney Rock	50
Chinese boycott	29
Claggett, Wm. H.	15, 16, 306, 308
Clark	149
Clayton, Howard	317
Coeur d'Alene pass	163
Coffinbury, Cyrus C.	284
Collins	42, 56, 77
Columbian Fur Company	151
Colville, Wm.	8, 11
Comley, Harry	97
Conrad, Lieut. G. D.	80
Conrad, W. G.	94, 97
Cooper, Walter	302
Coover, Thos.	297, 298, 299
Copeland, Ag.	92
Coulter	184-188
Council rock	52
Counties, first	323
Courts, pioneer	99-104
Cowan, Andy	42
Cox, Burt	45
Clayton's train	67, 68, 70
Crenshaw, Wm.	317
Crow Indians	153, 154, 156-161, 197-2, 244, 292, 344
Crow Indians, destruction of by Sioux	238-244
Crow Indians, first firearms	290
Crow Indians, first horses	220
Crow Indians, first mule	231
Crow Indians, first white man	218
Crow Indians, geographical names	212-213
Crow Indians, meaning of name	217
Crow Indians, medicine	229-231
Crow Indians, separation of tribes	215-217, 219
Crow Indians, small pox	219
Crow Indians, tobacco	222
Crow Indians, whiskey	228
Culbertson, Alexander	127, 133, 135, 153
Cullen, W. E.	275
"Cutler", steamboat	144, 147
Cut-off, Bozeman	56, 70, 295
Dakota-Montana boundary	317-322
Daly, Marcus	274
Dauphin	127
Davis, Alex	100
Davis, W. J.	297
DeArmond	93
DeLaey, W. W.	164
DeSmet, Father	152
Devil of the Yellowstone	232-236
Dodson, Phil	300
Dougherty, Geo.	43
Dripps, Andrew	157
Duke, Basil	306

Dunbar, F. J.	295
Dursham, John	317
Dwyer, Tom	317
Eclipse of the sun	134
Edgerton county	323-327
Edgerton, Sydney	26, 27, 323-327
Enle, P. M.	164
Epizootic	129
Evenson	251-260
Falling stars	134
Farrow, Jo	43
Finley, Francois	127
Floey, Matt	55
Flour mill, first	299
Forest fires	276
Fort Assinnaboine	21
Fort Belknap	156
Fort Benton	127-131, 176
Fort Benton, gold excitement	127
Fort Benton, peltries at	156
Fort Bridger	81
Fort Browning	175
Fort Buford	311, 320
Fort Campbell	152
Fort Cass	160
Fort Cedar	151
Fort Custer	17, 21
Fort D. F. Pease	137
Fort Ellis	303, 342
Fort Harrison	22
Fort Kearney	41, 133
Fort Kearney massacre	223
Fort Keogh	17, 21
Fort Laramie	51
Fort Leavenworth	133
Fort Logan	21
Fort Maginnis	21
Fort Missoula	22
Fort Owen	136
Fort Peck	156
Fort Piegan	244-250
Fort Walla Walla	163, 164
Foster, Sam	45
Frazier, G. W. A.	300
Freeborn, Wm.	11
Freighters	129
Freemont, Lieut.	133
Fridley, F. F.	297, 299
Fritz, Squire	297, 299
Fur trade	177-196
Gallatin city	295
Geographical names, Crow	212-213
Gibboney, Geo.	287
Goose Creek	120, 124
Gould, Jay	96
Grass Lodge Creek fight	121-124
Great Falls, first steamboat at	141
Great Porcupine, fight near	109
Griffith	175
Gros Ventres Indians	153, 199
Ground, B. F.	167
Guy, J. C.	302

Half-Yellow Face	223
Happy, H. J.	122
Hard	149, 151
Harris, Andrew	127
Hayes, O. P.	94
Hays, W. O. P.	295
Heeb, Henry	303
Heffner, W. H.	297
Helena	14, 258, 305, 344
Helm, Boone	333
Henry	189
Hickman, Dick	94, 97
Hinman	109
Hoffman, C. W.	303
Hollins, Fred	108
Holloway, G. G.	302
Holter, A. M.	251-281
/ Holter, H. M.	262
Holter Lumber Company	274
Hooper, Sam	127
Hosmer, Chief Justice	325
Howard, C. R.	164
Howell, L. M.	300
Huddmeyer, Frank	287
Hudson Bay Company	246
Hughes, Bela	41
Hunicke	148
Hunt	157, 158
"Imperial"	15, 305-315
Independence rock	76
Indian Agents	155
Indian burial	53
Indian treaties	17
Indian tribes, 1835	153, 154
Irvin, Geo.	44, 56
Ives, Frank	94, 97
Ives, George	31, 34, 100, 252
"Jack Rabbit Bull"	228
Jacobs, John	59
Janise, Nick	152
Jordan, Cantonment	166
Kearney city	41
Keel boats	140
Kenyon, Dick	95
Kies, Nelson	127
Kipp, James	151, 244-250
LaClair	152
LaHontan, Baron	172-174
Lamme, Dr. A.	300
LaMotte, Capt.	300
Langford, Henry	42
LeForgy	230
Legislature, territorial	93-98
Lewis and Clark county	324
Lewis and Clark exposition	183, 184
Lewis, Meriweather	135, 185
Lisa, Manuel	184, 190
Little Big Horn fight	116
"Little Dog"	155
"Little Face"	212, 218, 224, 232
"Lone Writer"	150
Logris	148

"Long Hair"	244-228, 239, 240
"Long Hair", prophecy	227
Long River	174
"Lost Trappers"	191-196
Lovejoy	38, 90, 92
Lumbering	251-281
Lumber, prices of	271
Lyman, L. B.	297
Lyon, Hayes	100
McAdow, P. W.	257, 297, 299
McArthur, D.	297
McClure, A. K.	15, 25
McDonnell, John	303
McGuire, H. N.	303
McKenzie, Kenneth	244
Mackinaw boats	141, 142
Madisonian	93
Maginnis, Martin	7-24, 306
Maginnis, Martin, elected to Congress	16
Maginnis, Martin, elected to Senate	23
Major, D. H.	317-322
Major, John	317
Marias, settlement on	144-147
Marriage on plains	69
Mason, Oren	137, 139
Massacre on Missouri	142
Meagher, Thos. F.	131-133, 324
Mendenhall, J. S.	297, 300
Meraville, Jo	297
Meredith	297
Miller, Lewis	305, 312
Miners' courts	99-104
Mingusville	318
Minnesota, First Volunteer Inf'ty	8-13
Missouri Fur Company	188
Mitchell, Dr.	95
Montana, admission to union	22
Montana, creation of territory	27
Montana, first law suit	27
Mood, H. H.	299
Moore, Capt. Jim	144
Morgan, John	148
Mormon settlements	83, 334
Mormons, Morrisite	335
Morris, Geo.	44
Morris, W. T.	45, 48
Mozemlek Indians	172-175
Mullan, Capt. John	162-169
Mullan Military road	162-169
Mullan pass	167
Munson, L. E.	325
Napton, John	305
Neubert, John	148
Northern Pacific R. R.	19, 93
O'Donovan, Hugh	107
Ophir	144
"Our Mutual Friend"	313
Owens, Major	299
Papin, Pierre	134
Harham, J. J.	298
Parkinson, Capt.	127
Patten, W. H.	100

Peltries	156
Pemberton, W. Y.	15, 99, 323
Phil Kearney massacre	223
Pick and Plow	303
Piegan Indians	132, 153, 244
Piegan Indians, burned Sun River agency	148
Piegan killed by Capt. Lewis	135
Pier, Ben	319
Pioneers, Deceased	245-267
Pipe stone quarries	229
Pitcher	212
Plumber, Henry	27, 30, 31
Plummer, Henry, wife	155
Pope, Capt. N.	149
Potts, Gov. B. F.	93, 107
Potts	185
Powder River	63
Powder River fight	283-293
Prudhomme, Gabrielle	162
Quinn's ranch	107
Quivey, A. M.	105, 197
Raffiel	59
Railroads, exemptions	93-98
Railroads, right of way	18
Railroads, subsidies	18, 93-98
Reed	125
Rhodes, J. W.	323
Rice	297
Rich, Chas.	301
Richards, John	288
Riley, Tom	146
Robinson, J. C.	306, 310, 314
Rock creek	125
Rocky Mountain Fur Company	137
Rocky Mountain Gazette	15, 16
Roland, W.	38
Rose, Edward	156-161, 194
Rosebud fight	111-114
Rouse, D. E.	295, 297, 298
Rouse, Elisha	295
Rowe	94
Ruffner, Sanford	297
St. Louis, founding	183
St. Regis Borgia	165
Salt Lake	87
Salt Lake City	83-87
Salvation Army	29
Sand Point mill	275
Sanders county	30
Sanders, W. F.	15, 25, 35, 93, 95, 100, 326
Sanders, W. F., attempted assassination	100-103
Sanders, W. F., elected Senator	29
Sanders, W. F., death	33
Saw mill, first	253
Sedman	94, 97
Sevier, Gov. John	170, 171
Seymore, George	256
Sioux Indians	106, 125, 127, 137, 139, 292
Sioux Indians destruction of Crows	238-244
Sioux Indians massacre	142, 223
Sitting Bull	124, 311
Smith, Green Clay	323

INDEX.

Smith, H. P. A.	100
Sonon, G.	164, 166
Spaniards on the Missouri	181, 182
Spearson, Joe	127, 145
Staffard	297
Stamp mills, early	342
Stanley's military expedition	165
Stanton, A. K.	295
Steamer Tom Stevens	141
Steele, Dr. W. L.	100
Stevens, Gov.	162, 163
Stinking Water	91, 341
Stinson, Buck	100
Stoddard, Major Amos	176
Stone Buffalo	136
Story, Nelson	202
Stuart, James	166
Sublette, Wm.	137, 152, 159
Sun, legend of	213-215, 221
Sun River agency	148-151, 155
Tahuglank Indians	173, 174, 175
Taylor, Hopkins	300
Thompson, Jeff	137, 139
Three Forks	344
Three Tetons	337, 339
Thurman, J. M.	100
"Tin Doy"	340
Toole, Warren	16, 24
Townsend, Capt.	283, 293
Tracy, W. H.	295, 298
Transportation, early	128-131
Tuller and Rich	300, 302
Tumbleson, Thos.	54
Union Pacific R. R.	93, 128
Utah Northern R. R.	93
U. S. Cavalry, 2d	329-244
U. S. lands	22, 23
Van Vlieden, A. H.	297
Vaughn, Col.	279
Vernon, J. L.	105, 109
Viale	155
Vigilance committee	25, 31
Virginia City	342
Warren, A.	287
Waterman, C. H.	363
Way, E. B.	107, 113, 118
Wells, Harvey	303
White, Lieut. J. L.	164, 166
White nation	169-177
"White Wolf"	214, 215
Wibaux	318
Wickersham, B. P.	107
Williams, Capt. E.	191, 196
Williams, Henry	317
Willson, David	300
Willson, L. S.	301
Woods, Tom	115
Word, Samuel	37-93
Wright, Col. Geo.	164
Wright, Jos.	301
Wright, Wm.	107
Yates, Zack	117, 120

Yellowstone, devil of	232-236
Yellowstone expedition, 1874	105-126
Yellowstone River, expedition to explore	20
Yellowstone Wagon Road and Prospecting expedition.....	107
Young, Brigham	84-86







